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GROVER CLEVELAND.

Tributes and Tests of His Intense Personality.

Friends and Opponents Testify to His Great Ability and Honesty.

Graceful Words for the Young Lady of the White House.

NEW YORK, Sept. 23.—The New York World will publish the following tomorrow, written from Washington by Editor Ballard Smith:

No president since Jackson—perhaps none in our history—has been the object of such open and bitten attacks upon the floor of Congress as Mr. Cleveland. Other presidents have been as bitterly assailed upon the stump and in public prints, but no one in 50 years has been so directly, personally and by name criticized, satirised and abused in the deliberative bodies in the republic as this gentleman whose public life has been limited to eight years or so and who has been a national figure for less than six. The attacks upon his personality, as well as upon his official acts, have necessarily compelled partisan defence, and it has thus happened that the private character and personal characteristics of Grover Cleveland have been almost as prominent a factor in the discussion of his administration as have his public acts.

He has by no means, moreover, escaped public assault from prominent members of his own party; in the private conversation of senators and members of Congress he has, at times, been hardly less virulently assailed by Democrats than by Republicans. He probably has aroused less personal enthusiasm and has fewer personal friends in his own party than any political chief in the history of parties; yet he was renominated at St. Louis with not only absolute unanimity, but amid a scene of almost frenzied excitement, which for long continuance and uproar was never paralleled in a national convention, not even in that which nominated the most popular partisan in our history—James G. Blaine. This was certainly not popular enthusiasm for them. What it really was is one of the most interesting speculations in politics, and what aroused it cannot fail to be one of the most interesting subjects for the historians of this period. When, only a few weeks over six years ago, Mr. Cleveland was suggested as the Democratic candidate for governor of New York there were so few people out of Buffalo who had ever heard of him that, in the discussion which followed, the State newspapers had actually to tell who he was. Yet in this brief period, for whatever reason of personal aptitude for politics or combination of circumstances, he has made himself more obviously the leader of the party, and has dictated to it its policy with more practical effect than Jackson or Van Buren or Douglas or Tilden, or perhaps Jefferson himself.

All this has made him one of the most salient, and, in a way, most picturesque figures of the time. How he is regarded by his party and the opposition as man, Democrat, politician or statesman, is, therefore, a particularly interesting inquiry, and I have endeavored to answer it by soliciting expressions of opinion on these three points

From Representative Men

of both parties, and of all shades of thought in Congress. The result made an even, remarkably frank and graphic symposium of views. The gentlemen of both parties interviewed were, of course, assured that whatever they might choose to say would be printed without change or curtailment. In every instance they were given the opportunity to revise their expressions, and in the majority of instances the interviews were dictated with care. Some of the phrases will forthwith and strongly arrest public attention.

"My opinion of Mr. Cleveland wouldn't look well in print," remarked Mr. Browne of Indiana, who is accredited as a very near friend of Candidate Harrison.

Representative Charles N. Grosvenor of Ohio is a leader in Republican councils. He is an ardent partisan, and, as will be seen, expresses his views on all subjects with a freedom that knows no fear. "Mr. Cleveland has stamped his own personality upon the platform and policy of his party to a greater degree than has any other American within the past quarter of a century. He is a man of strong will and most remarkable obstinacy. He is self-reliant and, I think, in matters of party, intolerant of opposition. He is a dangerous man, because of his power over his party. He has forced that party into a fatally wrong position on the tariff, and has done so against the judgment of four-fifths of the members. He is strong enough to merge in his own the personality of the men through whom he acts. He is a wonderful worker—I think he works too much. He is greater in small matters than in large ones. I think he has tried to do the right thing in matters of administrative detail. He has tried to stand up against the wrongful demands of the bad elements which his success brought to the front and has not succeeded. His greatest error of political judgment was in supposing that the mugwumps were of any value to him after they were foolish enough to vote for him. Their great leader, after he got home from Chicago, was of no more use as a leader. Mr. Cleveland is beginning to understand this, and will get rid of this incubus upon pure Democracy soon.

"The President has been valuable to us in that he has led the Democratic party out of its roundabout position on the tariff in 1884 and brought them to the hard ground of substantial free trade in direction and tendency."

Representative Perkins of Kansas is one of the bright Western members, and is one of Mr. Reed's lieutenants. "As a man I think Mr. Cleveland has

Conducted Himself With Dignity

and without giving the country any occasion to complain or criticise," he said. Whatever may have been his former habits or practices, as President his conduct has been without reproach. As a Democrat he has been consistent with his profession and promises. As a politician he is cold, calculating and selfish. He is shrewd, bold and tyrannical. All interests must be subordinated to his, and he has the power to impress his will upon others to a remarkable degree. Perhaps no politician in the history of our country has so successfully devoted himself to the spoils system as Mr. Cleveland, and yet with the satisfaction of knowing that many of our so-called civil service reformers are complimenting his administration as one of civil service reform. As a statesman he has more than justified the expectations of his friends. He has given to the country a stable, a self-reliant and conservative administration, and had it not been for his natural but inordinate ambition to succeed himself as President he would have avoided some mistakes he has made, and would have protected his administration from some criticisms that cannot be answered or defended.

Representative Dingley of Maine is one of Mr. Blaine's closest friends. He is regarded as one of the strongest and most conservative members on the Republican side of the House. Mr. Dingley says: "I have very little to say of Mr. Cleveland as a man, because he was not known to me or the country prior to his election as governor of New York in 1882. He has impressed me in the presidential office as a man of fair ability, moderate culture, slight acquaintance with public men and public affairs, much stubbornness, great caution, plodding patience, marked industry in detail, much common sense, and a large measure of the cunning which passes with many as political sagacity. Unquestionably Mr. Cleveland's rapid advancement from the mayoralty of Buffalo, unknown to a hundred men outside that city, in 1882 to the presidency in 1885, was due more to accident than to any special qualification. He was fortunately, for him, nominated for governor of New York at a time when a quarrel in the Republican ranks made it certain that any Democratic candidate for governor would receive the votes of thousands of Republicans. It was that large vote that made him the Democratic candidate for president. In the presidential chair President Cleveland has been again fortunate in being the first president that the Democratic party had elected for over a quarter of a century. With the anticipation of official crumbs from the presidential table which they had longed for for a quarter of a century, Mr. Cleveland came into office with a party following that would submit to dictation from him that they will not allow any successor to exercise.

Representative "Sunset" Cox

of New York has represented more districts and served more terms in Congress than almost any other member. He has, meantime, travelled the world over, and views men and things with the eye of a cosmopolitan. Mr. Cox says: "There may not be much in heredity, but the President has inherited as well as inherent qualities. These have enabled him to quit himself as a man. These virile elements that enable a man to rule his own spirit enabled him to rule a city, then a State and then a nation. Self-reliance, based on studious application, is his chief characteristic. It was because of this quality that General Jackson was not merely a good general and a good magistrate, but an able and upright judge. It made him as it made Grover Cleveland—painstaking in hearing and firm in determination.

"As a politician he lacks much of that suaviter in modo which belongs to those usually known as politicians. He is not a man of many graces. He has, however, a modesty of demeanor and courtesy of conduct that persuades and attracts the many, if it does placate the few and the place-seekers. And, therefore, again he rises or has risen by vigilance and care, step by step, from being a local officer to be our chief functionary. He grasps questions of great moment and generalizes with a facile pen and comprehensive grasp of principle. This is statesmanship.

"It is difficult to distinguish the various qualities of man, Democrat, politician and statesman, when you regard the whole make-up of the man. Mr. Cleveland has made, and is constantly making, emphasis for his principles, policy and administration. The people admire such a combination and force of character."

Representative John E. Russell of Massachusetts is one of the new members who have already gained distinction. Mr. Russell's fame is founded on his remarkable speeches in favor of the free wool clause of the Mills bill. He is regarded as the best posted Democrat in the House on the wool question. Mr. Russell says: "In any walk of life Mr. Cleveland would have done his work faithfully and fearlessly, each duty in its time. He has a constant quality of mind that makes him thoroughly reliable. He must understand fully and closely examine before he will act. He works incessantly and patiently. The annoyance of his position does not seem to fret him. He looks over it. He is a strong man.

The Unquenchable Vitality

of the party shows its origin in the hearts of the people; it is the party; they are patriots, unselfish workers for the good of the country. Mr. Cleveland is of them and for them—so that he is a typical Democrat. I did not think he was a politician, but that depends upon how you define the word. He is certainly of an order of politicians different from those who have taught us the art of politics by their example. I doubt if he knows that he is a politician or thinks about the matter. He has won the respect and confidence of the people, and that is to be a good politician. In my view, he sways the rod of empire like a statesman, and history will give him that fame."

Representative Amos J. Cummings of New York, ex-soldier and still journalist, represents at once the richest and poorest districts in the United States. Until he took his seat in Congress he was editor of the New York Evening Sun, and is still a constant contributor to both of Mr. Dana's publications "As a man," said Mr. Cummings, "Mr. Cleveland is both solid and stolid. He is broad-shouldered and broad-minded. He is big-boned, both mentally and physically. Indeed, his mind seems to be modelled after his body. His physical and intellectual digestion is good. His thoughts are well guided before uttered. He never acts on any matter unless it has been carefully studied. What I particularly admire in him is his immobility. He rarely, if ever, loses his temper. He seems impervious to annoyances. His pulse never quickens. You will ever find him the same—cool, impassive, thoughtful and determined. While pre-eminently social, he never loses his dignity. His opinions ought to have great weight, because they are tempered by judgment and not given in the heat of impulse. He seems to me to be a great, square man. If the world was filled with such men it would be a better world than it is.

"As a politician Mr. Cleveland is successful. He knew very little about politics when he was elected President, but since then he has shown a marvellous aptitude. His predecessor had the reputation of being one of the shrewdest politicians of the State of New York, yet he was unable to secure his own renomination. Mr. Cleveland, like a true politician, made himself solid with the people, and the politicians were forced to renominate him, in compliance with popular demand. I believe that Grover Cleveland is a far better politician than was ever Chester A. Arthur. If re-elected, he will make the (Democratic) party stronger than it has been in his first term. He profits by his mistakes. He is not stiff-necked nor bull-headed. He can change his ground when necessary without attracting attention. To sum up, he is an excellent politician without seeming to be one.

"As a statesman Mr. Cleveland is safe and trustworthy. The country has been prosperous with his hand at the helm. There have been no financial panics, no wars, no rumors of wars. We have

Escaped All Entangling Alliances.

"There have been no filibustering expeditions either South or North. There is nothing brilliant about Mr. Cleveland's statesmanship. He is like a neat and frugal housewife. The beds are well aired, the carpet is regularly swept, the table is spread at certain hours, and the spoons, knives and forks are scoured till they shine like silver. The meals are savory and the whole American family is happy and prosperous under this fostering care. This is clean statesmanship, and it seems to me that Grover is a clean statesman, much cleaner than either Talleyrand or Metternich."

Representative Ben Butterworth is one of the best known members on the Republican side of the House. He is a leading member of the appropriations committee, and has always been highly regarded by Mr. Randall. He says: I think a great deal more highly of Mr. Cleveland than most people do. While I regard his party as the concerted inertia of American politics, I have never said an unkind thing of himself; never could and never shall. He is an American and has tried to administer the executive office for the best interests of the American people. I believe he is thoroughly conscientious and means to do right. His misfortune is that he has endeavored to work out his country's salvation and his own with instrumentality which during the last 50 years has never been capable of accomplishing any good purpose. It would be saying little; in fact it would be doing him a positive injustice, merely to say that he is better than his party. That would be damning him with faint praise, and the difficulty it would be considered if one were to damn him any other way. And yet he must be damned, you know. It is difficult for a fellow to give his unbiased estimate of Cleveland in these times. You really can't do it. I would rather give my estimate of Mrs. Cleveland: she is one of the most charming women. The simplicity and charm of

Perfect American Womanhood

could not be better blended with the dignity of her exalted station, yet she is but a mere girl in years. Mr. Cleveland has been an able and a successful politician. He has had the knack of getting there, but Harrison will get there and Cleveland will get left."

Says Congressman Laird of Nebraska: "Two men in our history have administered the presidential office with an apparent indifference to the views of their constituents, have decided their own way and braved all opposition. The first was Jackson, the last Grant. The partisans of Mr. Cleveland applaud his courage and compare him to the former. Had Jackson issued the flag order and afterward been told there was a lack of law, he would have substituted his will and delivered them. Mr. Cleveland in the actual case fled at the first sound of dissent, and added contempt to the hatred of the opposition. If by politics is meant craft, the ability to contend for an advantage and not for a principle, then Mr. Cleveland is entitled to consideration as a politician. The 'tub' of retaliation weekly flung to the Irish 'whale' is an example. Power enough in his hands to remedy every American wrong, what was wanted? Not the spur of duty but the inspiration of interest. What patriotism could not compel in 18 months, 'politics' procured in as many hours."

Senator Blair said: "Without meaning to compliment either, I think President Cleveland is better than his party."

Senator Farwell of Illinois said: "President Cleveland is an able politician, and is better than his party. As a statesman, with his experience he is a good one. There is no question about his Democracy, because he is a big enough Democrat to lead the Democratic party, and he does it. I regard him as an honest man."

Senator Plumb (Rep.) of Kansas: "We Republicans shall be free to express our opinions of Mr Cleveland after we inaugurate Mr. Harrison next March."

Senator Frye of Maine,

one of the severest critics of the President's policy in relation to the fisheries, said:

"I really would not like to give my opinion of Mr. Cleveland. I am not in the habit of dissimulating or playing the hypocrite, and it might not be patriotic to say of the American President all that I think of Mr. Cleveland. When one speaks of Mr. Cleveland it is from a certain standpoint. If I were travelling in Russia, England or Germany, my opinion of Mr. Cleveland would probably be as high as other Americans who love their country and sincerely respect the presidential office. But to speak of him as a Republican senator regards him would be an entirely different thing. I think he has done his best as an executive. He has tried hard and honestly to give the country a good administration. If he has fallen short of what might be expected of the President of the United States good Republicans have generally attributed it to his lack of experience. He is better than the bulk of Democrats I think. As a matter of fact I don't think half so unkindly of him as the Democrats do and in private we don't speak half so unkindly of him. If you could only get senators on the Democratic side to express their real sentiment in regard to Cleveland, you would have on your hand some of the strongest language that you have had to handle for a long time."

Senator Stewart (Rep.) of Nevada, remarked: "Mr. Cleveland is a remarkable man. An ordinary man suddenly elected to the presidency would have been dazed, and would not have seen that it was discontent and division in the Republican party that secured his election, and that the great party of union nationality would again unite when confronted by the enemies of its hope and patriotic aspirations. Mr. Cleveland saw no chance for a re-election by Republican votes or by the non-action or default of the Republican party. He realized that his ambition for a second term could only be gratified by the discovery of, and combination of sufficient elements of ignorance, prejudice greed for office and spoils, foreign and domestic, to overthrow the theory of

Home Rule in America.

Notwithstanding the consummate ability which conceived and formed the political combination which is struggling to overthrow the industrial and financial independence of the United States, Mr. Cleveland appreciates the necessity of concealing his plans and purposes from the people by constant professions of love and devotion to all the inhabitants of the United States by impressing them with his sincerity by iteration and reiteration of his anxious and patriotic concern for the prosperity of our common country, and of his deep sorrow on account of the wickedness of all who oppose him, and his regret that the world does not imitate his example of honesty and disinterested patriotism."

Representative Joseph Wheeler of Alabama, who will always be famous for his career as a dashing cavalry officer of the Confederate army, is one of the President's warmest advocates. He says: "There can be no doubt that Mr. Cleveland will pass into history as the most distinguished statesman of his time. Certainly during the last half century we have not had a leader who approximated his moral and manly courage. He has increased the respect and admiration of his friends. He has placated or conquered his enemies, and has brought his party more nearly to a state of unity than has ever been enjoyed by any political organization. Every attempt on the part of political opponents to place him to a disadvantage he has with superb sagacity turned to the discomfiture of his assailants and to the benefit of his own party. He is of the people, and he knows and sometimes anticipates their views and demands.

There Are a Million Voters

in this country who love mankind, courage and integrity more than they love party, and this million people will determine the election of Mr. Cleveland. They are quiet, and I might say silent, but on election day they are firm and unwavering. So long as virtue exists, and so long as Americans are capable of free government, will the defeat of a man with Mr. Cleveland's record be impossible."

Representative H. A. Herbert is chairman of the House committee on naval affairs. He is a firm believer in the policy of supporting a navy that will compel the respect of other countries. Mr. Herbert says: "Well, I have been always, as all my friends know, one of the President's warmest admirers. I first met him in Albany in November, 1884, about three weeks after the election, and made up my mind then that the people had chosen the right man. He is one of their number, promoted from the ranks right straight along up to the top, and in sympathy and feeling he never will be anything else but one of the people. Monopolists might wine him and dine him and drive him in a coach and six all over the whole of Europe, and still they never could get close enough to his heart to induce him to defend trusts, or any other combinations of the rich against the poor.

"As to ability, he is a man of remarkable intellectual power, and has continued to grow ever since he entered public life. It is absolutely wonderful that coming to Washington knowing so little of public men here, and having had no experience in the affairs of the government, he should have made so few mistakes. The Republicans undertook four years ago to ridicule him; they called him an accident. But we will not hear much of that in this campaign. They hate him now more heartily, I think, than they ever hated any other Democrat, because they know that he is the lion in their path. They recognized that when they came to the Forty-ninth Congress and tried to get up a combination with disappointed Democrats to destroy him. But the President triumphed. Some people would call that Cleveland's luck; but I do not. That is not the way to put it. The people have sided with Cleveland in so many contests heretofore believing they see in him one who has the pluck and the will and the ability to fight their battles. That is why he is the man of destiny."

Representative Clifton R. Breckinridge is a prominent member of the ways and means committee. Much of the clerical labor incident to the preparation of the Mills bill devolved on Mr. Breckinridge, and he has been

One of the Ablest Defenders

of the measure on the floor of the House. He says: "Mr. Cleveland is pre-eminently an honest and manly man. He is a square, downright kind of man, a man of the people blessed with the success possible to any robust, level-headed, industrious citizen who is not spoiled or turned as he ascends. He is a Democrat. The great central idea of Democracy, the civil equality of man, is a part of the warp and woof of Mr. Cleveland's nature. This leads him naturally to confidence in the people. He is like Lincoln in this. He looks to the people, works for them and their good, refuses to be separated from them, and he pushes aside the political priesthood that professes to have their confessions and to be the exclusive channel of their communication. As a politician he is a success. He is too well informed to be fooled, and his choice of a plain, square and simple way of doing things put to confusion the craft of astute but deceitful men. Mr. Cleveland is not a philosopher; he is not a doctrinaire. He is not merely a practical man. He is something between the two. He has a strong grasp on ideas, and in new fields of work soon gets down to the principles which underlie them. He talks, reads and thinks, and this, added to good judgment and correct instincts, makes a statesman. I think he has made mistakes. He thinks so himself, for he has so acknowledged by retracing some steps, and here is where the charm comes in. He will doubtless make more mistakes. In his mentality he has grown equal to his emergences as rapidly and correctly as any man since the days of Abraham Lincoln, and Lincoln I place a little higher in this and in many other good regards than almost any man of this country."

Representative W. H. Sowden is one of the Democratic members who voted against the Mills bill. He has since been invited to assist in stumping his State for Cleveland and Thurman, but declined, on the ground that he could not talk for the Mills bill, and would not talk for the Republican policy. The President's veto of Mr. Sowden's Allentown public building bill created a decided flurry at the time it was sent to Congress. Mr. Sowden speaks his mind very plainly. He says:

"President Cleveland is undoubtedly an honest and upright man, full of integrity, very jovial in disposition, and a most excellent type of an American citizen. He is, however, by no means infallible. He is naturally inclined to do that which is right, and if left entirely uninfluenced by some men he would, in my opinion, make fewer mistakes. He is the very personification of Democracy. Had he not been a faithful and loyal Democrat he never could have been successful as sheriff and mayor of Buffalo, governor of New York and president of the United States, made so by the Democratic party. I know that he has failed to satisfy the demands of the politicians, but the thinking people of this country are perfectly satisfied with his administration. The politicians must remember that he came into office after his

Continued on the Eighth Page.

POLITICAL POINTS.

Thurman on the Colored People and the Democracy.

United Labor Party is Addressed by Its Presidential Candidate.

Notes Gathered from Every Field of Partisan Strife.

COLUMBUS, O., Sept. 20.—Judge Thurman received today a delegation of colored Democrats, who, through W. H. Furbush of Arkansas, presented an address expressing their thankfulness for favors from the Democratic party and a belief in the division of the colored vote as for their best interest, and stating a firm belief in the election of Cleveland and Thurman. Judge Thurman greeted them warmly, and spoke as follows:

GENTLEMEN—I am greatly obliged to you for this call, and still more for the kind and just sentiments that have just been read here. I know very well that I have been described, and am still described, as an enemy of the colored people. There never was anything more unjust in the world. I don't come of a family that is unjust. When my family came to this State my grandfather brought with him all his property, which consisted chiefly of slaves, and he set them all free. My father never owned a slave; my mother never owned a slave; I never owned a slave, and would not if I could.

Now, I might almost say, I was raised among colored people. One of the most intimate companions of my childhood, and one whom I took care of till he died, was a boy, a little older than I, who had been given to me by my grandfather, not as a slave, but as a playmate and companion to take care of me. If ever one child loved another that boy loved me and I loved him, and never were more sincere tears shed than I shed over him.

But we cannot expect justice in a political campaign and I have been denounced as an enemy of the colored race. I deny nothing that is true, but this charge is untrue. No man can point to a law that I had anything to do with the making of, or to a decision of mine while on the bench, that was more unjust to the colored people than to the white, or unjust in any description, and I defy any one to show anything to the contrary.

It is true that in 1867, before suffrage for your people had been adopted, when the question was in Ohio, and in Ohio alone, whether the word "white" should be struck from the constitution, I, together with a large majority voted against striking it out. The reasons were plainly stated and honestly maintained. It was not right for Ohio to take such action when nearly all the other States stood otherwise. That reason I urged against such action, but, from the moment the amendment to the Federal Constitution was adopted, which gave suffrage to the colored people, from that moment they became citizens, and no man can say I ever treated them otherwise than as citizens. (Applause.) No man can say with truth that I have denied the equality before the law of the colored people.

I Stand, and Grover Cleveland Stands

on the platform of the Democratic party, which pronounces for equal rights for all, without regard for race or color. That platform means that every man—whether by birth, by naturalization, or by the amendments to the Constitution a citizen—is equal to anyone before the law. (Applause.) White and black stand on the same foundation and all are equal before the law.

It is a little over a century since the Declaration of Independence was made. One hundred and twelve years ago the declaration was made. Then over all Christendom slavery prevailed; even in England it had not been legally abolished. It was everywhere, in name and in fact. Now, there is no slavery in Christendom. What from the serfs of Russia, from the serfs in Germany, from the men who were practically slaves in France, what was it broke the shackles, next to religion? It was the declaration made by our fathers in 1776, that "All men are created free and equal." That was what did it.

Now, you have studied the platform of the Democratic party. You have seen the pledges made. No president has ever done more ample justice to the colored people than Grover Cleveland, and, if re-elected, he will continue to do justice to them. I know him well. In his intellect, in his heart, his soul, he is a just and an upright man. When he says anything he means it, and when he has said it he stands by it.

I am greatly pleased that the colored vote is no longer a unit. The Republican managers seek to make political bondsmen of the colored race. When they ceased to be labor bondsmen the Republican leaders intended they should become political bondsmen, and they knew that was impossible in human nature without bitterness among the whites—it was an impossibility in human nature without a miracle. Therefore I have said the way to acquire your rights and to secure the respect of all is to cast votes as the white men cast theirs—according to the measure before you. If you will look into the matter you will find that the freedom which you have enjoyed will be traced to the declaration, in which Jefferson, the father of Democracy, wrote the words "free and equal." All since has come from the ideas in the Declaration of Independence.

Although slavery in the South was to be found in Whig as well as in Democratic States, and it has been called a Democratic institution; the truth is, the principle of Jefferson was undermining it and

Bringing It to the Grave.

Now, say whatever you may think, write whatever you may think, there is liberty for all. If any people more than another have reason to be thankful for this declaration, it is those who have been lately set free.

I don't underrate the men who helped. I know well the unjust claims that have been made. I know well that it was said it was not to be a fight for abolition. I know that it was said that if the Union could be preserved without freeing a slave they would preserve it on that condition. I know that Mr. Lincoln, a good man, said so, but I also know that when the idea entered the brain of the radical leaders that, by emancipating the slave and giving him suffrage, the South might be made a solid radical South, then there was a sudden and wonderful growth of philanthropy, and the men who but lately had been willing to see slavery indefinitely prolonged became the earnest advocates of abolition.

In a word party interest governed political action, and if it had not been supposed by the radical leaders that the political bondage of the negro could be made to take the place of the ancient bondage, you would have heard nothing of the Republican party having freed the slaves.

I did not intend to make a long speech and I thank you for your call and your attention. If you will vote as your judgment dictates, show that you think and form correct judgments by your deeds, by your votes, by your speeches and by what you write, then you will enjoy the same consideration as others. Once more I thank you."

The judge spoke with ease, and, after a cordial handshake, the delegation departed.

UNITED LABOR PARTY.

Stormy State Convention at Cooper Union in New York.

NEW YORK, Sept. 19.—The State convention of the United Labor Party was opened at Cooper Union this afternoon. Chairman Blakeney, chairman of the State committee, presided. Dr. McGlynn, James Redpath and Candidates Robert H. Cowdery and W. A. T. Wakefield were on the platform. A temporary organization was effected by the election of Lawrence J. McParlin of Lockport as chairman, James A. Cleary of Jamestown and Rufus R. Wilson of Elmira, secretaries.

In an address Mr. McParlin said the Republicans had introduced the Saxton bill in the State Legislature to put Governor Hill in a hole, and that he was in that hole, and he hoped United Labor party would keep him there. (Cries of "We will.")

A wild scene ensued over the appointment of committees. The out-of-town delegates clamored for places on the committees. It was some time before quiet was restored.

The various committees were appointed at the evening session, and speeches were made by Robert H. Cowdrey, the presidential candidate of the party, and Dr. Houghton, secretary of the national committee. J. J. Clancey of Kings county was made permanent chairman.

The resolutions presented protested against the conspiracy law of the State, expressed sympathy for Ireland, recommended that Postmaster Pierson be asked to carry out the eight-hour law and advised the printing and circulation of electoral tickets with the nominees of the Labor, Democratic and Republican parties printed thereon.

The last clause caused a rumpus, but the resolutions were adopted.

The platform was read by Dr. McGlynn, who expressed the well-known views of the party on land, labor and taxation. The convention then adjourned.

CAPITAL POLITICAL TALK.

Outlook in the Virginias—Gains of Congressmen.

WASHINGTON, Sept. 23.—The two men who know more about West Virginia politics than any others are Senator Kenna and Commissioner of Internal Revenue Miller. It was owing to the magnificent work done by the latter four years ago that the effect of Blaine's stumping tour through the State was entirely nullified and the electoral vote cast for Cleveland and Hendricks.

Commissioner Miller is not taking as active a part in politics this year as he was then, but he feels very confident that the State is solid for Cleveland, and will give even a bigger majority. He also says that in the next House the entire delegation will be Democratic, a gain of one seat.

Representative O'Ferrall of Virginia brings very hopeful accounts of the way things are looking in the Old Dominion. He is sure that the Democrats will carry the State, and he estimates that of the 10 representatives eight will be Democrats, a gain of four seats over the present representation.

Martin Foran of Ohio was one of the Democrats who voted against the Mills bill. Mr. Foran, however, would like to see Cleveland re-elected, and he thinks that Cleveland's prospects look a good deal brighter than do Harrison's. The edge, he says, is taken from what the Republicans say about the tariff, by the fact that no one denies that a revision and a reduction is necessary, and that thus far the Republicans have not done anything towards reducing the surplus and correcting the evils of the present tariff schedule.

Delaware State Convention.

DOVER, Del., Sept. 20.—The Republican State convention was called to order this afternoon, and John Pilling was made temporary chairman. The committee on resolutions reported a platform which was adopted. It indorses the national platform and ticket; denounces Cleveland's pension vetoes, and demands the calling by the next Legislature of a convention to revise the State constitution. Nominations being in order, Kent county presented Rev. Jonathan S. Willis and Sussex Charles H. Treat for congressional nomination. Balloting then began. The first ballot resulted in Treat's nomination. A State central committee was appointed and the convention adjourned.

Can Carry Rhode Island.

WASHINGTON, Sept. 20.—R. W. Brucker, a well known business man of Providence, R. I., and his wife are stopping here for a few days.

"The Democrats," said Mr. Brucker, "can carry Rhode Island for Cleveland if a determined effort is made. There are some 5000 new voters who have been given the franchise by the repealing of the law compelling a voter to own a certain amount of Rhode Island gravel. Four-fifths of these are Democrats. The great weakness of the Republicans lies in their prohibitory legislation."

Political Notes.

Ex-Senator Platt predicts that Warner Miller will carry New York State by a plurality of 30,000 at least.

General N. P. Banks has been nominated for Congress by the Republicans in the fifth Massachusetts congressional district.

Congressman Dingley of Maine, who has just returned to Washington, expresses himself as confident that the Republicans will carry every Northern State, together with West Virginia.

Ex-Governor Alger denies that his friends are disgruntled because he was not nominated for president, and declares that Harrison will carry the State of Michigan by a good majority.

The polo grounds, New York city, where the big Republican meeting is to be held, has a seating capacity of 7000 and standing room for certainly 18,000 in addition, making a total of 25,000 between the four fences.

Anna Dickinson delivered an address Thursday night at a large Republican meeting in Richmond, Ind. This was the first of a series of ten addresses which she is to deliver in Indiana in behalf of the Republican cause.

The regular monthly meeting of the executive committee of the American Protective Tariff League was held in New York Thursday. The report of the general secretary showed a large increase in the number of defenders and of the subscribers to the League Bulletin. Six new documents have been added to the list. The number of documents sent out by the league during the month was 1,262,686.

The Delaware Republican State convention was held at Dover, Thursday. The platform adopted indorses the national platform and ticket; denounces Cleveland's pension vetoes, and demands the calling by the next Legislature of a convention to revise the State constitution. Charles H. Treat was nominated for Congress. A State central committee was appointed, and the convention adjourned.

General Harrison had a very busy day Sept. 19, his visitors being a large delegation from Vermilion County, Ill., another group of 800 persons from Louisville and Covington, Ky., and about 100 delegates who are attending the annual meeting of the National Association of Union ex-Prisoners of War. To each delegation he made a separate speech, discussing the various questions of the day.

The United Labor party convention in New York completed its labors Thursday evening, after a heated discussion over the proposition to indorse the Republican State ticket. The following was adopted by a vote of 124 to 103: "That we proceed to nominate a full State ticket, except the candidate for governor, and for that office we support the candidate of the party that is pledged to electoral reform."

James Langdon Curtis of New York city, the presidential nominee of the National American party, issued his letter of acceptance Tuesday. Among the things he advocates are restriction of immigration and naturalization; the entire divorce of church from State; free public schools, taught according to an American system; free technical schools; the curtailment of trusts and government savings banks for the benefit of working people.

Henry George addressed a crowded meeting Friday night at the Cooper Union, New York city, in favor of free trade. The peculiar feature of the occasion was that Mr. George answered questions instead of making a set speech. For about two hours he replied to queries evidently propounded by believers in the protective theory, and his ready and lucid explanations of his views were frequently applauded.

The labor convention at Troy, N. Y., failed to "boom" Governor Hill, as it was expected to do. No candidate was indorsed. The resolutions passed called for such amendments to the conspiracy laws as will permit boycotting. It was resolved that the workingmen of the State of New York will not vote for any candidate for legislative office unless he pledges himself to strive for the amendment of the above-mentioned law.

The Texas Republican State convention, which had met at Fort Worth to nominate a State ticket, adjourned Friday after adopting a resolution that it is inexpedient to put up a State ticket, owing to the fact that there is no reasonable probability of election. A resolution was adopted indorsing the national ticket and deploring the outrages recently committed in Fort Bend and Washington counties.

The Republicans held a mass meeting at Cooper Union, New York city, on the 19th inst. It was well attended, the large hall being filled. Cornelius N. Bliss presided. The principal speaker was ex-Senator Warner Miller, the Republican candidate for governor. He discussed the tariff question, and especially the relation borne to it by the Democratic party, which he declared had been under Southern influence, substantially a free trade party from Van Buren down. This Southern influence was still powerful in the party today.

Birthday Bees of Farmer De Forest.

ANSONIA, Conn., Sept. 18.—Cyrus De Forest owns a farm in North Wilton, on the Danbury branch of the Housatonic railway. On his birthday every May a swarm of bees come to his place and take refuge between the floor and ceiling of his house. All efforts to keep them out have failed, and it has not yet been discovered how they gain an entrance. At the end of the season the floor is taken up and the honey is gathered. Last year Mr. De Forest got 94 pounds, and this year his crop was 76 pounds. The remarkable facts of the case are the regularity of the appearance of the bees. Last year was the one exception in several years, they coming one day earlier than usual. The bees are killed every year, but a swarm takes their place the next season.

FEVER IN JACKSONVILLE.

New Cases 133, and 10 Deaths Yesterday.

Quarantine on Healthy Cities Ordered Raised.

Panic in Memphis is Over, But Trains Cannot Stop There.

JACKSONVILLE, Fla., Sept. 23.—There were 133 new cases of yellow fever and 10 deaths reported today. Ninety of the new cases were those of colored people.

Total to date, 1878 cases, 212 deaths.

At McClenny there were two new cases and one death.

QUARANTINE TO BE RAISED

From Healthy Cities by Order of the State Officials.

NEW ORLEANS, Sept. 23.—At a meeting of the State board of health this morning the agent of the Texas & Pacific railroad read a telegram showing that the health board of Shreveport refused to quarantine against this city, but that they had consented to place an embargo on all points below Alexandria, which had the same effect. President Wilkinen considered that the local authorities had exceeded their powers. He said that New Orleans was free from a suspicious case, and such arbitrary action as had been taken by Shreveport could not be countenanced. He accordingly telegraphed the Shreveport health authorities as follows:

"Boards of health have not arbitrary powers. The Supreme Court has plainly decided these cases. The State board will assist all local boards in keeping out infectious diseases, but will not countenance mob law. Any quarantine against any healthy place in Louisiana will be resisted by the State board. If the parties interested join issue with you, we will side against you."

It is understood that the Texas & Pacific receivers will tomorrow make application to the United States Court for an order forbidding the health authorities of Shreveport to interfere in any manner with the trains of the Texas & Pacific railroad.

IN MISSISSIPPI.

Ten Cases and One Death Reported at Jackson.

WASHINGTON, Sept. 23.—Surgeon-General Hamilton has received a telegram from Dr. Mitchell, president of the Jacksonville board of health, to the effect that some of the nurses there are guilty of drunkenness, criminal neglect and incompetency. Dr. Hamilton has ordered their removal to Camp Perry.

Dr. Carlisle telegraphs from Gainesville, Fla., as follows:

"No new cases; all the sick doing well." A naval officer has been detailed to investigate the state of affairs at Fernandina, Fla.

In reply to offers of aid, Dr. Johnston, secretary of the Mississippi State board of health at Jackson, telegraphs Dr. Hamilton declining the offer, and states that there have been but 10 cases and one death in Jackson up to date.

To a similar telegram sent to Dr. Cochrane at Decatur, Ala., the following response was received: "Need no aid at present. Very few left in Decatur except negroes. The problem will be to feed them."

HARD LINES OF TRAVEL.

Trains Abandoned Because of Quarantine—Refugees Not Welcome.

CHATTANOOGA, Tenn., Sept. 23.—All freight and passenger trains on the Atlantic & Great Southern railroad have been abandoned, owing to the rigid quarantine here and at other points on the line.

Traffic on Northern and Eastern roads is uninterrupted. No one is allowed to enter the city without giving a satisfactory account of himself. This city was never before in such a healthy condition.

Cairo (Ill.) specials say that the Mobile & Ohio Railroad Company refuses freight for any point on their line in Mississippi. On the Illinois Central trains run through between Cairo and Canton, Miss., without stopping. Local trains between Cairo and Jackson, Tenn., have been abandoned.

People living around Jackson, Miss., along the Illinois Central and the Vicksburg and Meridian railroads, threaten to burn the railroad bridges and tear up the tracks, so great is their fear that the Jackson citizens may penetrate the quarantine which has been declared against them.

TERROR SEIZES THE SOUTH.

Complete Embargo in 150 Towns on the Illinois Central.

CHICAGO, Sept. 23.—E. T. Jeffrey, general manager of the Illinois Central railroad, is in receipt of despatches from many points along the line of the road in Kentucky, Tennessee, Mississippi and Louisiana, confirming the reports of the terror which prevails among the people in consequence of the prevalence of yellow fever. The excitement is widespread and at many points the perturbed feeling has resulted in completely stagnating business and preventing traffic. Mr. Jeffrey said today that there are probably 150 places along the Illinois Central lines where local quarantines prevail—that is, where the people had taken matters into their own hands and established an embargo, so complete in a number of instances as to even shut out mail, medicines and physicians.

MEMPHIS PANIC OVER.

No Real Cause for Alarm—Quarantine Regulations.

MEMPHIS, Tenn., Sept. 23.—This city has been very quiet today. Confidence is restored and the feeling of uneasiness which amounted almost to a panic Friday, has given way to a more rational view of the situation.

There really has never been any cause for the alarm that has been felt here. Decatur, Ala., and Jackson, Miss., the only two towns in the South outside of Florida affected by yellow fever, are both considerable distances from Memphis, and none of the refugees from these cities have been allowed to come here.

The non-intercourse quarantine regulations are being enforced against all passenger trains on the seven railroads leading into Memphis on the east side of the Mississippi river.

$100,000 FOR A SURE CURE.

Senator Call's Bill for the Appointment of a Fever Commission.

WASHINGTON, Sept. 24.—The text of the bill introduced by Senator Call today for the appointment of a yellow fever commission is as follows:

Be it enacted, etc., That the President of the United States shall appoint a commission of seven physicians of the different schools of medicine, so far as practicable, who shall observe and view and make a report of all the facts on the yellow fever in Jacksonville, Fla., so far as practicable, and shall also observe and report all facts as to the condition of the city in respect to sanitation and local causes of disease and the greater or less prevalence of the disease in particular localities and under particular conditions.

Section 2. The said commissioner shall make a report of these observations to the surgeon general of the marine hospital service with their suggestions and conclusions on the subject, and the surgeon general shall prepare the same for publication with his opinions and recommendations and report it to Congress. The bill which Senator Plumb introduced offers a reward of $100,000 to any person who shall discover and copyright for public use any certain remedy or treatment of yellow fever which will lower the deaths to less than 2 per cent. of the cases which may be so treated anywhere within the United States. The bill requests all persons who have been treated by any copyrighted remedy and who recovered from the disease to file a sworn statement to that effect with the surgeon-general of the army, and doctors and nurses who attend any persons who were treated by a copyrighted remedy and whose death results are also requested to file a statement of the manner in which the remedy was applied with the surgeon-general of the army. Whenever the surgeon-general shall find 981 recoveries out of 1000 cases of yellow fever, which were treated by a copyrighted remedy, $100,000 shall be paid to the discoverers of the remedy.

Can't Call Out the Militia.

MEMPHIS, Sept. 23.—Governor Taylor today telegraphed President Hadden of the State board of health, in reply to the latter's request for militia to aid in maintaining quarantine here that he had no power to call out the militia for such a purpose, and had no money to pay them. If, however, the militia should volunteer for that purpose he would not forbid it.

President Hadden has accordingly issued a call for volunteers for quarantine duty.

Railway Trains Boycotted.

MERIDIAN, Miss., Sept. 23.—Dr. Blanks, president of the board of health, today made the following official statement:

"At a meeting of the board of health today it was ordered that no persons be permitted to get off any trains in this city and that after 12 o'clock tomorrow no trains will be permitted to stop in this city, but to run through with locked doors at a speed not less then 20 miles an hour." There is no yellow fever here, or a suspicious case.

Quarantined Against Three States.

NASHVILLE, Tenn., Sept. 23.—A Jackson, Tenn., special despatch to the American says: The city has quarantined against the States of Florida, Alabama, Mississippi and the city of Memphis. No trains from those places will be allowed to stop within five miles of the city.

Two New Cases and No Deaths.

NASHVILLE, Tenn., Sept. 23.—A special from Decatur, Ala., says there were but two new cases of fever today and no deaths. The total to date is 17 cases and four deaths. The city is well provided with both physicians and nurses.

Columbus, Ky., Declares River Quarantine.

NEW ORLEANS, Sept. 23.—A Columbus, Ky., special says that quarantine has been declared there and no steamboats will be allowed to land within five miles of the place.

FLOODS IN MEXICO.

Trees and Boulders Hurled Against Railroad Bridges, Tearing Them Away and Causing Great Destruction to Property—Rail Traffic Must Cease for Several Weeks.

CITY OF MEXICO, Sept. 15.—The terrific storm last week in the State of Vera Cruz wrought much damage along the line of the Mexican (Vera Cruz) railway. The greatest injury to the railway line was at the barranca of Metlac, where the road crosses on an iron bridge 96 feet high and over 500 feet long. The heavy rains came down the mountain sides, filling the enormous barranca to the depth of 30 feet with a roaring flood, carrying with it forest trees torn up by the roots and huge boulders washed from the sides of the precipices.

This mass of debris was hurled against the pillars of the bridge, tearing away two or three of them and wrecking 150 feet of the bridge. In addition to this, heavy landslides occurred in the Cumbres, or mountain tops, interrupting the line badly. There are many passengers at Vera Cruz, en route to this city, who will be forced to remain there for some time, and a large amount of freight, just arrived by European and American steamers, is held over at Vera Cruz awaiting the repair of the Metlac bridge.

The money loss to the company will be large, apart from the cessation of traffic for several weeks, which must make a considerable difference in the returns of earnings for the half year.

TO THE FOUR ORDERS

Shall Go All Matters in Dispute — Fundamental Plan of the Railway Men's Great Alliance.

ST. LOUIS, Mo., Sept. 22.—At the convention of the Switchmen's Mutual Aid Association yesterday, the plan of federation between the engineers, firemen, switchmen and brakemen, which was received from the firemen's convention, was discussed all the afternoon. The following outline of it was given last night by Grand Master Monahan:

"It is," he said, "proposed by the firemen to the switchmen and to the other orders of railway service that when local difficulties arise and the local labor bodies cannot control these difficulties, then the matters in dispute shall be referred to the four orders of the railway service, engineers, firemen, brakemen and switchmen, meaning the local branches of these orders. If they cannot arrange the differences with the railway company or companies in the service of which the disagreements arise, the matter shall be referred to an arbitration board, consisting of the three head executive officers of the various organizations may enter into this compact, and if this board cannot satisfactorily adjust affairs, the matter will be referred back to the organization which reported the trouble, with the sanction of the arbitrating board to take extreme measures if they so elect, in endeavoring to compel the railway corporations to comply with their requests.

And if it should come to a question of a strike, these orders would be bound, in our opinion, by all legal and moral laws, to support those who had engaged in such strike.

These are the features of the plan proposed by the firemen, and I may say they meet with general approval by the switchmen.

Grand Secretary Simsrut said the plan also contemplates a unity of interests with all labor organizations. Particularly are the Knights of Labor and the Order of Railway Telegraphers invited to membership. It is the design, he said, to combine into the strongest alliance possible, first all departments of the railway service, and afterwards the other laborers' organizations."

A FATAL MISTAKE.

Benjamin Pines Shot by George Sinclair, Who Thought He Was a Deer.

MACHIAS, Me., Sept. 24.—George Sinclair shot Benjamin Pineo by accident Saturday at Columbia. The men were in the woods, and Pineo was mistaken for a deer. He lived but a few minutes after being shot. He leaves a wife and five children.

FLED IN HER STAGE COSTUME.

Wealthy William Peck Finds His Wife in a Wichita Museum.

WICHITA, Kan., Sept. 24.—William Peck, a wealthy and prominent Topeka grocer, last night found his wife playing under the name of May Fiske in a dime museum. She was warned of his presence, and rushing in her stage costume off the stage was driven away in a hack. He had been looking for her for two months in all the large towns of the West, and heard of her presence here through a friend. This afternoon he attempted again to see her, when she fired a revolver at him as he appeared at the door of her room, but fortunately missed him.

A suit for divorce, with charges and counter charges, is pending.

CROP OUTLOOK BETTER.

Sunshine and Subsiding Floods Make Southern Planters Rejoice.

CHARLESTON, S. C., Sept. 24.—One week has made a great change in the agricultural outlook in this State. The floods have subsided, and sunshine has improved the prospects immensely. Outside of the banks of the Savannah and Santee rivers the rice crop promises to be splendid. The principal loss in the State is to the corn, in the lowlands along the river. Cotton has been injured to some extent by the rains, but, with a late frost, the loss will be reduced to a minimum.

There is also great rejoicing over the check to the jute bag trust. Two factories have started the manufacture of bagging from pine straw, one at Wilmington, N. C., and one at Eastover in this State. Before Nov. 1 it is probable that a dozen pine straw factories will be in operation in this city.

FREAKS OF A HURRICANE.

Devastation by Wind Among the Bermudas.

A Score of British Traders Driven Ashore and Destroyed.

Estimated that Twenty Lives Have Been Lost.

NASSAU, N. P., Sept. 17.—A severe hurricane passed over several of these islands on Sept. 2 and 3.

At Ragged Island 18 houses were totally destroyed, 12 others nearly so, and scores were more or less injured. All the sponging, fishing and trading schooners belonging to the island were either bilged or driven high on the shore. This will be a serious loss to the people. The water rose over four feet above the average spring tides, washing away great piles of salt, aggregating over 60,000 bushels. This is also a great loss to the inhabitants, for the principal industry of the island is the making of salt for export. Two ships were in port at the time receiving cargoes of salt. The barkentine Clutha of St. Johns, N. F., Captain Joyce, with 12,000 bushels of salt on board, dragged her anchors and went ashore. It is thought that by jettisoning the cargo she may be gotten off, as she does not seem much injured. The brig Glenorkie, Captain Ganien, of Halifax, N. S., which had 1300 bushels of salt on board, was dismasted and driven ashore while the wind was blowing from the northeast. When the wind changed to the southwest, she was driven off and forced over some shoals into deep water, when she swung to her anchor. The captain and crew arrived in Nassau on the 9th, the brig when abandoned having three feet of water in her hold and leaking at the rate of four inches per hour. She is regarded as probably a total loss, and she pounded heavily for a long time after grounding and is much strained. There is much distress at Ragged Island, and the government has dispatched a vessel to that locality with food and provisions for the sufferers.

At Acklin's Island 18 houses were blown down. Two schooners were in port at the time. One, the Siren, to prevent capsizing, had her spars cut away; the other, the Rival, went ashore and was completely wrecked. Other disasters are reported also from that locality. The British schooner Silver Lake, from Sagua, went ashore at Lantern Head beach. A vessel from Turk's Island, name unknown, was capsized on Molasses reef on the 2d, on a voyage from Hayti. All on board except one woman were saved. The schooner Queen of Clippers, bound from San Salvador to Nassau, foundered near Tarpum bay. All on board, 15 persons, reached the land in safety. The schooner Ready, Captain Thompson, was wrecked on the Eleuthera coast. The cargo and vessel are a total loss. All the vessels that suffered severe damage and that have been reported up to this time are British. It is estimated that about 20 lives were lost. A number of vessels are missing, and their fate is unknown.

WILY SNAKE AND SLIPPERY EEL.

Honors Even in a Unique Contest Between Two Reptiles.

GLASGOW, N. Y., Sept. 21.—An amusing encounter between a water snake and an eel occurred in the Hudson river, near a dock here, a day or two ago.

A party of fishermen noticed a commotion in the shallow water on one side of the dock, and leaning over they saw a large water snake moving landward with an eel nearly half the size of the snake. The reptile had the eel by the throat, and the slimy thing was evidently making for dry ground, where it could easily despatch its prey, which was making a frantic effort to get free.

Twice the eel squirmed itself loose from the snake and made for the water, but each time it was recaptured and brought to land. After the third chase for the eel the snake seemed to lose all patience, and winding itself about the wriggling eel, pressed nearly all the life out of it, and then dropped it on the beach. The eel was apparently dead.

The snake wound itself in and out a little opening under the dock, returning every now and then to smell of its, presumably, dead prey, for which it was evidently getting an appetite. The latter had just disappeared under the rock a fourth time, when the eel, which had been playing possum, began moving toward the water.

When the snake returned to the spot and found no fish for dinner its movements were like those of an angry, disappointed child. It lashed its tail furiously, coiled itself half a dozen times as though preparing to attack an enemy, moved rapidly round and round the spot where the eel had lain, and then made for the open water, whence it was soon lost to view.

FOR CLEVELAND NOW.

Blaine's Old Guard of 1884 Votes Without a Dissenting Voice to Support Cleveland and Thurman.

NEW YORK, Sept. 22.—The members of the old Blaine Guard of 1884, fifth Assembly district, held a meeting in Merrick's Hall, 413 Canal street, Thursday night, and resolved to reorganize for the present campaign. After an earnest debate, it was decided to support Cleveland and Thurman. The movement was embodied in the following resolution:

Resolved, That in view of the fact that James G. Blaine failed to get the Republican nomination for president, and fully recognizing the bold and manly action of the present incumbent of the White House in regard to the fisheries question, the members of this organization unanimously agree to follow the example of the Irish-American Independents in indorsing the Democratic nominees, and we therefore pledge them our undivided support.

There was not a dissenting vote, and the guard proposes to take an active part in politics this fall. Four years ago its members were enthusiastic in their support of Blaine, and were a prominent factor in fifth district politics.

It is proposed to hold regular meetings and to do as zealous work and display as much enthusiasm for Cleveland this fall as for Blaine four years ago.

TOO HEAVY TO LIVE.

Anthony Newell of Pittsburg, Weighing 364 Pounds, is Dead.

PITTSBURG, Sept. 18.—Anthony H. Newell, the most prominent restaurateur of Pittsburg, and well known to sporting men all over the United States, died this afternoon. He weighed 364 pounds, and died of fatty degeneration of the heart. He was once manager of Trimble's old variety theatre in this city.

Newell was born in Boston 47 years ago, and was for one year a law student in the office of the celebrated Rufus Choate.

DRAFTED BACK TO ITALY.

One Terrified Raffaelle Forced to Seek His Native Land.

DOVER, N. H., Sept. 21.—Burnapone Raffaelle, one of the Italians who has been at work on the water works here, has received notice from Italy that he has been drafted into the Italian army, and he has settled up and left for Boston to go back. Nick Russo, the boss, says if he did not go he would never dare to return, for he would be liable to arrest and imprisonment even after years. He says, however, that it is very rare that an Italian does obey such a summons from the king.

They Will Not Use Jute Bagging.

ATLANTA, Ga., Sept. 22.—The merchants all over the State are greatly agitated over the failure of the farmers to bring in their cotton. This failure is due to the fact that the Southern farmers have absolutely declined to use jute bagging at all, and are holding their cotton in their gin houses waiting to find some way to get ahead of the cotton bagging trust. Up to this time a year ago 7143 bales of cotton had been received in Atlanta. This year up to the present time, only 300 bales have been received here. What is true of Atlanta is true of this section generally.

Business Failures for the Week.

NEW YORK, Sept. 21.—The business failures occurring during the last seven days as reported to R. G. Dun & Co., and E. Russell & Co., number for the United States 200, and for Canada 28, or a total of 228, as compared with 217 last week and 224 the week previous to the last. For the corresponding week of last year the figures were 183, made up of 156 in the United States and 27 in Canada.

AROUND THE FARM.

THE FEED.

Feeding and Digestion Experiments—Soiling Cattle—Feeding Corn Fodder.

We have just received from the New York Agricultural Experiment Station bulletin No. 10, new series, in which a general outline of proposed work is given. We copy what is said about proposod feeding experiments:

The experiments proposed in feeding are of three classes:

1. With cows, for a study of the influence of certain rations on the milk and butter.

2 Fattening rations with young animals, including digestion experiments.

3. Feeding for fat and for lean with sheep, and to ascertain whether the food influences the composition of the body fat.

Besides the above it is hoped that at an early date representative animals of the several breeds may be added to our herd that the tests may be more complete.

RATIONS FOR COWS.

The experiments here proposed are a continuation of those of previous years, for the study of the influence of certain rations upon the milk and butter.

RATIONS TO BE FED.

1. Hay and corn meal plus roots.
2. Hay and wheat bran plus roots.
3. Hay and linseed meal plus roots.
4. Hay and corn meal plus roots.
5. *Hay and cottonseed meal plus roots.

The first four periods are but a repetition of the feeding of last winter, which seemed to confirm the now generally conceded opinion that a revision of the German standards is necessary for American feeders. The trials of the previous winter go to show that, of the feeds used, cornmeal tends to produce the largest flow of milk, but that linseed meal gave the greatest yield of butter, although the flow of milk is diminished. The butter under cornmeal feed was firm and waxy, while under linseed meal it was soft and oily, although the melting points are nearly the same for both. It was found that there was a considerable difference in the amount of olein in the two butters, and that the viscosity of the butter soaps was very different, which seems to show that food may influence the composition of the butter. We only point out these differences at this time as showing the line of work being carried out, for many experiments are necessary to confirm or disprove a single trial. These are important considerations for the dairyman who seeks to produce a high grade of butter. In Holland, where some of the best butter is made, it is said linseed meal is not in favor, as the farmer finds it produces a soft and oily butter, and when fed its ill effects are in a measure counteracted by adding palm nut cake, which is said to produce the firm, waxy butter so much desired.

A test of butter-making by centrifugal separation of the cream is to be made, and such other observations and experiments made as may suggest themselves or be desired by the farmers.

FATTENING EXPERIMENT.

In this experiment four two-year-old animals, two males and two females, are to be used. The animals are to be put in sets of twos, one of each sex, and the two lots to be made as nearly uniform as possible, as regards weight, eating capacity, etc.

This experiment is a continuation of the line of feeding carried out during the past winter which confirmed what was found with the cows, that the German feeding standards seem to be too high. At least we did not succeed in inducing our animals to eat the amount called for by German standards.

FIRST EXPERIMENT.

To determine the digestibility of the rations to be used in the succeeding experiments. The month of November is to be devoted to this work.

SECOND EXPERIMENT.

To one set of the animals will be fed a fattening ration, in which the carbonaceous food predominates (cornmeal), and to the other set a larger proportion of albuminoids is to be given. So far as possible the total weight of dry matter offered to each set is to be the same.

The fattening period is to begin Dec. 1, and is to close April 1. The whole is to be divided into four periods of feeding. As an appetizer, ensilage will be fed in the same amount throughout the entire trial, and hay will be given ad libitum and the grain ration will be changed according as seems desirable for each period.

At the close of the experiment the animals will be disposed of to a butcher and observations made regarding their value for beef and the condition of the meat as regards fat and lean.

SHEEP FEEDING.

This experiment is to be a continuation of the one for the previous year, substituting linseed meal for cottonseed meal.

We have found in this experiment, as shown by Professors Sanborn and Henry, that with young, growing animals the feeding of a nitrogenous food tends to produce a larger proportion of lean meat and less fat than is the case when a more carbonaceous food is used. The question to be investigated in the proposed experiment is whether with mature animals such a result can be secured with an economical consumption of food, or whether this growth of lean meat must be made before maturity.

*Palmnut cake will be substituted for one ration if we can secure the feed.

‡The full data for these experiments will be given in the report for 1888.

Soiling Cattle.

Professor Henry of the Wisconsin Experiment Station, gives the following experience in soiling:

By soiling in summer a certain area of land will yield double the amount of milk and butter that it will when pastured. The large amount, or rather great weight of food consumed daily will be a surprise to many who have not carefully weighed green food for stock. In the month of June our cows consumed 116 pounds of first crop clover daily each. Our results show that, for one season at least, just as good results can be had from half the land by soiling as when pasturing. The cost of the two methods will not be discussed, as we could institute no comparison that would be at all applicable to the general dairyman from this trial. The time of man and team going to and from the field for the clover and corn for our three cows was the same as for a large herd. This part of the problem can easily be left to the practical dairyman to figure out for himself. But no matter how or what the figures show, let our dairymen and farmers wake up to the necessity of partial soiling in midsummer, when the pastures grow short.

We kept three cows up to July 15 on 2½ acres, but at that date the grass began to fail, and we had to fall back on 1.45 acres additional. Had we not done this we would have injured the first pasture seriously, if not ruined it, for fall feed; and had the cows drop off largely in milk, there would have been a double loss, and one of no small magnitude. By having had a good area in soiling crops to fall back upon we might have partially soiled these cows for a couple of months, and so not needed this 1½-acre lot at all. Without a soiling crop to fall back upon, the farmer who stocks his pasture to its capacity in early summer will find the grass cropped too short in midsummer and a decreased flow of milk; if he does not stock to the early summer capacity he loses by so much, as the grass grows long and remains uneaten. Let particular soiling become more common in Wisconsin (and everywhere), and we can by an increased milk and butter yield largely make up for the lower prices for the product. He who practices partial soiling for a season, by the results obtained can judge whether or not it will pay him to extend his practice.

Feeding Corn Fodder.

Some twelve years ago, while putting to the test the German theory of proper nutrient rations, I noted the great value of corn fodder when properly fed, and subsequent years of experiment and experience have emphasized the points involved. A ton of corn fodder may be so fed as to give the growth and nearly the economic result of a ton of timothy hay, when fed against the timothy fed alone. This assertion is based upon corn fodder cut at the right time, nicely cured and housed before damaged by continuance in the field. Clover hay and corn fodder is the most economic method of feeding known to me. Corn fodder and cottonseed meal, 3 to 5 pounds of the latter, form a continuously growing ration, and, in view of the manurial value of cottonseed meal, a cheap one. My usual way of feeding corn fodder is to so feed it that a little is given daily all winter. A foddering of corn fodder, then one of timothy in the morning, and at night clover and straw are given. If clover and corn fodder were the only foods, then alternate feeds of each would be given. The above ration will keep young stock growing all winter. For better growth of course concentrated food is added, containing cottonseed meal and bran in moderate quantity.

I secure four-fifths, or 80 to 85 per cent., of the corn fodder eaten when managed as stated, without cutting it. The uneaten portion is used for bedding, being cut for that purpose. By using the Lion cutter and crusher I have had our heavy Western corn fodder all eaten up clean, even when cut low down to the ground. The above remarks refer to corn fodder. Of course, fodder corn will be better eaten, especially when not too coarse. It, however, it is to be fed whole. I should prefer to grow the smaller sorts, as the heavy Southern kinds are hard to handle when fed in box stalls. For the dents, Sibley's Pride of the North is a small sort, and bears thick planting. There is no trouble on this score with the flints. In conclusion, I know of no more economic method of feeding the small kinds of fodder corn than its use whole, and fed in association with clover hay. This opinion is based on considerable experience. I perhaps should say that clover hay furnishes the albuminoids that corn fodder is deficient in; this timothy does not do. I could quote fine results of the use of clover hay and corn fodder, with tables of nutritive ratios used. This I judge to be uncalled for and unnecessary.—[Professor J. W. Sanborn.

THE DAIRY.

See That the Dairy Utensils Are Washed Clean—How to Make Cottage Cheese—The Effects of Pure and Bad Water.

Some wash pans, pails and vats carefully with cold water, in which is a little salt or soda; then rinse and then thoroughly scald with hot water. Others pour on boiling water first; sometimes rinse with cold water, more often with hot. Then there are others who are not very particular about any method. The first plan is far superior. The idea is to get all the milk off and out of the pails, etc., before scalding. Boiling water seems to cook milk, cream and buttermilk on to and into the utensils, and there is a change soon that imparts its bad influence to the succeeding messes of milk. As between all hot or all cold water to wash dairy fixtures, take the latter with a little salt and far better results would follow. The wooden churn had better stand with good brine in it than be washed as many people do by "boiling" all the butter adhering to the inside of the churn into the wood, instead of first scouring it off with a little water and salt and then proceeding to wash. Stone churns, unless having a perfect glazing, soon get the stone walls filled with oil through the pores of the imperfect glazing, and if cream stands in this churn any length of time it absorbs some of this old cream, and the butter, however well made, will soon deteriorate in quality.—[The Stockman

To Make Cottage Cheese.

Cottage cheese is best when made as soon as the milk is thick and firm, before it becomes disagreeably acid. Heat the milk by placing the pan over boiling water, or by pouring boiling water slowly into the milk, stirring constantly in both cases. Heating to 95° Fahrenheit, or, if you have no thermometer, about as warm as new milk, will coagulate the albumen sufficiently to separate it from the whey. Pour in a cloth to drain. To each pint of the drained curd, add butter one-half the size of an egg, and one-half pint of sweet cream; then add salt or not as suits your taste. Place in moulds or bowls, which should be previously dipped in cold water, and when wanted, turn out and serve. Made in this way it is as much superior to that which has been heated till the albumen is tough as a nicely boiled egg is to the hard boiled one. The principle is the same with both these articles of food. Too great heat renders the albumen tough, insoluble, unpleasant to the taste and difficult of digestion.

Pure Water.

The first consideration should be given to the cows and their supply of water. Water is rarely pure enough for the manufacture of the very best butter and no pond water, running stream or swamp ditch is free from myriads of those germs which feed upon decaying organic matter in it. To examine a drop of water from any one of these sources through a cheap and simple microscope, would be a revelation to a dairyman of surpassing interest and value. I have always used well water in my dairy, although there was a brook of water, supposed to be of excellent quality, and several springs flowing into it. But in the summer the springs and the stream would be filled with the brownish-green confervoid growths, and covered with green scum, and a drop of water viewed under a microscope would appear like a whole circus of strangely shaped beasts and tape-worm like creatures closely crowded together. Kept at 80° for 24 hours, the water became turbid and putrid, and the milk of a cow supplied with this water would be found filled with the same organisms, and in 12 hours has often become ropy and acid, and wholly unfit for making butter. This is the precise condition of milk which makes the most frequent trouble with churning in the summer, and causes the cream to foam or the butter to refuse to come. The effect of this bad water is to cause an excess of albumen in the milk. I have found as much as 2½ per cent. of it in milk where its presence would not be suspected, except by an expert, and from the large quantity of soft, white specks in the buttermilk, and the extreme viscosity, almost ropiness, of the milk.—[Country Gentleman.

Effects of Bad Water.

Professor Law of Cornell University caused some cows to drink for several days from a stagnant pool of water that existed in a swale, and, having examined the milk, found it full of living organisms. Then the water from the pool was examined, and the same living creatures were found. Then the cows were examined, and they were found to be in a feverish condition, the result of their blood being charged with these minute organisms. Then some pure milk was taken, and some of this pond water put with it, and these same creatures multiplied within a few hours so as to take full possession of the milk. After this test no one can dispute that living organisms may be introduced into milk by the use of improper food and drink. It also shows that there is a close relation between good, pure water and fine, good, keeping product.

THE COW.

The Care of the Cow and the Calf—Remedies for the Garget.

There is nothing more important in the way of perfecting the dairy herd than that of getting the cows into good habits. Just as good habits are the governing principle of the growing child, so it is with the coming cow. She is the pure creature of habit, and this trait should be cultivated and trained. The character of the cow seems to partake strongly of her surroundings, and this is governed by the nature of the man who directs the farm. If he is careless and ignorant, the cow is certain to be equally careless and ignorant, and if he is pushing, energetic and go ahead in his style of business the cow will respond to these sentiments. By simply looking at the farm you can usually tell the style of animal you will find on the farm.

From this we learn that the man's mind is the starting point from which all good or evil flows throughout the whole working of the farm and the animals on it. Just as he wills it so it will be, and there is no escaping this conclusion, no matter how much he may lay the responsibility to luck, the weather or the moon. Lay the blame for what goes wrong to your own head, and nine times out of 10 you will have reached the origin of all your troubles. Teach your cows that they have certain duties to perform at certain hours of the day, and it is wonderful how promptly they will respond to your reasonable requirements. But this must be done with religious regularity, not only in matters of importance, but particularly in those points of apparent small necessity. Cows should not only be fed and milked at regular hours, but they should be made to always occupy the same stalls, and be milked in the same order. These little things go a great way in fixing her character, and often settle the point of profit or loss in the year's work.

Teaching calves to drink is an art that some men have great trouble in learning. At the same time it is easy enough, if you only go about it in the right way. There is a great difference in the capacity of calves for learning to take their food in this way, just as it is with children, but a little patience and persistence will cure the most obstinate cases. In the first place the calf must be made actually hungry, so as to sharpen its wits and make it know just what it wants. Now back it into a corner, and hold it firm with one arm around the neck. Push its head into the pail of warm milk, and put a finger in its mouth. Some say the finger should enter over the under lip. If the calf has not been unduly excited it will begin to suck the finger, which should be gradually withdrawn, but held ready to enter the mouth again when the calf stops drinking.

Two or three lessons will cure the most stupid calf, and right here let us give the warning that calves must not be fed skim milk when too young, or cold milk at any time, if you do not want to kill them. Even though they survive for a few weeks, you are laying the foundation for future disease if you do not respect this warning. The young stomach cannot handle cold milk, while skim milk does not contain sufficient fat, and especially heating quality enough to meet the absolute requirements of the young animal. If you have taken the natural oil out of the milk you must then replace it with an artificial substitute in the shape of cottonseed or linseed oil, in proper proportions, according to the age and size of the calf. The farmer who is not willing to take this trouble with the calves had far better leave them to suck the dams, at a loss of milk, for otherwise he will lose the calves.—[American Dairyman.

Garget in Cows.

The condition of the weather has a considerable influence upon the health of all sorts of animals, but especially of those which are yielding milk. The milk-glands, which are in a very active secretory condition, and require a copious supply of arterial blood for the repair and renewal of the glandular tissue, which is being constantly broken down and used for the production of milk, are very easily disturbed by any circumstance which may affect the circulation in these very sensitive organs, and an inflammatory condition is easily induced. Hot weather with sudden storms produces precisely the very worst condition of the weather for the healthful exercise of these functions upon which the secretion of milk depends; hence at this season more than usual care is needed to preserve the cows from this common disorder of the milk glands, which is usually known as "caked bag," inflamed udder or garget, and termed mammitis by the veterinarians.

The udder of a cow is not a simple bag or reservoir to hold the milk, as some suppose, but a mass of exceedingly fine and complicated glands, each of which is supplied with blood for its nutrition and growth by the very fine arterial capillary vessels which connect with the same sort of vessels that flow into the veins. These capillary vessels are so fine and so numerous that a needle cannot prick the skin or any part of the tissues without wounding some of them. They form an intricate network between the finest arterial blood vessels and those of the veins, and the purified blood flowing through the arteries passes through these fine capillaries, reaching every fibre and gland of the tissues, and giving up to them new matter and substance for repair and new growth. The blood, thus unloaded of its fresh nutritious matter, takes up a load of worn-out waste matter and carries it into the veins, from which it is removed by the various excretory organs, the lungs, kidneys and skin chiefly. So long as all this goes on healthfully the milk glands receive their share of this supply of new matter which is used in the formation of glandular substance with the fatty granules which form the nuclei of the ultimate lobules of which the glands consist. These lobules are very much like grapes in a bunch upon a stem, and these bunches form the glands, which are gathered into larger masses just as the leaves of a bush are gathered upon the twigs, these upon the small branches, these again upon the larger ones, and these upon the stem. These twigs, branches and stems represent the ducts through which the milk secreted by the breaking down of the lobules flows into the larger ducts and reservoirs of the udder.

In fact, the whole circulatory system of the udder may be represented by two trees or bushes joined together by the finest extremities at the ends of the branches so that the sap which flows through one trunk may pass through the limbs, branches and twigs of one tree into the twigs, branches and limbs of the other trunk. These trees and branches will represent the circulatory system of arteries, capillaries and veins of the udder, and the leaves would represent in some manner the lobules of the glandular system of the udder, which are nourished by the blood (represented by the sap of the tree). Now this being the condition of things, and the circulation being very active to supply the rapid secretion of milk, equal to from 20 to 40 pounds daily, if any untoward accident should happen by which the circulation was increased beyond the power of the glands to dispose of it, there would be an immediate engorgement of the fine capillary vessels and the glands which they supply; the glandular substance would be red, inflamed, hot, hard and extremely painful. The secretion of milk would be stopped by the engorgement of the finest milk ducts, which would be clogged by the excessive breaking down of the lobules under the excitement of the increased circulation. The same results would happen under any circumstances, which would disturb the regular action of the milk-producing glands. This disorder would produce the condition known as garget. The udder would be hard and hot, and painful to the touch. The milk secretion would stop. The increased heat would cause the albumen of the milk to coagulate, and the milk would become clotty or ropy; possibly the milk would become acid, and the caseine would form curd, which would clog the ducts and reservoirs of the udder and produce very mischievous results.

This disease is one that should be very carefully guarded against at this time. It is produced by overfeeding of meal, by drinking cold water when the cow is heated, by a sudden chill caused by a cold rain or hailstorm on a hot day, by too active exercise, by the cow lying upon stones or in a pool of mud, by neglect of milking at regular periods, by blows or bruises upon the udder, by cows jumping fences, or any occurrence which would disturb the normal action of the functions above described, and on account of its dangerous nature it should be prevented by a systematic management in which these accidents (?) cannot happen. When it does happen the first thing to be done is to arrest the excited circulation by giving a copious dose of cooling saline purgative, as two pounds of Epsom salts dissolved in thin linseed tea. This will remove the fever and relieve the tension upon the udder. The congested udder should be fomented with hot water, with gentle rubbing by means of a sponge or a soft woollen cloth. The rubbing should be really a gentle kneading of the udder, which, with the heat, would cause absorption of the excess of broken-down glandular substance and the freeing of the overcharged ducts. A solution of bicarbonate of soda in hot water (90°) should be injected into the teats to dissolve the thickened milk, and the milk drawn frequently and patiently, but very gently, with consideration for the painful condition of the glands. After each formentation, repeated hourly in bad cases, the udder should be well rubbed with the hand, and camphorated soap liniment be applied, the kneading action being repeated. If this course is not taken the udder might suppurate and a part of it be lost by sloughing away.—[Henry Stewart, in New York Times.

THE POULTRY.

Farmers Should Aim to Improve Their Breeds—Sell the Unprofitable Fowls.

There is no reason for any distinction being made between the fancier and the farmer. The only difference is that the fancier keeps pure-bred fowls and gives them close attention, and breeds them strictly to a standard of points in order to preserve the purity of the breed, while the farmer, who is usually busy with his crops and larger stock, depends more upon cross-breeding. It is a mistake, however, to attempt to keep poultry without depending on the purity of the breed. Breeding with a knowledge of what you desire means to undertake the work in a systematic manner. The fancier could not exist without the aid of the farmer, and the stock of the farmer would soon degenerate into the most worthless scrubs but for the careful management of the fancier. But poultry on the farm should always be bred from pure-bred males. By so doing a value of at least 30 per cent. is added to the quality, while the production of eggs is increased. One male, costing but a small sum, will prevent the deterioration of stock, and there is no improvement that can be effected so cheaply as upon the flocks of poultry. Whether pure-bred or grades, the chickens, ducks, geese and turkeys on the farm make a marked comparison with those bred without regard to merit, and every farmer should aim to improve.—[Manchester Mirror.

Sell the Unprofitable Ones.

Old hens, two years old and past, and all that are not desirable to keep over for breeders, or for laying stock next season, should be sent to market before they begin to grow new feathers. Hens do not usually lay much while molting, and if in ordinary good condition, as most old fowls on the farm are at this time of year, it will bring nearly or quite as much as they would if kept until late in the fall. Even if you do not get as much now as you would then, bear in mind that by selling now you save the feed for the two or three months while they are putting off their old feathers and growing new ones. Of course, this advice does not apply to farmers who are so far from market that poultry can hardly be sold at any price, except for a while in the late fall. On such farms where the poultry have free range, they will pick up most, if not all, of their living through warm weather, and be in fine condition to fatten rapidly later in the fall. And there are always some hens—we have had a good many of them—that will do fairly well, more than enough to pay their way, right through molting time. Of course, it won't pay to sell such hens.—[Fannie Field, in Prairie Farmer.

THE TOMATO.

Timely Hints on Tomato Culture.

In experiments in training tomatoes conducted last year at the farm of the Michigan Agricultural College, the method that gave greatest satisfaction consisted of a simple rack that was continuous throughout the row. About every six or eight feet a stout stake was driven on either side of the row, and 15 inches from the plant, the stakes when firmly driven standing something over a foot high. A strip of old boards was nailed near the tops of the posts along either side of the row. Then edgings were tacked across from one side to the other, four about each plant and a foot apart. The plant now found itself growing up between horizontal edgings, and as it began to lop the rack held it above the ground. Upon this simple rack the tomatoes needed no tying nor training, and spread themselves freely to the sunlight. The circulation of the air under the racks was so free that there was no unusual danger from rot. This is decidedly the best rack tried. It was noticed also that the fruit ripened more uniformly here than on the plants which were tied to stakes. On the same grounds some observations were made in tomato rot which makes its first appearance as a slight, spotty discoloration about the apex of the tomato, gradually extending and becoming darker, until the whole top of the fruit sinks in. This disease attacks the fruit at any time after it is a third or a quarter grown. Tomato rot is of a fungus origin. Abundant use of stable manure appears to augment the disease.—[Ex.

THE MELANGE.

The Honey—The Rock—The Broom Corn—Tanning—Facts for Farmers.

Extracted honey is coming rapidly into general favor. The fear of adulteration has been the great obstacle in its sale, but this is now largely dispelled, and people are taking hold of the article with more confidence. It is only necessary for consumers to consider a moment to convince themselves that at the present prices for which extracted honey is sold it would be impossible to produce any substitute that would cost less. In earlier times, when honey would bring from 25 to 35 cents per pound, there was an inducement to adulterate; but when honey brings only 10 or 12 cents it is impossible to substitute any article with a salable appearance except at a cost that would not exceed the price. Every bee-keeper well knows that adulteration is a death-blow to his own industry, and when adulteration was common, it was doubtless safe to lay the blame upon the middlemen and not on the producer.

It has been asserted that adulteration is brought about by the bee-keeper feeding sugar and syrup to the bees. This is impossible, for the reason that sugar and syrup feeding will never produce honey. It will simply be sugar-syrup stored in the combs, and will not be changed in flavor. The fact that bee-keepers feed sugar to their bees creates misapprehension among the inexperienced. It is of the utmost importance at certain seasons of the year to feed bees, but it is only to maintain life, or to stimulate brood-rearing, and is done late in the fall and early in the spring. The cost of feed brings this to an end as soon as the colony is in a fair condition. This feed is all consumed in the brood nest, and not a particle of it ever reaches the surplus boxes. When honey is abundant in the flowers, and the bees have access to it, they cannot be led away by any cheap sugars or syrups. It would be folly to furnish food at a high rate, when honey-producing flowers are supplying the real nectar in excessive quantities. Many have the impression that comb honey is the only safe honey to purchase, and that it cannot be adulterated, as can the extracted. This is a mistaken idea; one can be adulterated as easily as the other, and the temptations are in favor of the comb honey on account of its higher price.

Extracted honey can be secured in greater quantities than comb honey under the same conditions, and at a much less cost. The saving of comb is quite an item, for to produce wax involves the consumption of large quantities of honey. It has been estimated that 20 pounds of honey are sacrificed in producing one pound of wax or comb. The pure extracted honey is more healthy than comb, on account of the indigestible qualities of wax. The convenience of handling extracted honey, and the ease with which it can be kept any length of time in good condition, are greatly in its favor. The granulation of extracted honey has heretofore interfered with its sale and use, but it is now pretty well understood that all pure honey will granulate, and in this condition it is preferred by many to the liquid form. In extracting, the different varieties of honey produced from different blossoms can be kept separate and the entire crop graded. Here is another point that creates suspicion in the minds of consumers. In extracted honey there are many varieties. Most people think there is but one kind of honey, and when they see two different colors they conclude one of them is not right. It is impossible to enumerate the different varieties, flavors and shades of honey, but we may safely say that in any one locality there may be 20 different kinds, at least as many as we have different genera of flowers. All honey, when taken from the hives should be stored away high and dry in buildings. Never use a cellar nor any damp place for this purpose. Dampness will spoil honey, but heat never will.—[Scientific American.

Cost of Digging Rock.

In a paper presented by Roger Rigly to the Western Pennsylvania Mining Institute are given the following estimates of the cost of excavating and handling rock. The average weight of a cubic yard of sandstone or conglomerate in place is 1.8 tons, and of compact granite, gneiss, limestone or marble, two tons, or an average of 1.9 tons, or 4256 pounds. A cubic yard when broken up ready for removal increases about four-fifths in bulk, and one-fourteenth of a cubic yard, or 177 pounds, is a wheelbarrow load. Experience shows that with wages at $1 a day of 10 hours 45 cents per cubic yard is a sufficient allowance for loosening hard rock. Soft shales and allied rocks may be loosened by pick and plough at a cost of 20 to 30 cents per cubic yard. The quarrying of ordinary hard rock requires from one-quarter to one-third of a pound, and sometimes one-half pound of powder per cubic yard. Drilling with a churn driller costs from 12 to 18 cents per foot of hole bored. Upon these data Mr. Rigly estimates the total cost per cubic yard in place for loosening and removing by wheelbarrow (labor assumed at $1 per day of 10 hours) as follows: When distance removed is 25 feet, $0.549; when 100 feet, $0.573; when 200 feet, $0.622; when 500 feet, $0.768; when 1000 feet, $1.01; when 1800 feet, $1.401. In hauling by cart, and assuming 851 pounds as a cartload, the cost will be per cubic yard when removed 25 feet, $0; when 50 feet, $0.599; when 100 feet, $0.605; when 200 feet, $0.617; when 500 feet, $0655; when 1000 feet, $0717, and when 1800 feet, $0.95.

Raising Broom Corn.

A bunch of broom corn hangs in one of the front windows of the Standard counting-rooms, from J. W. Saunder's farm, three miles south of Mayfield. It is from a field of 40 acres of early planted broom corn, and in a conversation with Mr. Saunders a Standard man learned much concerning the valuable plant. Mr. Saunders has 80 acres this season, 40 of early and 40 of late planted. The latter was put in on wheat ground, from which a crop has been raised this year, and will be put in wheat again this fall, after the broom corn is off, thus making two crops in a season. At our request Mr. Saunders made out an itemized list of the expense that the 40 acres of early planted corn has been to him. It is as follows:

Ploughing	$40
Harrowing	2
Planting	6
Cultivating, four times	32
Total cost to date	$80
Cost of one acre	2

The cutting, which will be begun this week, will cost $1.75 per acre, raising the cost of production to $3.75.

A gentleman who has had considerable experience with broom corn estimates the yield from this field at 900 pounds per acre. The cost of marketing will average $1 per ton, or 45 cents per acre. We now have the total cost of raising and marketing 900 pounds of broom corn, or one acre, as $4.20.

In the St. Louis market, broom corn is quoted at from $60 to $100 per ton, so you see if Mr. Saunders receives an average price, say $80 per ton, the profit will be nearly $25 per acre.

Broom corn is emphatically a dry weather crop. It never stops growing during a drought, retaining its greenness as long as if it rained every day. The corn will be ready for gathering in 80 days after germination.

The Standard would be pleased to see more broom corn raised in Sumner county. It is one of the crops that will bring Eastern money in return, and is much more profitable than either corn, wheat or oats.—[Wellington, Kan., Standard.

Tanning.

The art of tanning is a very ancient one. It is rather singular that mankind should have discovered the peculiar action of the constituents of bark upon the skin of animals at so early a period, and it is hard to guess what fortunate accident first showed the superiority of leather over the natural hide.

The change of raw hide into leather is both a physical and a chemical one. The tannin, or tannic acid, which is present in the bark of certain trees, unites chemically with the gelatine in the skin, forming a tough, insoluble compound. A decoction of nutgalls poured into a solution of gelatine in warm water will give an abundant precipitate of this substance.

A similar compound is formed when milk is poured into a cup of tea, the tannin present in the infusion uniting with certain nitrogenous constituents of the milk. This change in the chemical nature of the gelatine of the raw hide also changes the physical character, renders it soft and pliable, and prevents the fibres from agglutinating together.

The hides undergo several preparatory processes before they are ready to be tanned. They are first soaked for several days in water containing some carbolic acid to render them soft, while the acid prevents putrefaction in the subsequent processes. They are next placed in vats filled with a mixture of slaked lime and water. This removes the fat and loosens the hair, which is afterwards shaved off with a blunt knife. To do this with greater ease, the hides are placed upon a cylindrical piece of wood inclined at an angle towards the workman, and called the "tanner's wooden leg." It occupies the same position, and at a little distance resembles an artificial leg held out before him by the tanner.

After carefully removing the hair, flesh, and superfluous portions of the hides, they are placed in what is known as the "sour-bath." This varies in composition, but is essentially a liquid which has fermented or soured, and become charged with weak acid. European tanners use for this purpose a liquid made by boiling waste malt, bran, etc., in water. This bath removes the lime, and causes the hides to swell.

The bark of the oak tree is preferred for tanning purposes, but that of the hemlock is cheaper, and is extensively used. The leaves and stems of the sumach tree are also used.

The tanning takes place in large tanks or vats sunk into the ground. The hides are placed in them along with chips of ground bark, and the vats filled with an extract made by boiling the ground bark in water. Here they remain for several weeks or months, the bark and extract being renewed from time to time. Formerly a year or more was allowed for the conversion of the hides into leather, but at present a much shorter time is considered sufficient, although the quality of the leather is apparently the worse for the enhanced speed of the process. After the tanning process is complete, the leather is taken from the vats, washed and dried, and is ready for the oiling and dressing of the currier.

There are other methods of tanning, which are used for the lighter and finer kinds of leather, although the chemical change is quite different from that produced by tannic acid. Chief among these is the process of "tawing," in which alum is used. The salts of aluminium seem to unite with the fibres of the skin, forming a leather closely resembling that produced by the older method. Hides can also be converted into leather by thoroughly saturating them with oil. A part of the oil combines directly with the skin, while the excess is afterwards removed. Wash leather, or "chamois skin," is prepared in this manner. The peculiar odor of Russia leather is due to an oil distilled from birch wood with which the leather is treated after being tanned with bark in the usual way.

Recipes for quickly tanning the skins of small animals are often offered for sale by pedlers and peripatetic adventurers. They are usually simply variations of the alum process, or else some worthless mixture of acids which temporarily renders the skin soft, only to subsequently cause its complete destruction.—[Popular Science Monthly.

Green Manuring.

Of course in green manuring we don't add mineral matter, we add atmospheric plant food. The leguminous plants, of which clover is the leading one, take more from the atmosphere than rye and barley and others. Then, again, these plants have large roots; they extend far into the ground; they carry the plant food from the lower part of the soil where the plants have their growth. It is a substitute for subsoil ploughing. They reach two or three or four feet below the surface, and bring matter to the surface; thus they furnish food for the plants that succeed them. The plant food needs to be brought where it will do the most good. The root is an important part of plants. Rye has a spreading root, while wheat has a compact root; the roots are not capable of going around for food, therefore rye may succeed and barley succeed, while wheat fails. For every two or three years there should be a crop of that kind, and there should be trial cultivation with them. Stirring the ground up from time to time breaks up the weeds and does more for the cleaning up of crops.—[Dr. Goessman before the New England Agricultural Society.

What Farmers Should Treasure.

Fresh, pure cider is a wholesome and delightful drink, but there is very little made that is pure and free from the taint of rot and filth. To make cider fit to be used as a beverage, all unsound apples should be rejected, and, if dirty, they should be washed clean. It is a sin to crush pure, fresh apples with mud and filth. The freshly expressed juice should be filtered, to free it from solid matter. Clean casks are indispensable. Fumigate them with sulphur. Casks that have contained spirits are the best. Put a faucet in the cask. Fill it full of the filtered juice and put into a cool cellar. Put the bung in place, but have a small opening to allow the gas of fermentation to escape. Before fermentation has entirely ceased close it up tight, and leave the cask untouched as long as desired—the longer the better. When drawing from the faucet, admit air through the small hole on top if necessary. To keep cider through the winter in an unfermented state, add one pound of whole mustard seed to the barrel, or to one quart of new milk add half a pint of ground black mustard seed and six eggs; beat together thoroughly and put into the barrel. It will keep it sweet a year or more.

The watchful orchardist or owner of a home garden will cut off and burn the first evidences of black knot in the plum, cherry or quince trees. This fungus, if allowed to get a foothold, may in a little while ruin all the trees subject to the disease. Wild cherry trees growing by the roadside are liable to propagate black knot and keep a whole neighborhood full of spores ready to take root in the twigs of the more valuable trees of the garden. There is no remedy known for black knot except cutting and burning, and the earlier the work is begun the less there will be to do. Setting a tree is only one step towards getting good fruit. Constant watchfulness is the price of satisfactory returns.

Fall ploughing has many advantages. It leaves the ground loose during winter, and great numbers of worms and grubs are destroyed by freezing. Ploughed ground soon becomes dry and loamy in spring, and is ready for sowing in good season. The best advantage, however, is that farmers have more time for ploughing in fall than in spring, and those who do their ploughing in fall can get their crops in on time next spring.

Those farmers who have an evaporator and a large crop of sound but unmarketable apples, will stand a good chance of receiving fair returns for their crop. Choice, neatly packed evaporated fruit is about as reliable a farm product as can be made, and this year the price per pound will undoubtedly be higher than usual. Farm fruit evaporators ought to be considered as much a necessity to farmers as fanning mills and corn-shellers.

A reader asks us how to keep grapes. They can be kept up to the first of January, and even later, by placing perfect clusters in shallow slat boxes or baskets, on shelves in the upper part of the cellar. The cellar must be dry as well as cool. Do not pile the grapes too thickly. The air should be allowed to circulate freely among the bunches. They will not keep long in a damp cellar, neither should the air be too dry; in that case the bunches will shrivel. There is but little danger of the temperature becoming too cold before January. Catawbas, Isabellas and other thick skinned varieties keep better than Concords.

Colonel Curtis advises farmers to cover their farms with cows and feed them, even while at pasture, with cheap feed brought from the West. The more cows, he says, and the better feed the more income from a less number of acres.

Pick out some of the best specimens of your crops and flocks to take to one or two of your nearest fairs the coming fall. Farmers are sometimes a little apt to be conceited, and nothing takes out this conceit, if it exists, so effectually as comparing one's products with those of another.

The advantage of deep planting has been shown this year by the rich, healthy color which the potatoes maintained during a protracted drouth. I think that deep ploughing is beneficial also in the same way. By means of both deep planting and deep ploughing the roots reach a lower point than they would under the opposite circumstances. Besides, nature's way of watering plants from below, by means of capillary attraction, is more effectually secured. The ravages of Colorado beetles among our potatoes were very much lessened by hand-picking. It requires no more time than to apply poison later in the season, and the danger and expense of the latter are avoided. The beetles can be gathered nearly as fast as huckleberries, and a pailful of them is a sight as beautiful as one of huckleberries, if not so appetizing.

Never lose sight of the fact, says the American Dairyman, that the all important point in making good butter lies in working it properly. All other conditions are simply tributary to this. One wise man says he can take melted butter, and by properly hardening it he can work it into a fine grain once more. This is a bold statement, and yet it may be possible, and shows how skilful one may become in this line of dairying. If we wish to test the butter-making capacity of an applicant for an important position, we would be satisfied to watch his work on the butter worker and putting the butter in the tub, then put the tier to it, and note the grain. This would tell the whole tale, so far as his skill was concerned. We therefore advise those who wish to become proficient in this art to make a close study of producing a correct grain, for without this knowledge your study and labor will be all thrown away.

Breed for good mutton first and for wool second, and you can smile serenely at the antics of the tariff reformers.

There are about 50,000,000 sheep in the United States against 200,000,000 in Europe. Australia and New Zealand have 75,000,000 sheep.

The ram season approaches and it behooves those who would breed to the best and thus make the most of what they have, to be looking about them with a view to getting one to improve their flocks.

To harvest pole beans have a two-inch hole in a plank, and fasten it above a tight box or wagon body, and run the poles through it. This will clear off all the vines.

The way to build up the sheep industry is to weed out the flocks, go for greater capacity for mutton and increase in the individual and put a small flock on every farm where they will pay, even if wool is lower than the farmer thinks profitable.

Sheep in some respects are very tender, delicate animals. They can bear a great deal of cold, but they cannot bear wet, either under foot or on their backs; and if a flockmaster attempts to winter his sheep without shelter enough to keep them dry, though it may not be enough to furnish much warmth, he will not get a good fleece.

When cider is cooled to —18° to —20°, a portion of the liquid soon solidifies, and the temperature rises to —3° to —4°. The portion still liquid has a higher specific gravity than the original cider. The solidified portion melts to an almost colorless liquid, having a specific gravity of 1.0, and containing only 0.3 per cent. of alcohol. Cider containing 4 to 5 per cent. of alcohol yields, on freezing, a concentrated cider containing 7 to 8 per cent. of alcohol and 60 to 80 grains dry extract per liter. This composition corresponds to that of the richest Normandy cider. Both the taste and aroma of the cider are obtained in a concentrated form by freezing it. The fermentation is slowed, but not stopped, even after 212 hours.

Don't pick the watermelons until fully ripe. Let some regular melon-grower give us the information respecting when this is. I must confess I sometimes make a mistake. That little curl or tendril at the base of the stem being dry is not always a sure sign that the melon is ripe. With the variety that I am acquainted with I can tell by snapping them with my middle finger, but on a strange variety I cannot be guided by this. Some have a hard shell, and sound when ripe like others when quite green yet. While a ripe melon is a luxury, an unripe one is worthless, although when boys can steal one they will eat it if only half grown. Cantaloupes tell for themselves when ripe, as they turn yellow and gum oozes out around the stem. From present appearances my melons started on sods in notbed will beat the outdoor seed planting two weeks at least.

A SLIP OF THE TONGUE.

[Judge.]

"Haf you got a permit to do dot, Eckstein?"

"Yah!"

AN RDENT HOPE.

O wait till I get to the Oyster's heaven
  Where the months they have never an R,
Or be it some sea on this earth of ours
  Or some shore of a shining star!

There all the year round, day in, day out,
  I can "loaf and invite my soul,"
Nor fail asleep on my bed at night
  To arise on a red-hot coal.

Here, the chances are ten to one, when I lay
  Me down in my overcoat,
I'll wake up on the end of an epicure's fork,
  Or tobogganing down his throat!

My heart's in my mouth two-thirds of the year;
  And O my proud spirit it melts
As each minute I think that the next we'll be
  In the mouth of somebody else!

My vacation from fear is but four short months,
  And, however a fellow my strive,
There's mighty small comfort in life when you feel
  That you're born to be eaten alive.

If the Fates don't straighten things out somehow,
  Somewhere, then I swear by my beard
They're playing it pretty low down on me
  And the dear little bivalves I've reared!

A kind Providence watches o'er all, folks say,
  So I hope, in some future not far,
To draw a long breath in the Oyster's heaven
  Where the months they have never an R!

M. N. B.

HIS EXPERIENCE.

How a Downtown Business Man Tries to Open His Safe.

[New York Telegram.]

A down-trodden office boy sends the Telegram this sketch of his employer:

"Does the boy go to Sunday school?"

"No; the boy does not go to Sunday school."

A downtown man came into his private sanctum yesterday morning, and greeted every one with a frosty smile. He petted the office cat and called the typewriter pretty names, gave the office boys some good advice on the use of slang, and then, wishing to refer to a cash book, went over to the safe to open it.

He sat down with the same frostbitten smile and hummed an air from "I'll Stand By Until the Morning"—it seemed very likely, as the smile faded and a determined expression took its place—and turned the knob three times around and tried to open the door. Then he smiled again—a patient, far-away smile that had method in it, and he turned the knob three times the other way, then put his feet on the side of the safe and pulled at the handle with all his might. But he pulled too hard and his chair toppled over and he sat down on the floor, said something that sounded suspiciously like "dam," got up and tried again.

He turned the knob one way thirteen times, back fourteen, then the other way three times, then pulled again, said something about the hereafter of bad people, and expressed an emphatic wish that he might meet the maker and designer, and especially the inventor of the lock, in some brighter clime, and that, as a final request, the good Lord would permit him to take that self-same safe with him to donate as an extra trial for the patience of the devil.

After this oratorical outburst, during which he had grown terra cotta in complexion and red in the neck, he commenced to look at the numbered ring which surrounds the knob. He studied it for five minutes as intently as a countryman at Coney Island studies the wheel that is to give him a fortune for 10 cents. After this he said, "Ha! why didn't I think of that before?" and tried again without success. Finally he succeeded in opening the safe, and with a long-drawn sigh, such as Sankey gives after singing "There is rest for the weary," he got the cashbox, and forgot what he wanted it for, put it back, shut the safe with a bang, and went out to get a lip moistener of the wherewithal that maketh the heart glad.

NOVEL ADVERTISING.

A Schoolhouse with Teacher and 20 Scholars in a Show Window.

[Cleveland Plain Dealer.]

A. Glover, the window trimmer at the Excelsior, has fitted up the large show window in a novel manner. In the centre of the window he has erected a small frame house of rather an odd and ancient design. At either end of the queer little house a real old-fashioned rail fence incloses a small forest.

This strange looking building and its surroundings are said to be fac simile representations of the first schoolhouse ever built in Cleveland. In 1817, when our great city was only a village of 250 inhabitants, 25 of its citizens contributed toward the building of a schoolhouse, the amount altogether being $198.70. This little building stood on the east side of the lot now occupied by the Kennard in a grove of oaks. The idea of exhibiting the old-time mode of teaching school, with a teacher and some 20 scholars, is certainly unique, and will draw the attention of a great many people who pass along Superior street. The little school opens today at 9 o'clock, and the boys and girls will use the big show window as a playground. A "schoolmarm" has been engaged by the trustees to manage the affair, and it is presumed she will "board around" among the farmers and parents of the scholars. The window should be seen. In the background is a large canvas painting showing a country road with a rail fence. This road is now St. Clair street.

Two Sides to Every Question.

[Truth.]

Angelina—No, dear, mamma says I mustn't let you kiss me.

Rupert—Quite right, Angy, love. You kiss me instead.

"Oh! that's another way of putting it," and she put it that way.

"THE BIG FROSTED CAKE

With Raisins in It, is Yours, Sir!"

Bill Nye Replies to the Pastor Who Would Be His Partner in Humor.

William Wants to Snatch Him as a Brand from the Burning.

[Copyright by Edgar W. Nye.]

NEW YORK, Sept. 15.—The following, I regret to state, is a bona fide letter which, after consultation with an eminent clergyman, and his advice by all means to print, I have decided to give the public, together with a reply to the same:

VERMONT, Aug. 22, 1888.

Bill Nye, Esq.:

DR. BILL—I am a small humorist in my own quiet, unadorned way, but my position as clergyman makes it impossible for me to realize upon my talent. Seeing, moreover, that present cash is more necessary to me than posthumous fame, I had thought it might be possible for me to effect an arrangement with you that would be agreeable to us both. I give you what raw material I can, and you work the same into one of your beautiful textile fabrications, and pay me anything you think it is worth. A retentive memory has enabled me to keep some thousands of reasonably rich and racy facetial and actual occurrences quite droll, and whose publication I am sure would fill a long-felt want. I am sure they would if they brought me any money.

I think the present arrangement I suggest would be justified by my poverty and your prominence. If I happen to send you a good thing, your publication of it ensures the very widest circulation and highest possible price, etc. Again, fame as a humorist would be a bar to my success in the ministry. On the whole, I trust the idea will commend itself to you. Fraternaliy,

Rev. ——, Box ——.

P. S.—I send you one of the "nuggets."

P. S.—The proposition I made you, Mr. Nye, is such a novel one that you may suspect my sincerity. To show you that I am what I purport to be, and could not possibly, in my position, compromise my prospects by attempting to hoax you, I enclose the following from our local paper here:

"A fair congregation attended the services in Holly Hall, Sunday. The sermon by Mr. —— was a clear, forcible argument, and was listened to with close attention. Another meeting will be held in the same place, Sunday, Aug. 19."

Find stamps for reply. I am only 24 years old.

Nugget No. 1.

I know of a man who left Vermont and went to the northern part of Dakota, where he lived for several years. He then returned to his old home on account of the climate, which was very severe in winter. Some of his old neighbors asked him what the climate of Dakota was right through the year, to which he replied naively that there they had nine months winter and three months damned late in the fall. This, I think, is very rich, and, if well dressed up and written in extenso, would be very amusing. Of course the joke hinges on the fact that he has really given no time to spring or summer whatever.

Nugget No. 2—Two men were once engaged in conversation relative to the incidents in the Bible, and they got to talking at last about John the Baptist. One said he had heard that John the Baptist was not very well off. "Yes, I heard that, too," said the other, "but still he lived within his means and also saved something, according to the Scriptures."

"How was that?" exclaimed the first.

"Why, he was certainly one sent (cent) ahead, was he not?"

This is a play upon words, which is very humorous and amusing, though slightly irreverent, perhaps, and so I would rather you would see it and pay me for the idea simply, using your own language. Some of the nuggets of fun which I would send you also have some slight dashes of profanity in them, which, of course, would not hurt your reputation at all, but would be highly injurious to me if I were to print them over my own name. I will send some more of these at once if we make a trade.

I do not give the name of the clergyman, though I thought at first that I would. He's only 24 years old, and so he may yet look back with horror upon this letter.

Therefore I will not expose him.

But how unjust he is, and how selfish! He cannot bear the thought of injuring his own reputation by fathering the above "nuggets," and yet he is willing to receive pay from them and leave

My Reputation Besmirched Forever.

With a keen sense of the ridiculous and "a retentive memory" which enables him to remember jokes which extend back to the time of John the Baptist, he asks me to knock the moths out of these B. C. "Judas sprits" and divide with him the price of my disgrace. He also alludes to my "beautiful textile fabrications." He then intimates that it would be disastrous to his business to obtain a reputation as a humorist and liar, but that he is willing to receive a check for his share as a silent partner.

This is the style of person which makes the "green-goods man." He would build a church with counterfeits if he could do it with perfect safety.

There are two or three popular errors regarding humorists, and I don't know but this would be a good time to mention the matter. Having been a great admirer and constant reader of American humor for some years, I have been thrown among humorists more or less, and I can truly say that they are frequently misunderstood.

In the first place very few of them do their literary work under the influence of liquor. Because two or three American humorists were of a convivial turn of mind there is an impression in the minds of some that all humorists are born drunk and die drunk, depending entirely upon the pleasing but delusive exhilaration of rum for inspiration. This is virtually wrong, for many a joke has sprung up from the low grounds of sorrow, and hunger and poverty have fostered some of the best humor of which the world knows. Since the world began Punchinello has been obliged to earn his salary during office hours and cry over the grave of his dear, dead love after the day's comedy is over. The music has jarred upon his ears, and the lights have seared his eyesight, but at last come the welcome night, the sympathizing skies and the luxury of laying aside the property smile, even though he did it to take his own and only private grief. There is

Something Pathetic About This,

for sadness is even more sad when to halt for a day to give it genuine expression is impossible.

Still, there is something more pitiful than all this, something which makes other pathos lose its power. It is the sight of a pious teacher and guide offering to enter into a secret partnership with a literary clown, to provide raw material for manufacture into "textile fabrication," at moderate prices; to ostensibly repair and save souls while secretly ransacking the catacombs and crypts of loud-smelling ages for jokes; to kneel in supplication in the attitude and guise of a pastor before the people, while accepting the damnable price of the humorist.

"When I pause to consider this, I have no time or pity left to bestow upon my own lost and undone condition. I can only stand uncovered in the presence of such duplicity as this, and cry out:

"Sir, I make no claims whatever. The large frosted cake with raisins into it, voted to the man with the best record for duplicity, is yours. Yours to enjoy, yours to perpetuate, yours to transmit."

And yet this pastor is young.

There is still hope for him. If I had time I would dearly love to snatch him as a brand from the burning. I would like to place my hand on his shoulder today if I could go to Vermont without impairing my business too much, and say to him: "Dear brother, do you know that humor is something you cannot monkey with?" It may be alluring at first, but it will at last turn away from the paths of rectitude and right your young, and I was about to say stainless feet, but possibly you wear black socks, and I never saw black socks that would not crock on the best of feet. But what is that, after all, compared with an uncrocked soul? I tell you you cannot long nurse Limburger cheese in your breast and escape detection.

It is so with humor.

You can trust the old joke or pun if you will, but the scent of the doubt will cling around it still.

Then Be Warned

by one who has your best interests at heart and do not seek to obtain wealth suddenly as a humorist. Dig ginseng root, or trap muskrats, or break steers, but don't seek to obtain an immediate fortune, even as a humorist, for you will regret it. Even wealthy humorists are not always happy. I know of one who has more money than some farms have hay, and yet he is sometimes sad. Though he has two pairs of trousers, with creases down the legs, and pink shirts with maroon collars to them, he often wishes that he could again be a poor clergyman preaching his old sermons over again as he used to do, but free from care and perfectly pure in heart. I know another humorist, who has shaken hands with royalty and who keeps a team and who pays more for groceries every month than he used to get for a year's hard work, and yet he feels just as sorry when one of his children dies as anybody else.

Ah, life is a serious matter to one and all! We cannot be constantly happy, but let us seek to be consistent. Let us try to make others happy if we can, and keep our sorrows to ourselves.

That is a good motto.

It is only a little while at best. Compared with eternity our career extends over a time easily expressed by the word "Scat!" uttered in an ordinary tone of voice. We are here today and tomorrow we are extremely elsewhere. Like one of your "Nuggets," or any other tale that has been told, is the history of man. Only a puny wart, a camel's hair moustache and a dying groan, a ripple of childish laughter, a cruel conflict and a grave in the grateful shadow of the willow.

That marks the life of man. Let us therefore seek to work, each in his appointed field, to accomplish the greatest good to the greatest number. Let us not follow the false and deceptive life of "Facetiæ" or "occurrences that are quite droll," unless that seems to be our forte.

You state that

"Fame as a Humorist

would be a bar to your success in the ministry."

Is that all?

Have you confided to me the only thing you have to fear in your onward march towards success? If so, let me say in closing that you have what might be termed a walkover. No man ever need be more confident of winning a high place than you, if fame as a humorist is all you have to fear, for I know that if you take that in time and throttle it right now to such an extent that its tongue will hang out quite a long distance you can so overcome it that in 10 years from now there will not be a trace of humor in anything you say. I know you can live it down, and I am sure that if you do as I say those who did not know you when you were young and coltish and facetious and quite droll, would never suspect you at all.

I will add, also, that, aside from publishing your letter here, I have not mentioned it to any one, except my wife and another man and his wife, so you can feel perfectly safe about it. I have not sent a check for the two nuggets used above, because I was afraid that a check might compromise you if you went to get it cashed.

Could you not come on to New York and receive the money?

I can meet you in the park near the Fifth-avenue entrance on any day you may name, and you can pick me out easily, because I will be mowing the grass there, which I do through the summer under an assumed name, partly for the view and partly for the money.

BILL NYE.

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THE WEEKLY GLOBE,
BOSTON, MASS.

THE INTERRUPTED SENTENCE,

And How the Answer to it was Finally Obtained.

[London Argosy.]

"Charley Robertson is coming home next week," observed Mrs. Brown.

"You don't say so," exclaimed her mother, Mrs. Wilson. "Margaret, take care! You were just going to pour the milk instead of the hot water into the teapot. Is he coming home for good, then, Georgina?"

"Oh, no, only for a little holiday," replied Mrs. Brown. "He is getting on beautifully out there, you know, and has a large estate, and I don't know how many thousand sheep."

"What on earth does he want to come home for?" asked Mr. Wilson, with that inclination to disapprove of things in general which is one of the symptoms of suppressed gout.

"To see his family, I suppose, papa."

"Rubbish!" exclaimed Mr. Wilson; "he had far better stop out and attend to his business.

"How can you say so?" protested Mrs. Wilson warmly: "think of his poor mother. Why, he has been away five years; five years this very month, I do believe."

"Georgina," said Mr. Wilson, sharply, "that child of yours is trampling those geraniums to pieces."

"Dear me, so he is," said Georgina, looking up tranquilly from a little skirt she was embroidering. Tommy! Tommy, darling! Margaret, would you mind fetching him, please."

They were all sitting on the little lawn, surrounded by flower-beds, and shut out from the dusty high road by walls clothed in ivy, and draped with roses, crimson, white and pink. It was the middle of June, and the sun was shining and the air was warm, and they were having tea out-of-doors. They made thus a pleasant little family group. Mrs. Wilson, who had been running about with her little grandson till she was flushed and exhausted, was now recovering her breath and her normal temperature in a big armchair which she had wisely preferred to the more fragile garden seats. Mr. Wilson, who had joined the circle under protest, looked comfortable though discontented in the even more luxurious seat which had been provided for him. Georgina, the beauty, who always managed to look cool in the hottest weather, shone fresh and fair as the milk-white roses behind her, in her delicate light-colored gown. Margaret stood in the centre of the group beside the wickerwork table, making tea for them all. She had not her sister's delicate features or wooing softness of expression. Still she was handsome in face as well as figure.

"If only Miss Wilson were not so thin in the face," people would say, "and had a little more color, she would be quite as pretty as her sister."

"Ah! but she would never have Mrs. Brown's winning ways," somebody present was then certain to remark.

"By the by, Margaret," said Georgina, as her sister moved to go in pursuit of Tommy, "he must not have any cake; there are currants in it. You had better take it away at once, before he sees it."

It was too late. Tommy, having become suddenly conscious of the tea-table, came tearing across the lawn just in time to observe and to intercept this manœuvre. A debate ensued, conducted by Mrs. Brown, with alternate threats and caresses, and by Tommy with steady and stentorian crying, till at last a compromise was suggested by Margaret and accepted by both sides, whereby strawberry jam was to be substituted for cake. Mr. Wilson dilated on the folly of producing either, as equally poisonous to old and young. Mrs. Wilson, who had from the first openly sided with her grandson, embraced him sympathetically and comforted him with lumps of sugar dipped in cream, whilst Margaret went up to fetch the jam, of Mrs. Wilson's own making, from the store cupboard.

"You will find it in the right-hand corner of the third shelf, just behind the sweet biscuits," cried Mrs. Wilson, and Margaret, departing, had answered yes, without hearing one word of the direction. Her thoughts were away, hovering over a little scene, in which she had played a part exactly five years ago. She saw it very clearly, but as a thing apart from her, in that book of past impressions we carry in our brains. Sometimes emotion so revives the hues of these pictures that they glow more vividly than the present and blot it from our minds. So was it with Margaret now. Standing in the storeroom, with her hand laid mechanically on the thing she sought, she looked straight before her, seeing nothing of the tin boxes, brown earthenware jars and puce-colored paper bags before her.

What she did see, and that with kindling interest, was a fine English park, the green of whose midsummer dress was brightened with white tents, fluttering flags and crowds of pleasure-seekers in gala attire.

It was that lovely hour of a hot summer day when the sun declines a little and his radiance lessens. A delicious freshness began to mingle with the hay-scented air. The light grew richer, outlines softer and colors deeper, and over all things stole a glamor-like beauty which clear morning or dazzling noontide can never show. Far away, in the largest tent, people were dancing to a band, and the sound of their voices and of the music, merry though it was, seemed to gather from the evening air through which it filtered a tinge of the sweetness which is near akin to pathos.

A young man and woman were walking together, apart from the others, in the shelter of a phalanx of gigantic limes.

He was saying to her:

"I only heard of your sister's engagement to Dr. Brown today. I have just been congratulating—well, I mean offering her my best wishes. He is a lucky fellow—a very lucky fellow."

"Yes," said the girl, simply. "So many people have admired Georgina."

"True," returned the young man, pronouncing the word with a curiously unassenting intonation. "But I did not quite mean that he was lucky because he was going to marry your sister. But, of course, he is—awfully so; but it isn't every man of his age who can afford to marry, however much he may want to."

"I suppose it is an expensive luxury in these days."

"I don't think a man has any right to ask a woman to marry him unless he can offer her a really comfortable home," he remarked.

The girl answered nothing, and the young man went on announcing these abstract truths with great earnestness of manner.

"That I am quite sure of; nothing would induce me to do it. But I am not quite so certain whether it is fair or not to ask a woman to engage herself to a man when there is no chance of their being married for years, especially"—here his voice grew less steady—"when he must spend those years far away from her—at the other side of the world, in fact."

He stood still as he finished these words, and so did the girl, looking outwardly cool and composed, and inwardly anxious, lest the beating of her heart, which seemed to shake and strangle her, should be evident to her companion.

"What do you think, Margaret?"

He had never called her Margaret before, and the tone in which he now did so seemed to show her for the first time all that his love might be. She made answer at last, in a voice that to herself sounded unnatural and far away:

"If the woman loved him ——" Then she paused for breath.

"Yes?" cried the man, drawing so near that she could not avoid for a moment the half-enraptured, half-timorous glance of his fine eyes.

"I think she would be very glad to wait for him. Don't you think we ought to go back to the marquee now?"

"Oh, Margaret," he said, seizing her trembling hands in his great strong grasp, "tell me, do you—"

"Margaret! Margaret!" cried suddenly from behind, the agitated voice of Mrs. Wilson. "For goodness' sake come and help me find Georgina. Your papa is in such a way about keeping the horses. Whatever made him order the carriage so early I can't think. Mr. Robertson, have you seen Georgina?"

It was impossible to think of anything else till Georgina was found, which she was at last, happy and tranquil as usual, emerging from the mansion with no less a person than the hero of the day himself, Frederick Elton, under whose distinguished guidance she had been seeing the picture gallery and other public apartments of Barton manor.

Margaret hardly realized whether it was Charles Robertson's hand or another's that helped her to her place, and only as, after a wild plunge, they were fairly on their way, tearing down the avenue in what seemed a wonderful silence, did she fully realize the significance of all that had happened—and not happened.

It was not an agreeable drive home. Mr. Wilson severely rebuked his errant daughter, and though the culprit herself was wholly unmoved by the attack her mother imprudently undertook her defence.

By the time they reached home Mr. Wilson was in a fever of heat, and they had supper with the dining-room windows thrown open to the mild starless night. The white table, shining with lights and roses, looked like a little oasis in a great desert of darkness, but to Margaret it seemed as if she belonged to the darkness and was by some strange error included in the color and the light.

"It's been a heavenly day," cried Mrs. Wilson. "I don't know that I ever enjoyed anything more: but I felt for Mrs. Robertson, poor dear, when I saw her with her son, who is starting for Australia at four tomorrow morning."

"What of that?" cried Mr. Wilson, mistaking the point of her picture. "At his age, I should have thought nothing of getting up at three."

"He is a shocking flirt, that young Robertson," said Georgina. "How he was going on with Clara Harrison!"

"He was only dancing with her," remonstrated Doctor Brown; "and I don't think he danced with her more than with any one else."

"It is not Clara Harrison he's thinking of," said Mrs. Wilson, who rather prided herself on her discernment in suce matters. "If he admires any one, it is Laura Cole."

"Why, mamma! that fright!" said Georgina. "What makes you think so?"

"Never mind," said Mrs. Wilson, with admirable discretion. "I have my reasons. Dr. Brown, help yourself to some more wine. Why, Margaret, you look like a ghost."

"I have a headache," said Margaret faintly, rising to her feet. "I think I'll go to bed."

"Have some wine first," anxiously suggested her father, whose heart was as warm as his temper.

She escaped at last, struggling bravely against her tears, from their kindness and condolences, and shut her bedroom door behind her with a sense of immense relief. All night long she repeated to herself the assurance that if he really wished to finish his question there was still time to do so. Towards dawn youth mastered pain, and she fell into an uneasy slumber. She was roused from it by the sound of wheels upon the road outside: the road that led to Leachurch and the station. She sprang from her bed, and pushing aside her blind looked out into a cloudless morning, bathed in amber light and shimmering dew. The Robertson's dog cart went whirling past.

She had only a passing glimpse of it, for her window was at right angles to the road, and the field of her vision narrowed by the house itself on one side and a group of elms on the other. She was just able to see Charles Robertson, or rather to see that he was driving, with the old man-servant beside him, and then he was gone, in a flash.

The noise of the wheels died away in the distance. He had actually departed, then, and made no sign.

But perhaps he had left a message which might be delivered to her that day, or perhaps he would write one before he sailed, which would reach her on the morrow. During these two long, feverish days her hope sank gradually, and on the evening of the second it died. "It was all a terrible mistake," thought Margaret. "The question was not what I thought it was. He was thinking not of me, but of someone else—Laura, perhaps."

Then came a time of terrible, aching pain, which seemed to drain the blood from her veins and the strength from her limbs. Nobody could imagine what was the matter. Mr. Wilson prescribed tonics and Mrs. Wilson crochet as much less exhausting to the brain than the books Margaret was too fond of poring over. Dr. Brown, with his kind eyes resting thoughtfully on his sister-in-law, advised change of air and scene, and no doubt in that counsel did her good service.

The sea breeze and the sea sights refreshed and strengthened her for the struggle by which alone such a nature as hers attains repose. With one supreme effort she adjusted herself to this new and at first repellant view of life, as a work to be achieved rather than a pleasure to be enjoyed. She was born just a little too soon, she lived in too old-fashioned and narrow-minded a circle to find consolation, and more than consolation in that working-world now so thronged with women. She went back bravely to the dull life of her own home, which left unexercised so much within her, determined to fulfil faithfully such work as she could find there. And before long, waiting on her parents and stitching for Georgina and her babies, she became not only resigned, but happy as a creature so healthful in mind and in body was bound to be.

Still in those rare moments when she paused to think of herself and her feelings, she was compelled to acknowledge that existence had never looked the same that it did just before Charles Robertson went away. As she had instinctively divined it would be, no one ever took the place he once had held in her heart. The question now was whether he himself could have resumed it if he would: so utterly had the old feeling for him vanished. Laura Cole was married, and so was Clara Harrison, and no rumor of his engagement had ever reached them. Supposing it were possible that he should love her; was it possible that she could love him in return?

This was the query that she put to herself, standing as before described, amidst these prosaic surroundings of the storeroom. She tried to conjure up Charlie's face as it had looked that day five years ago; and the misty image moved her not a whit. She laid her hand, as it were, upon the old scar, and did not wince. All that she felt for him, all that she had suffered, was not only over, but it was now inconceivable to her. Not merely had her love died, but, so at least she now decided, the power of loving had died with it.

But by this time Tommy's patience had been tried to its uttermost, and it was his cries which suddenly put all these dreams and questionings to flight.

When she came downstairs she found the whole family elated by a piece of news communicated by Dr. Brown, who had called to pick up his wife and son on his way home from paying a professional visit to Barton Manor.

"Only think, Margaret," cried Mrs. Wilson, "Mr. Elton is going to be married to Lady Clara Downes on the twenty-seventh, Wednesday fortnight, his twenty-sixth birthday, and there's to be such a to-do, just as there was five years ago when he came of age. You must have a new dress, and I think I shall have my orange and green stripe done up."

"We shall have to make a new suit for Tommy," said Georgina.

"Oh, we shan't take Tommy," said his father. "The day will be too long for him, and it will only make him abominably cross."

"He might come home early with grandpapa," suggested Mrs. Brown.

"Come home early with grandpapa," repeated Mr. Wilson, contemptuously. "Grandpapa is more likely to be in his grave than anywhere else by the twenty-seventh."

"Don't talk in that light way about dying," cried Mrs. Wilson, reprovingly.

"What do you mean by light way?" shouted Mr. Wilson with excusable indignation.

"You must go, dear," interrupted Margaret. "You are the oldest tenant, you know. Sir Edwin would miss you. Don't you remember the pretty speech he made about that the last time he was here?"

During the next two weeks Margaret observed, not for the first time in the last five years, that she was growing old, and in doing so leaving others, even her elders, behind. She was led to this conclusion by the striking contrast between the excitement of her mother and sister over the approaching festival and her own complete indifference. As she arrayed herself for it when the great day came, she could not but contrast, half sadly, half wonderingly, her present mood with that of a like morning five years ago. Fortunately it was a radiant day. The entertainment was to begin with the arrival of the bride and bridegroom at half-past three, so the Wilsons lunched early, in order to start precisely at two, which would ensure their arriving only half an hour too soon. For, as Mrs. Wilson observed, they must drive to Leachurch first to fetch Georgina and Tommy.

"What folly," cried Mr. Wilson, who, as he had always predicted, was too ill to go, "seeing Brown has horses of his own."

"They are both so busy," said Mrs. Wilson. "Besides, his carriage isn't quite so well appointed as ours, Georgina says."

"Oh, indeed! And so ours is to do an extra three miles to suit Georgina's grand notions. Well, you needn't go there and back, weighing down the poor beasts. The carriage can fetch Georgina."

"I don't think Georgina would like that," said Mrs. Wilson. "She will want some one to help her control Tommy. The dear child is so wild with delight when he goes out driving that he can't keep still for an instant."

"If he scratches the paint, mind, he shan't go out again in it," cried Mr. Wilson.

However, when they reached the Browns' little house at Leachurch they found the day's programme materially altered. Georgina appeared upon the doorstep, looking very lovely and a trifle disquieted, in a new and very elegant gown.

"Do you know," she exclaimed, "I am afraid I shall not be able to go!"

"Not go?"

"No. Tommy is not very well. He has a little breaking-out on his face. It's nothing serious, but it makes him look such a fright I couldn't possibly take him. But he is so disappointed and fretful I hardly like leaving him with Anne, who never can manage him."

"I'll stay with him," said Margaret, descending from the carriage. "I should like to; I don't care a bit about the fete."

"Well, perhaps that would be the best way," said Georgina pleasantly. "You don't care for that kind of thing, I know, and it really would be a pity not to wear my new dress after getting it on purpose."

Mrs. Wilson was so concerned about her grandson, and so disappointed at his not being of the party, that it was not till she and Georgina were well on their way that it occurred to her that Margaret's gown would now have been procured in vain.

Margaret herself remained unconscious of this detail. She tied one of Georgina's aprons over her lace-bedizened skirt, and prepared readily and cheerfully to play the part of nursemaid. She had, indeed, little less than a genius for the management of children, made up, as genius mostly is, of equal parts of capacity and love. The society of children was at all times exhilarating to her, even when they were what other people called disagreeable. When they were at their best she enjoyed something like beatitude in their company. This devotion did not, however, express itself in servile adulation, but in a sweetness of manner preserved from mawkishness by a due admixture of firmness and even, at times, indifference.

As now, for instance, when Tommy was raging and rolling on the floor, and Margaret, feigning perfect forgetfulness of his presence, took the younger and more amiable Sissy in her lap, and described to her a delightful substance for the unattainable gayeties at Barton Manor. They would all three have tea in the garden. Even Tommy's emotion was soothed by this dazzling prospect, and he had soon forgotten his regrets in all the bustle of the preparation. For not the least advantage of this brilliant conception, or rather of its execution, was the amount of labor it involved. All the materials for the feast had, of course, to be conveyed from the house to the garden, and, as the children were not allowed to carry more than one article of food or of china at once, the process occupied a considerable time, and might, indeed, have lasted till sundown if Tommy's perseverance had not early given way and Margaret been impelled to come to the aid of the weary but unrelaxing Sissy. But by 5 o'clock the banquet was in readiness and the tea party took their places.

It was an entirely delightful repast. The children's faces beamed with rapture, and Margaret herself, drinking her tea with a parasol in one hand, and waving her handkerchief every now and then to disperse a cloud of gnats, enjoyed a reflected glow of pleasure.

Aunt Margaret beamed upon the children and fell into a kind of dream.

There was, indeed, something dreamy in the hour, glowing with afternoon heat, and drowsy with the hum of insects near and far. No boundary of house or wall was visible: only a tall barrier of larkspurs kindling into sapphire flame when the light touched them, and screen upon screen of pale green apples, leaves enwrought with a delicate mosaic of dazzling light and clear-cut shadow. It was no commonplace garden in too familiar Leachurch, but a maze of living green and gold interwoven—fit background for the bright child faces beside her.

To Margaret it seemed then as if life might pass pleasantly enough if time and the sun would now stand still. She was happier with the children than with any other of her kin. Kind and beloved as they were, they were separated from her by a barrier which no one's sympathy had ever crossed—save that of one, years ago. So long as the children were children, it was well enough; but what would it be when they grew up and left her? Her future seemed suddenly to stretch before her: a dreary, dusty highway, through a flat and leafless land, and her heart shrank within her at the prospect.

Then a little warm finger touched her hand. Sissy, even then inspired by the fine tact which in after years so quickly detected, so skilfully healed heart-achings, had dimly perceived that Aunt Margaret seemed to be crying without tears, and instantly longed to comfort her. She had slipped unperceived from her chair, and gathered a little bouquet of daisies with the shortest possible stalks, which she now presented to her aunt, in a crumpled little bunch, with the most winsome smile, and a look half inquiring, half appealing, from her loving brown eyes. Margaret caught the child to her heart in a burst not only of gratitude and affection, but of relief. We are all of us at times involuntarily superstitious, and a curious and unreasonable presentiment of happiness flashed over Margaret, as if the fresh flowers offered to her just at that special moment by the sacred hand of a little child were an encouraging token from destiny herself.

Anne came tearing down the garden walk in such a hurry that her cap stood straight on end.

"The carriage has come back for you, Miss Margaret," she cried excitedly. "With this note."

It was a half-sheet of note-paper, on which was a scrawl in pencil.

"DEAR MARGARET—Do come here (to Barton) at once. Papa is wild at your not being here. Never mind Tommy.

"Your affectionate sister, GEORGINA."

Margaret was in the carriage and off before the children had quite mastered the full import of this interruption, and when she looked back to kiss her hand to them she saw through the window Tommy's face purple and distorted with angry grief, beside Sissy's smiling and benignant little countenance.

The horses though less fleet than of old went briskly over the two miles between Leachurch and Barton. The village was all bedecked with flags and garlands, and a gorgeous triumphal arch inlaid with good wishes, inscribed in shining letters, spanned the entrance to the park. Then Margaret descended and moved across the sward, searching with her eyes on all sides for her own people.

At last she beheld Mr. Wilson and Georgina, with a group of which Lady Clara herself was the centre. Mrs. Wilson detached herself for a moment from this galaxy to address her daughter.

"Oh, Margaret, my dear, I am thankful to see you. Your papa has been in such a way about your being left behind, I can't tell you; regularly raging at Georgina, and saying you were always put upon."

"But I thought papa was too ill to come?"

"And so did everybody else," cried Mrs. Wilson indignantly. "Really he would try a saint. It makes one look such a fool. There was I telling Sir Edward and everybody that he was in bed, so bad with the gout he could hardly move, and there he is walking about as well as any one: came over in Mr. Smith's dog cart. There, I mustn't wait. You'd better go and find him, Margaret. He is up near the dancing tent. I can't wait now. Lady Clara is going to show us her jewelry."

Margaret went slowly and pensively onward over the sun-browned turf, and passed group after group of venerable trees. All about were the same flags and tents and gay crowds that there had been five years ago. The same music, or something strangely like it, filled the air. There was the same glow in the west. The same haze of mingled light and color over everything. So striking was the likeness that Margaret felt as if she had resumed an unfinished dream. Only one thing was changed utterly, and that was herself; so much so that she felt like a ghost who vainly haunted the places where once she had been alive and happy.

"What a handsome girl!" somebody carelessly observed to a tall, broad-shouldered, sunburnt man who stood beside him. "Do you know who she is, Robertson?"

But the man addressed, instead of answering, suddenly left the side of the questioner and went striding after the woman of whom he spoke.

He intended to address her quietly and ceremoniously, with a due observance of conventional decorum, but when she, hearing his quick steps behind her, turned suddenly upon him the face that all these interminable years he had been hungering to see again, his usual reserve gave way before a burst of uncontrollable feeling.

"Where have you been?" he cried, catching her hands in his with a vehemence of manner that might be mistaken for anger. "I only arrived last night, or I should have been over to see you. I made sure I should see you here. I came early on purpose. I have been waiting and looking and hoping for you the whole—all these five years."

Margaret made no answer. She stood perfectly still and became deadly white, with her dark eyes riveted so strangely on him that a horrible suspicion came over him that he had startled her brutally, and that she was about to faint in consequence.

"Oh, Margaret," he exclaimed, in a voice of the humblest penitence, "I beg your pardon. I have frightened you. You are ill."

Even then she could not speak, but she did not withdraw her hands.

"No," she said at last, in a very low voice, smiling feebly as the color crept slowly back to her cheeks and lips; "I am not ill, I am only——"

She paused, and that sentence, indeed, was never finished, then or after. To her dying day Margaret was never able to explain satisfactorily to herself, far less to any one else, the transformation she seemed then to undergo. Whom shall we know, if not ourselves? Two minutes before she would have sworn, and believed, that Charles Robertson was nothing to her but a friend, like other friends, and that the love she once had borne him had vanished as irrevocably as the five years since last they met. And, behold, at the first sound of his voice and the first sight of his face, she and everything else had changed. It was just the same as of old. There was no one like him. In his lightest look and gesture there was a charm which she could not define or explain: which she could only feel; half wondering at her own subjection to the exquisite fascination. Love him! It seemed to her that she loved him far, far more than she had ever done, with a love deeper, more passionate, more humble and unselfish. She had desired to be his wife; now it seemed to her that merely to bask in his presence was bliss of which she was all unworthy. Had they stood in the Palace of Truth, instead of in a world where we may so rarely discover ourselves, she would have thrown herself at his feet to say, with Miranda,

To be your fellow
You may deny me; but I'll be your servant.

Little could poor Charles, trembling between hope and fear, divine of all this from her white face, her quivering lips, her—to him—alarming silence. Yet something of her feeling was translated in the almost beatified look which at last stole over her rapt face, and he, taking courage, began:

"Margaret, do you remember our conversation this day five years ago, when we talked about marriage and engagements, and I asked you if you thought it fair in a man to ask a woman to engage herself to him for a long time? Do you remember what you said—that if a woman loved a man she would be content to wait? These were your very words. I've repeated them over to myself a thousand times since. You said them so coldly I have never been able to make out, thinking of them all these years, how much or how little you meant by them. And then, Margaret, do you remember I asked you the question I was never allowed to finish? I said, Margaret, tell me—"

"Margaret! Margaret!" Mr. Wilson's voice was heard calling from the tent.

"No, by heaven, you shall not move till you have heard and answered this question. Tell me, do you love me; will you be my wife?"

And Margaret, then and there, gave herself into his keeping for ever. And, alone as they were and under the sheltering trees, he folded her to him in a passionate embrace and sealed the compact with his first kiss.

Literally "Paralyzed."

[Omaha Bee.]

Fred Miller of Missoula, Mont., has lost the use of his whole right side and his tongue, from whiskey drinking.

LIFE IN WASHINGTON.

Expense of Living in the Capital City.

Congressmen Who Pay $1200 a Month for Their Board.

Very Few Live Within the Salary Paid by the Government.

WASHINGTON, Sept. 18.—Once when Interstate Commerce Commissioner William H. Morrison, while serving his last term in Congress, was talking about his financial affairs, he said that he had drawn $70,000 in congressional salary, and yet he could not account for where it had all gone. A friend said to him, "But you have been boarding at the —— Hotel." "Yes," said Morrison, with a sudden inspiration, "and I have paid them $50,000 of my salary. Come to think about it, now I understand what has become of the money."

Five thousand dollars a year, mileage and stationery, appears like a very respectable sum, but it is doubtful if there are more than half a dozen men in any one Congress who have been able to save anything from their salary. I asked half a dozen well-known members the other day if they were able to go home at the end of the session with a balance to their credit, and they all told me that it was absolutely impossible; there is no money, they say, in a congressman's salary.

The general public have some very mistaken notions in regard to the way in which congressmen live in Washington. Not long ago a Massachusetts paper printed an article representing Washington as a little worse than Sodom and Gomorrah in their palmiest days, and that Paris, under the second empire, could have got points from Washington today. This article was sent to ex-Governor Long, who attempted to show that the average congressman lives strictly within his salary, and in proof of this assertion he cited such foremost men as Reed of Maine, McKinley of Ohio, and Randall of Pennsylvania, who live in Washington very modestly; who keep neither horses nor carriages, and who, according to Governor Long, were living within their legislative income. Mr. Long held that when such acknowledged leaders and men of influence as these kept up no state, and were content to live in a very unostentatious manner, it was a sign that extravagance and luxury were not breaking down the republic.

I will not say that Governor Long, for whom I have the highest respect, was disingenuous, but like the skilful lawyer that he is, he was presenting the best side of his case to the public. The governor need not have gone outside of his own delegation to have seen that the majority of its members spent, during the session of Congress in Washington, more than their entire yearly salary, and it must be remembered that none of these gentlemen are in what is known as "society"; that with the exception of two none of them are very rich and their entertaining is limited. All of which goes to show that if a man living under such conditions can spend $5000 during the session without much trouble, how much more will it cost a man who has to keep up a good style of living?

Members of Congress in Washington may be divided into three classes. The first class includes a small proportion of them, who spend many times their salary, and of these good examples are W. L. Scott of Erie, Bayne of Pittsburg, William Walter Phelps and Perry Belmont, all of whom

Live in Magnificent Style

and do not stint themselves in regard to money. The next class, and by far the largest, consists of the men who spend their entire salary—I could name a dozen or 50, for that matter—and the third and smallest class are the few men who save quite a little sum at the end of every year. They are so few that I could count them on the fingers of both hands, but it would be rather unfair to parade their names before the public. Randall has always lived well within his income. He owns a little house near the Capitol, but that is about all the property he does possess, and all that he has to show for his long years of public service.

Now, if you want to know what it's going to cost a man to live in Washington at a first-class hotel and who has money enough to pay for it, I will give you some of the prices paid by wealthy members. The Arlington Hotel is the most expensive and it has among its boarders certain auriferous statesmen. General Spinola of New York pays the modest little sum of $295 a week for his accommodations, and they consist merely of a parlor and four bed rooms. Senator Hiscock has a whole lower floor of the Sumner House, which is now an annex of the Arlington, and for two small parlors and four bedrooms he draws his check for $1050 a month. Belden of New York, who is also another of the Arlington's boarders, gets a bill of $250 every week, and John E. Russell, who has a parlor and bedroom simply, is taxed to the tune of $150 every Saturday night, or $50 a week more than his congressional salary amounts to. Felix Campbell of New York, who has got very modest apartments, still has to pay $100 a week for them, and Archie Bliss, the wealthy Brooklyn man, who is living a la garcon, and has nothing but the smallest kind of a bedroom and little parlor attached, pays $70 a week.

Then, of course, when a man lives in a hotel, and can afford to keep a horse and carriage, he has to pay heavily for that luxury. General Spinola, in addition to his bill of nearly $1200 a month at the hotel, rents a stable for which he pays $65 a month, and besides that he has to provide accommodations for his coachman and footman.

I have taken pains to find out just what it costs a man with a small family to live at the various hotels in Washington. My suppositious family consists of a gentleman and his wife, two young ladies, a nurse and a baby. At the Arlington they want from $175 a week up, the accommodation consisting of three bedrooms and a parlor and the necessary board. Willard's, the Ebbitt and the Riggs House charge about the same. At Willard's I was told that I could get very nice accommodations

For About $550 a Month,

and about as much more as I chose to pay for better and larger rooms.

The Ebbitt House, at which Major McKinley modestly boards, would be glad to have my family during the session if the head of the concern had $125 in his inside vest pocket which he could conveniently spare every Saturday night, but if he wanted to spread himself at all, he would have to have $190. The Hamilton House, at which Mr. Reed boards, is a little lower in prices than the others, depending more on family than transient trade. Still there they ask from $375 to $450 a month. There are a couple of hotels down town—the National and the Metropolitan—which are about 25 per cent. cheaper than the up-town hotels, but their accommodations are not so good. It will be seen, then, that no man can expect to live at a hotel unless he is willing to spend more than his salary yearly for board and rooms.

Of course a member is not necessarily bound to live at a hotel. He can rent a house or he can take apartments, and while he will save money that way perhaps, he will not find that Washington is a paradise for poor people. A modest house will rent for at least $35 a month, a house of any pretensions at $50, and a really handsome house at from $60 to $100. Then, of course, he must buy furniture, which, if he is not re-elected, is utterly valueless to him at the end of his term, and which will fall into the clutches of the pirate of the red flag, and sell for about fifteen cents on the dollar.

Suppose he doesn't want to buy his furniture, why then he rents a furnished house, but furnished houses are few and far between, and when a man finds one he might just as well buy the thing outright in the commencement, for he will have to pay a tremendous price for the use of the furniture, and besides this he will be in daily fear that he may break a piece of Dresden china or some other equally valuable ornament, and it is a covenant in the lease that he shall make good all breakage or damage. If a member has children, let him avoid the seemingly seductive furnished house as he would the oily-tongued lobbyist, who has a plausible claim which he wants the new member to vote for when it comes before the House.

Furnished apartments are very high; in fact you will pay almost as much for a parlor and bedroom in a fashionable boarding-house, where your neighbors are members of Congress and prominent government officials, as you would in one of the hotels. I looked at a very handsome suite of rooms on a fashionable avenue, the other day. The suite consisted of a parlor, bedroom, bathroom and a small room which would be convenient either as a dressing-room or a place to store trunks, but it was hardly large enough for a spare bedroom. The rooms were beautifully furnished, and all the appointments of the house were in keeping. From the front window of the parlor I could see the

House of a Millionnaire Senator

and the adjoining house on my left is now occupied by one of the wealthiest men in Congress.

I told the landlady that my family consisted of my wife, myself and a small boy. She objected very strongly to entertaining the notion of taking a young boy in the house, as boys, she said, are so mischievous and cause so much trouble to the other people, besides sliding down the balusters and scribbling their names all over the walls. I assured her that my boy was not that kind, and after a good deal of hesitation she finally concluded that she would run the risk of the boy and let me have the rooms and board, if I took them for the entire session, for $100 a week in advance. This, of course, is an extravagant figure, and accommodations almost as good in just as good a locality can be obtained for much less money. Still, really nice rooms in a well-managed house in the central portion of the city, with board for two, will cost not less than $40 a week and from that up to $100.

Of recent years several flats have been built in Washington and various members of Congress live in that way instead of keeping house, but these flats are as expensive, if not more so, than a house would be. Colonel "Charley" Allen and Mr. Whiting, the Damon and Pythias of the Massachusetts delegation, who occupy adjoining seats in the House, have flats in the Portland. I don't know exactly what they have to pay for them, but I imagine it costs them about $150 a month, and of course they had to furnish them. They are no kitchens connected with these flats, and the tenants of the building have to take their meals in the cafe, whose charges are pretty steep, so that living in this way, while very convenient, is expensive, and it is only a wealthy man who can do it.

I know of a few men who are saving a part of their salaries every year, but I cannot understand why they should consent to come to Washington to live in the way in which they are forced to, simply for the sake of being members of Congress. About a month ago, when it was so hot that if you put your hand to a brick wall it got burnt, I called at the house of a member who is serving his first term. He is married and has four children, and is very much attached to them. His wife and children are home, and to enable him to

Save All that He Can,

for he is a poor man and ran himself into debt to come to Congress, he has reduced his expenses to the very lowest possible limit.

He occupies a hall bedroom in a small house on one of the respectable side streets. The room is so small that, with a bed and a desk in it, there is only space enough for one chair, and as that was cumbered up with a lot of tariff speeches and other public documents that he was sending to his constituents, I had to sit on the bed. The room was so close and the weather was so hot that my member had shed about everything that he conveniently could, and yet he was perspiring like a stoker in the hold of an ocean steamer. He was industriously pegging away at his correspondence, which he told me would keep him busy until midnight. Of course this man goes nowhere nor does he spend any more money than is absolutely necessary.

He is one of the first men in the House in the morning and one of the last to leave at night. He has never missed an evening session. After dinner he goes to his room and writes or reads, and that is the way he spends his whole time. I know what his object was in coming to Congress. He thought that it would give him a good deal of a local and somewhat of a State reputation, and that after he had served one, or at the most two terms, he would retire and settle down to practice law and make a fairly comfortable income. The men who have to save are not to be envied in Washington, because they must of necessity put up with somewhat indifferent quarters and keep their noses down to the grindstone all the time, so as to escape the temptation o spending money.

The fact of the matter is, that while there is a good deal of money spent in Washington and while living is somewhat expensive, the same thing is to be found here as in any other place. I mean by that, if a man has money he is going to spend it, whether he may happen to live in Washington, New York, Paris or London. The New Yorker who has been in the habit of living at the rate of $15,000 or $20,000 a year, and who is elected to a $5000 a year place, is not going to radically alter his entire mode of life so as to make his expenses come within $5000 a year, and so it is with the Boston man or the gentleman from Chicago or Philadelphia or anywhere else. If he has been used to comfort and luxury at his home he will want the same thing here, and if he has the money to pay for it he will have it.

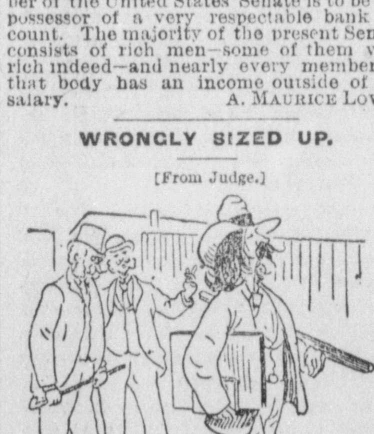
Because it costs a good deal to come to Congress and to live in Washington it naturally happens that every year the membership of the House consists of more rich men than formerly, and they vie with each other in the lavishness of their hospitality and the sumptuousness of their entertainments. The social life of Washington is one of the most important features connected with legislation, and that is so well understood that many an ambitious young man, men of good families and with plenty of money, like Perry Belmont, Phelps and Lodge, come to Congress, as other men keep a string of race horses or spend their money on fast yachts.

I haven't said anything about the senators, but every one knows that one of the necessary qualifications to become a member of the United States Senate is to be the possessor of a very respectable bank account. The majority of the present Senate consists of rich men—some of them very rich indeed—and nearly every member of that body has an income outside of his salary.

A. MAURICE LOW.

WRONGLY SIZED UP.

[From Judge.]



Mr. Coakley (to friend)—"How readily you can tell an artist. There is something so distinctive always in their appearance."

The Artist (a moment later)—"Now, gents, I'll bet yer a fiver even yer can't tell which cup th' little joker's under!"

What's in a Name?

[New York Sun.]

There appears to be a fatality connected with vessels named after cities. Can you tell me how many have been lost? I know the number is not inconsiderable. H. D. S.

A partial list gives these vessels: Ville de Paris, 1792; City of Bristol, 1840, 35 lives lost; City of Glasgow, 1854, 480 lives lost; Eastern City, 1858; City of Boston, 1870, with all on board; City of New London, 1871, 12 lives lost; Ville de Havre, 1874, many lives lost; City of Waco, 1875, 70 lives lost; City of Hartford, City of Mexico, 1875; City of Chester, City of Manchester, City of Troy, 1876; City of Havana, City of Merina, City of San Francisco, 1877; City of Chester, City of Dallas, City of Houston, City of New Bedford, 1878; City of London, 1879; Marion City, 1880, 10 lives lost; City of Vera Cruz, 1880, 68 lives lost; City of New York, 1880; City of Austin, City of Richmond, 1881; City of Antwerp, City of Limerick, City of London, City of Sanford, 1882; City of Brussels, City of Greenville, 1883; City of Columbus, City of Merida, City of Portland, 1884; City of Buffalo, City of Tokio, 1885; Gate City, Capitol City, 1886; City of Chicago, City of Owen Sound, City of Richmond, 1887.

From $2.50 to Millions.

[Hartford Post.]

Josiah Pierson Griswold was born in Madison about 40 years ago in the house of Darius Coe, at what is called Copse, and after some struggles in early life he started out at the age of 20 with $2.50, all his worldly possessions. Last Saturday he and his wife stepped off at Madison from the private palace car of Strong & Griswold, in which he and a party from Topeka, Kan., are making a tour of the Eastern States. Mr. Griswold and wife spent Sunday with Mrs. Mary G. Redfield and had an opportunity to shake hands with many of his friends whom he had not seen for 14 years. Monday they rejoined the rest of the party at Boston. Mr. Griswold is wealthy and a man of great influence and much respected in Topeka, where he now resides. Quite a change for 20 years.

THE SALMON WHEEL.

Laziest Scheme Ever Invented for Catching Fish.

Coming to Boston to Live, with the Laugh on Mother-in-Law.

Cleaning Tombstones for a Living—Let Children Chose Names.

[Livermore Herald.]

The man who invented the Columbia river salmon wheel was a genius. The laziest fisherman who ever baited a hook could ask no easier way of landing a fish. And only the fact that it can only be used at certain points on the stream prevents this machine from exterminating the salmon in one season. Imagine a common undershot wheel, with the buckets turned the wrong way about. This is set in a high, narrow flume near the bank of the river, where the current is very swift. From the down-stream end of the flume, extended outward at an angle of 45 degrees, are two upright fences, formed by pickets driven closely together into the bottom of the river and wired to keep them from washing away. Just above the wheel (which is some 10 feet in diameter), at the up-stream end, is a platform, from which a box-flume runs to the shore.

Now let us see how it works. When the salmon are running, as everybody knows, they come up in the Columbia river in millions. The stream is very deep, and a large percentage always succeed in getting to the breeding grounds in safety. When salmon are running up a river they are constantly on the lookout for small streams in which to spawn. Also where the current is very swift they are unable to make headway in the centre of the stream, and consequently seek the more quiet water near the bank. Of these two instincts, the inventor of the fish wheel took a mean advantage. At the Cascades, for instance, where the water is very swift, he sets his wheel. Here comes the fish, hugging the bank by thousands—great black fellows, from 2 to 4 feet long, heading resolutely up stream. Nothing can turn them backward. That wonderful instinct of nature which insures the preservation of species is nowhere better developed than in a salmon. But in this instance it proves his destruction. Now they are just below that widespread fence. The current which is rushing through the flume and turning the big wheel at a lively pace attracts their attention. The upper fence, which sets nearly square across the stream, makes quiet water here, and this flow seems to come from the bank. This, to the salmon's mind, is evidently the mouth of a shallow creek. Here is a spawning ground to our liking, and up this little stream we go. So they crowd up between the two narrowing fences toward the fatal wheel. The first fish reaches it, goes with a rush to overcome the current, is caught by a bucket, and up he goes high in the air, while every bucket brings up another and another, till there is a procession of ascending fish. At the top the velocity throws the fish violently upon the platform, from which he shoots down the flume to a great tank on the shore. Here come the fish crowding each other forward to that busy wheel. None can go under nor to one side. None will go back. And once a school starts for a wheel the owner can consider that he has a title deed to the entire lot.

One wheel will run a cannery. Day and night, while the run lasts, they come flying up the wheel and shooting down the flume in a continuous stream. Fortunately there are but few places on the river where the wheels can be worked with this result. Where the fish can keep in the middle of the river few can be caught in this way. But the men who control these points are making fortunes. As it is, salmon are rapidly disappearing from the Columbia. Many canneries are idle this season, and the fishermen's price per fish is rising every year. Surely this engine of destruction is largely the cause.

COMING TO BOSTON.

He Married Nellie and Got the Laugh on His Mother-in-Law.

[Troy Standard.]

"So you are going to Boston to reside?" queried I of a friend, who, as I had heard, was about to leave Troy for larger fields of activity in the metropolis of New England.

"Yes, I have every inducement, including the fact that I can get the laugh on my mother-in-law."

"How is that?"

"Well, you see after I married Nellie things went along very well at the house until her sister married a man out West who is a real estate agent or insurance broker, or country storekeeper or something of that sort, I never had curiosity enough to ascertain definitely, and is, I believe, worth a few thousands. Be that as it may, he took my wife's sister away from Troy, and of course in her subsequent visits to the old home she tried to impress us with her style, and succeeded wonderfully well, as far as mother-in-law was concerned. The difference between the condition of the two sisters, as shown in the fact that one had married a mechanic, while the other had married 'a business man,' began to provoke remarks from my mother-in-law, the tenor of which was only too much apparent, and finally led to a suspension of the intimate relations which had first prevailed. My wife and I concluded that we had better find some other house to board in and we did. Subsequently events took a turn wholly unexpected by me. A cousin of mine having died I will be my uncle's heir. He is the possessor of a large fortune and some time after my cousin's death he sent invitations for us and was so pleased with the visit made by my wife and myself that he now insists we shall come to Boston and live with him. He guarantees me a large income from a position which he will give me, and says that I will always have all the money I want to use. My wife will have a carriage at her service whenever she wishes to ride, and will be mistress of my uncle's elegant mansion. Wonder what my mother-in-law will say now? If she visits us, and she'll be invited to do so of course, we will show her style that will fairly dazzle her eyes! She'll find that the one of her daughters who married a mechanic made no mistake after all."

I'm not at all certain that my friend will be pleased with my disclosures, but I am certain that he richly merits the confidence reposed in him by his relative. He has the good taste and the culture that enable a man to enjoy money and leisure in the highest degree, and I am confident that his relative will find that he has made no mistake in the man he has selected for his beneficiary.

CLEANING TOMBSTONES.

A Queer Business Carried on in the Smoky City.

[Pittsburg Dispatch.]

"Do you ever have orders to clean old tombstones?" asked a Dispatch reporter at one of the largest marble-cutting shops in Pittsburg yesterday.

"Oh, yes, that is a big part of every monument builder's business," replied the proprietor. "Until the introduction of natural gas as fuel, Pittsburg and Allegheny had the name of having the dirtiest tombstones and monuments in the world. The smoke from the iron mills flooded in clouds over Allegheny, St. Mary's and Uniondale cemeteries, and begrimmed all marble. Tombstones in these cemeteries used to actually get black. The business of cleaning them flourished then. But natural gas has changed all that. Still we are called upon frequently to shine up headstones and shafts which are age-stained or soiled by the elements. If care is taken like this the life of a tombstone in this climate can be prolonged 20 years longer than if it was left to itself."

"How do you clean tombstones and not spoil the enamel?"

"By a very simple process. We mix one-fourth of a pound of soft soap with the same amount of pounded whiting; one ounce soda and a piece of stone blue the size of a walnut. We boil these together for a quarter of an hour, and while hot rub it over the tombstone with a piece of flannel and leave it on 24 hours. Then we wash this off with clean water and polish the marble with a piece of coarse flannel.

"I originally got this recipe from an old colored woman in Baltimore. Marble steps to houses are very popular there and she had made the mixture during a life-time to clean the steps. This old lady also told me what she said was a good way to paint on marble, so that it won't rub of. It was to use the ordinary gold paint sold by art stores, consisting of powdered brass and oil of turpentine. But all such paints, I have found, will wash off in time."

HIS ODD IDEA.

Wanted, a Red-Haired Girl to Drive a White Horse.

Are red-haired girls scarce in Jersey City? The following advertisement appeared in the local papers there Tuesday and yesterday:

WANTED—A red-haired girl to drive a delivery wagon. Apply to ———.

A Sun reporter called on the manager of the place yesterday and was shown a team of beautiful white horses which have been purchased expressly for the purpose of drawing a delivery wagon to be driven by a red-haired girl. The manager said that he had not yet had a single answer to his advertisement. As an inducement for a red-haired girl to take the place he talks of making the first satisfactory applicant a present of one of the horses.

A Queer New York Sight.

[New York Sun, Sept. 6.]

A queer tandem makes a trip along Park row, from the post office to the bridge, every afternoon when the evening papers are out. People on the street notice a tall, slender man with a heavy load of papers on his shoulder, held securely with his left hand. The outstretched right hand has a firm grip on the ragged shirt at the back of the neck of a little street gamin. This queer pair go straight ahead over the pavement at a rapid dog trot, looking neither to the right nor to the left, except when it is necessary to dodge a passing team or street car; then the urchin veers a little to one side, stops, starts and goes ahead in whatever complicated style may be needed, and his every movement is followed exactly by the man, who himself keeps his eyes straight before him, and seems to pay not the slightest attention to anything or anybody. Often the shoulders of a horse or the wheel of a wagon brushes against him, so narrowly does he escape being run down, but the sound discretion and the dexterity of the urchin in dodging have always pulled the tandem through safely. The man is blind and the urchin is his guide in the run through the crowded street which he must make if he is to get his papers to his stand in time to sell them.

Amateur Photography Summarized.

[Lewiston Journal.]

"There you go, three cents more," said the boy who had his camera afield Wednesday, and was catching a shot on the wing at the college buildings. The writer had often met the amateur photographer when he was loose, but had never before superintended his operations. When the negative developed, the proof looked like a castle on the Plutonian shore. The only really apparent thing was a lawn-tennis net and the stump of a tree. The rest was midnight. The photographer said it was a bad shot and he would have to shoot again. His pet photograph was of his dog. The dog looked like a canine dream. The photographer said that he had taken six shots at the dog and this was the first one that had hit him fair in the face. You could believe that this one had hit the dog in the face. It is fortunate for the photographer that the dog can not sense his disgrace. There should be a limit to such reckless photography. "The whole jigger," said the young man, "has cost me $17, and its three cents every time you pull the string."

Let Them Choose Their Names.

[Baltimore Sun.]

Four children of a family from Chicago at one of the Saratoga hotels are known by the names of "One," "Two," "Three" and "Four." The eldest is 10 years of age, and they are all fine, handsome children, who would commend themselves to notice even if it were not for their names. The cause is a freak of their father. He explains that having frequently noticed the intense dissatisfaction of children with the names bestowed upon them, he resolved to give his children the opportunity of selecting their own names, so he calls them "One," "Two," etc., until they reach 12 years, when they are given the privilege of selecting their own names. The plan, he says, has given much satisfaction to his family.

VARIOUS CLIPPINGS.

The word "Jehovah" occurs 6862 times in the Bible.

Thirty million trees have been planted in Kansas this year.

A Kansas lad of 10 years is in jail for stealing 50 horses.

Governor Luce of Michigan, it is alleged, eats with his knife.

A London postal card made the circuit of the globe in 70 days.

Edith Brinkham of Racine, Wis., lost her life by falling out of bed.

London has 100 first-class clubs with a membership of 120,000.

The Congregational church at Ottawa, Kan., has young lady ushers.

White lace stockings for brides, with others under them, are now fashionable.

Mary Goodwin of Atlanta, Ga., is 38 years of age and the mother of 27 children.

There are more than 4000 people in the United States who are over 100 years of age.

Jay Gould allows his daughter $25 a week for pocket money, most of which she spends in charity.

There are 1566 convicts in the Georgia penitentiary, of which number 203 are under sentence for life.

The New York Evening World has closed its joke contest after having received over 5000 original witticisms.

The kitchen and dining-room of a Kansas City hotel are located on the eighth floor, and reached by six elevators.

Samuel J. Randall never studied law in spite of the fact that most people have the impression that he is a lawyer.

It requires just double the power to propel a steamship 20 miles an hour that it does to drive the same vessel 16 miles an hour.

A Garden City, Kan., woman labors under the delusion that she owns the town, and wants toll from those who travel the streets.

Judge Davenport of Kansas City has decided that women can wear trousers whenever and wherever they please in Missouri.

St. Louis has no less than 78 Chinese laundries, and pays out over $100,000 annually to Mongolians to have its washing done.

A California man is hatching chickens by immersing pails of eggs in spring water, the temperature of which is uniformly 102°.

A novelty in a timepiece is a silver dog. The clock is set in his side, a red tongue wags in his open mouth, and his tail ticks off the seconds.

The owner of a Saratoga hotel pulled through the season by borrowing $20,000 from his table waiters. Next year they will probably own the house.

The largest theatre is the new opera-house in Paris. It covers nearly three acres of ground; its cubic mass, 4,287,000 feet. It cost 63,000,000 francs.

A postal card sent from London around the world via Hong Kong and San Francisco returned to its destination after a tour of 70 days. This is 40 days less than the time taken 10 years ago.

The encyclopædia published by the Academy at Pekin, as far as bulk is concerned, at least, is the largest in the world, it being composed of 160,000 volumes.

A church society in Middletown, Conn., calls the ushers their "smile-them-up committee," because it is their duty to smile up the members into the front seats.

A Washington Territory man left $2000 for all the delicacies of the season to be fed to his dog, while his old father was made heir to his watch and chain only.

Mr. Simmonds, who was recently killed in a balloon accident in England, was the man whom Blondin carried on his back when he crossed the Falls of Niagara on a tight rope.

While trying to avoid being kissed by a woman, George Vindle of Baltimore fell down a stairway and was instantly killed. This is probably the first instance of the kind on record.

His Excellency Nadji Hossein Kouli Khan Motamed-El-Vaar, envoy extraordinary and minister plenipotentiary from Persia to the United States, is on his way to this country. He will bring his name with him.

Texas will furnish this year the oldest voter in the United States. His name is Richard Kidd, and he is 115 years of age. Mr. Kidd's mind is clear and his strength remarkable for one of his great age.

They tell at Hamilton, Ga., of a wonderful jump of a horse in the '60s. It was across 12 feet of a bridge that was down. The driver waited a moment, sank the spurs, and the horse cleared the opening.

One of the Baltimore theatres has adopted a system of furnishing its patrons with opera glasses free of charge. No security is required, only the name, address and seat number being taken when the glasses are given out.

Miss Jennie McKenzie, of Blue Rapids, Kan., in imitation of a contortionist, put both feet behind her head, but could not remove them. With a terrible effort she freed one foot, but dislocated her thigh. She is in a critical condition.

Enoch Pratt, who gave Baltimore, Md., a free library, has just celebrated his eighty-first birthday. Mr. Pratt gave property worth $250,000 and his check for $850,000 to the city and agreed to give $50,000 a year to the support of the library.

The following verse from the Iroquois Bible shows what a jaw-breaking language that dialect is: "Aontonsseke taonsaiakossathene nasatakon oni kariSanersaakserakon ikonnhetie nok eh nonk8ati aonsasonk8asarine tisnonkati ne Skenneu."

A cane made by prisoners confined in the State prison at Carson, Nev., was on Saturday last sent to Senator Stewart. The cane is composed of 5674 pieces of wood, and 35 different varieties are used in its construction, coming from all quarters of the globe.

A Yankee has established a terrapin farm about 60 miles from Mobile. An enclosure of three acres in extent contains several ditches 100 feet in length and 10 feet in width, and these are filled with salt water by two canals. In these ditches about 30,000 turtles are domesticated.

A blind man died in Paterson, N. J., on Monday last who possessed the faculty of making change as well as if he could see. He could readily distinguish not only coins, but bank notes also. He never made a mistake in the denomination, except when the government issued a new form, which would confuse him for a day or two. He said that each denomination had a distinct feeling about it that made it immediately distinguishable. He officiated for many years as cashier of a restaurant and was never known to make a mistake.

Here is an editorial paragraph from Tuesday's Jacksonville Times-Union: "Sickness in the family of the city editor and the prostration of his assistant and the news editor left only two members of the staff on duty, the editor and assistant editor, who have endeavored to fill the various departments."

A fakir in the West is advertising a recipe which will tell you how to make your horse an artist. When you forward him $1, not necessarily for publication, but as an evidence of good faith, you receive by return mail a neatly printed card bearing the words, "Give your horse drawing exercises and he will get there. Ta ta."

King Kalakaua, it appears, is getting into his old extravagances again. At the recent funeral of a royal princess the items of expenses as reported by the King's finance committee included 813 suits of clothes for men and boys, 458 shirts, 740 hats, 887 dresses and a vast quantity of underwear, the whole costing about $22,000.

An old writer says: "A long chin declareth a man to be peaceable, yet a babbler. They that have little chins are much to be avoided and taken heed of, for they are full of impiety and wickedness, and are spies like unto serpents. If the end of the chin be round, it is the sign of nice manners; but the chin of a real man is square."

A Bay City, Mich., horse doctor stood talking to a friend the other day. The end of a bottle peeped out of the former's pocket. Along came a fellow looking for a drink. He spied the bottle and dexterously removed it from its hiding place. He took a big swallow and stopped with a jerk. It contained horse medicine made up of ammonia and other unpalatable liquids.

It is said that Alexandre Dumas lives strictly by measure and weight. He rises at 6.30 in summer and 7 in winter. His first breakfast invariably consists of a glass of milk. The second, which he takes at noon, is a very plain meal. Dinner occurs exactly at 7 o'clock, and by 10 he is in bed. He walks three miles every day, and never works after 4 in the afternoon, and he is a strong and thoroughly healthy man.

A citizen of West Springfield, Mass., was considerably surprised at receiving a letter directed in a woman's hand and containing a withered flower. His heart ceased throbbing when he read that the writer, who signed herself "A Christian Endeavor," was one of a party who stole some flowers from the grounds near his house, and wished to do her part in making restitution, and hoped her companions would do the same.

It has been discovered that nearly every Colorado statesman has red hair. Ex-Governor Grant has a Titian top. "Jim" Belford was a shining light in Congress owing to his brilliant hair. Representative Symes, his successor, has a head which is said to look "like an angry sunset across a field of carrots." Ex-Senator Tabor's hair has a reddish tinge. Minor Colorado politicians show the same remarkable characteristic.

A table prepared for a workingman's society in Leipsic represents that a loss of different members of the body reduces the capacity to gain a living in the following proportions: Loss of both arms, eyes, legs, hands or feet, 100 per cent.; loss of right hand, 40 per cent.; of right thumb, 33⅓ per cent.; of one eye, 22 per cent.; of left thumb or right index finger, 14 per cent.; of any other finger, 5 per cent.

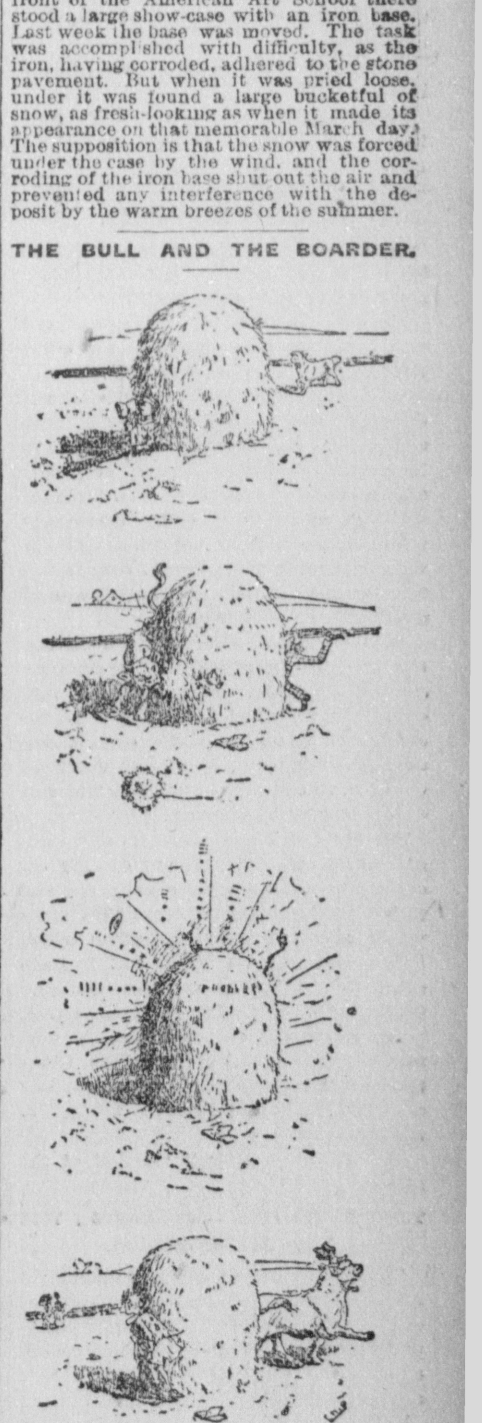
Jay Gould, it is said, pays $20,000 a year to his attending physician, Dr. William Munn, and thus commands his entire time. The contract is for 20 years, or until Mr. Gould's death. Dr. Munn has devoted his time since his engagement, which began a year ago, to a careful study of the human nerves and their diseases, and it may be assumed that Gould's nerves will be kept steady if the most enlightened treatment can accomplish that result.

New York Sun: A small boy of this town having been particularly unpleasant all day, his mother said as he was going to bed: "When you say your prayers, Georgie, ask God to make you a better boy. You have been very naughty today." Georgie obeyed, and just before the place for the usual "amen," said: "And please, God, make me a good boy," and then after a pause, added with great solemnity: "Nevertheless, not my will, oh Lord, but Thine be done."

Probably the biggest tombstone in this country is that of the late Henry Scarlett of Upson county, Ga. Mr. Scarlett was very rich and misanthropic. He led the life of a hermit, and the neighbors said that it was because he had been disappointed in love. Several years ago he sent for a stonecutter in Atlanta and had him cut an inscription on a huge boulder over 100x200 feet in dimensions. Then a cave was dug under the stone and in it a coffin was placed to await Mr. Scarlett's death. This happened not long ago, and now the body rests under the big tombstone.

A relic of the blizzard was discovered in West Twenty third street, New York, last week, it having for nearly six months defied the blighting effects of the sun. In front of the American Art School there stood a large show-case with an iron base. Last week the base was moved. The task was accomplished with difficulty, as the iron, having corroded, adhered to the stone pavement. But when it was pried loose, under it was found a large bucketful of snow, as fresh-looking as when it made its appearance on that memorable March day. The supposition is that the snow was forced under the case by the wind, and the corroding of the iron base shut out the air and prevented any interference with the deposit by the warm breezes of the summer.

THE BULL AND THE BOARDER.



Washing Windows.

[Commercial Reporter.]

There is a right and wrong way to wash windows, and as this operation is usually dreaded, the following method will doubtless be appreciated, as it saves both time and labor: Choose a dull day, or at least a time when the sun is not shining on the window, for when the sun shines on the window it causes it to be dry streaked, no matter how much it is rubbed. Take a painter's brush and dust them inside and out, washing all the woodwork inside before touching the glass. The latter must be washed simply in warm water diluted with ammonia—do not use soap. Use a small cloth with a pointed stick to get the dust out of the corners; wipe dry with a soft piece of cotton cloth—do not use linen, as it makes the glass linty when dry. Polish with tissue paper or old newspaper. You will find this can be done in half the time taken where soap is used, and the result will be brighter windows.

Lucky it Wasn't Twins.

[Drake's Magazine.]

The state of the case.—I understand that you have got a baby at your house, Jack?

"Who told you so?"

"I heard it around in spots. Is it a mistake?"

"Yes, it is a mistake. There is a baby there, but the baby has got us."

When St. Paul Stood Aside and Bowed.

[Cartoon.]

St. Peter (sternly)—Halt! Who goes there?

Beautiful spirit—Oh! I'm all right. I'm from Boston.

Boston Weekly Globe.

WEDNESDAY, SEPT. 26.

OUR TICKET.

FOR PRESIDENT,

Grover Cleveland.

FOR VICE PRESIDENT,

Allen G. Thurman.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES.

The Daily Globe—One copy, per month, 50 cents; per year, $6.00. Postage prepaid.

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The Globe Newspaper Co.,
242 Washington Street..............Boston

Entered at the Post Office, Boston, Mass., as second class matter.

HERE IS THE SITUATION.

Necessary for a choice	201
Southern Democratic States	153
Needed for Cleveland and Thurman	48
New York	36
New Jersey	9
Connecticut	6
Total	51
New York	36
Indiana	15
Total	51

No time to be wasted. No work to be thrown away. Wake up postmasters. Wake up everybody who holds a government office. Make every new Democratic voter you can, and begin now.

WORK, WORK, WORK.

You can re-elect Grover Cleveland if you will begin to work the best that you can, and as long as you can, between now and election. Work to make new Democratic voters.

If you are an officer appointed by Grover Cleveland, you ought to use all the political influence you secure by your office to elect Grover Cleveland.

If you are a postmaster, use your place and your power for all they are worth to re-elect Grover Cleveland, and to secure tariff reform, more savings to the people and happier homes.

If you are only a Democratic voter, post self on the invulnerable points of the arguments of the Democratic leaders, and work intelligently and continuously, and you individually may accomplish surprising things towards maintaining the Democratic party in government, and establishing firmly its principles.

We believe that you can do the most good, whether you are an official like a postmaster or one of the army of patriotic voters, by giving away a copy of THE WEEKLY GLOBE regularly until election to every voter in your town.

THE WEEKLY GLOBE represents your political sentiments and your dearest political hopes, and will make Democratic voters wherever it goes.

Ten copies now to Nov. 15 cost only $1.00, 20 copies cost $2.00, and so on. If you have one or two or more dollars to give to the Democratic party, invest them in WEEKLY GLOBES, and do the most good you can with the money.

You can distribute 100 copies free for only $10.

Please mention this to your Democratic town committee and to your Democratic club.

ALL ABOUT THE TARIFF.

In this issue of The Weekly Globe the first of a specially valuable and timely series of articles is published.

They are entitled "Tariff Truths," and will appear as the leading editorial every week to the close of the campaign.

In these articles the leading, vital and decisive issue of this presidential campaign will be thoroughly explained in language so plain, and in a manner so clear that the mass of plain, every-day common-sensible readers can easily understand them. There will be no attempt at fine writing, but simply a direct, concise and full statement of the truth about the tariff question in all its bearings.

All the historical facts that are at all material to the discussion will be correctly given to the readers of this series of articles. But their chief value will be the complete and entirely candid examination of the work and wages phase of the tariff question, which is the most important side of it for our working people.

The Mills bill, and what its provisions exactly are; what the amount of duty cut off by it from the leading articles are, and just how the reduction of taxes thus made would affect the great industries which they touch—all these things will be made plain to the readers of The Weekly Globe's leaders for the next seven weeks.

Everybody who desires to get facts instead of theories, and to know the whole truth about the great tariff question should read The Weekly Globe for the rest of the campaign.

The following paper is the first of the series:

TARIFF TRUTHS — CLEARING THE GROUND FOR ACTION.

Before beginning a thorough examination of the tariff question from the standpoint of "the plain people," it is highly important to clear the ground of rubbish as much as possible, and understand just what we are talking about.

Take that word "tariff," for example. It would "muddle" a good many people to give it an exact definition.

Perhaps the clearest idea of the true meaning of that word can be given in a little sketch of its history. For the word has a history, and a romantic one. It has been told before, but will bear repeating.

More than 1000 years ago there lived in northern Africa and southern Spain a warlike Moorish chieftain named Taric, or Tarik, or Tarif, as the name is variously spelled. It is from this half-savage chief's name that we get the modern word, as from his deeds we get the modern idea of "tariff," which is just now troubling this country so much.

Tarik gave his name to the town of Tariffa, and also to the cliff of Gibraltar. "Gibraltar" is a corruption of "Gebal-Tarik," or "Hill of Tarik." These places were in reality the first custom houses, where the first "tariff" was collected.

We regret to say that Tarik was a pirate. The free-traders declare that the system to which he gave his name is still nothing but legalized, modernized piracy, but that we need not discuss yet.

This was Tarik's little scheme: He cruised about just inside the strait of Gibraltar, "looking for" the merchant ships that had to pass through that narrow channel, and ready to pounce upon them whenever they came in sight.

At first, after stripping every captured ship of its valuables, Tarik made the crew walk the plank, and then burned or scuttled the vessel, like any common pirate.

But soon he found that this did not pay.

It was putting a prohibitory tariff on the commerce through the strait, and his revenues fell off to almost nothing. He was killing the goose that laid the golden egg.

But Tarik was a man of originality and resource. He saw that he had overdone the matter, and resolved not to destroy entirely such merchant ships as might thereafter come that way.

After that, whenever a merchant ship ventured through the strait, Tarik and his pirates, after capturing the vessel, said to the captain, in substance: "You may go in peace, provided you give us half of all the goods you have on board, or its value in money."

The merchants were glad to get off so easily, and readily gave the pirates half. In course of time the surrender of half the cargo (or the money equivalent of half the cargo), came to be looked upon as a regular tax, and merchants made their calculations accordingly. Of course they had to buy their goods cheaper and sell them dearer, in order to make up the 50 per cent. that Tarik seized for his share. It came to be called the Tarik, or Tarif tax, and this is the origin of our word, "tariff." For governments now take the place of the pirate chief, and custom houses take the place of the strait of Gibraltar; only, instead of seizing 50 per cent. of all that comes in, the average rate in the United States is now only 47 per cent., and the Mills bill would reduce this to 40 per cent.

"Tariff," then, means, in common use, that share of imported goods (or its equivalent in money) which the government seizes for its own.

Originally this seizure was an act of mere piracy. In our times it is justified by two schools of thinkers, each on a different ground.

One school justifies the seizure on the ground that the government must have a revenue, and they regard Tarik's scheme as the easiest way to get it. These are sometimes called "free-traders," but they are not, strictly speaking.

The other school justifies tariff on the ground that by destroying or crippling foreign trade it "protects" the home manufacturer; that is, in this country, gives to American manufacturers a monopoly of the business of supplying the American people's wants. These are called "protectionists."

Between these two schools or sets of thinkers there is a third, perhaps most numerous of all, who justify tariffs not on either ground wholly, but partly on both. They are the "moderate protectionists," and are generally in favor of a tariff high enough to make foreign trade somewhat difficult, but not high enough to destroy it; high enough to give the American manufacturer a partial monopoly of the business of supplying the wants of the American people, but not a complete monopoly.

The important thing to observe here is that all parties agree in justifying protective tariffs on one ground or another. None of them therefore, are "free-traders," for free trade means the absence of all tariffs. The Democratic party now proposes a tariff much higher than even the original "war tariff" of 1862. Therefore the Republican allegation that the Democratic party is working for free trade is absurdly false.

It is true that there are some genuine free-traders in this country. Henry George is their prophet, and they wish to abolish the tariff entirely and raise the revenues by other means. But they need not be regarded as a political factor at present. Certainly the Democratic party is not responsible for them.

Both the Republican and the Democratic parties today favor a protective tariff. The only difference between them is one of degree. The Republicans believe in making the monopoly which American manufacturers enjoy in the home market complete; the Democrats believe in confining it within reasonable limits.

Let there be no mistake, therefore, on this point: The question of free trade has no proper place in this campaign. If anyone talks about free trade he is simply talking about a matter that has nothing to do with the practical question. Both the great parties believe in retaining a tariff, and one which shall be more or less protective.

This country has reached a point where something must be done about the taxes.

The income of the government is many millions of dollars every year more than is needed. Both parties agree that it ought to be reduced.

But how?

The Democratic party says, by reducing the tariff taxes on goods brought to this country from other lands—especially on raw materials like wool.

The Republican party, taking the extreme protective view, says we must leave the tariff taxes substantially as they are now, but abolish those other taxes (called internal revenue taxes), by which the government collects many millions from tobacco manufacturers. If this does not reduce the government's income to its actual needs, the Republican platform says the rest of the internal revenue taxes (meaning the tax on distillers of alcoholic liquors) must be abolished, "rather than sacrifice any part of our protective system."

The practical issue as to the tariff is whether it shall be reduced about 7 per cent., as the Democrats desire, or not.

In discussing this practical question certain other questions, more or less theoretical, inevitably come up.

Are the tariff taxes, or duties on imported goods, really paid by the foreign producer or by our own people?

Do they affect only imported goods, or do they add also to the price of goods that are made in this country?

Do they really have any effect in raising wages, as claimed, or is their effect to reduce wages?

Do they make business better, as claimed, or the reverse?

In a word, is the tariff a good thing in itself, or is it a necessary evil? If a high tariff is a good and just thing, doing nobody any harm, then it ought not to be reduced even though the government's income is excessive. If it is a necessary evil, then it ought to be reduced as much as the government's necessities will permit. But there is no question of free trade in this campaign.

These questions in all their branches will be examined fairly and candidly in the series of articles that is to follow.

BLAINE'S REVOLUTIONARY POSITION ON TRUSTS.

Two seemingly hostile yet harmoniously interacting forces operate in social life. The one is collective co-operation, the other is individual impulse. Both are legitimate, but both have their necessary limitations if popular government is to be maintained.

Collective co-operation expresses itself in corporations and legitimate combinations in trade. Through this social arrangement a man can travel from Boston to New York for $3, calling into his service $5,000,000 worth of transportation machinery as effectively as though it were his own personal property.

Individual impulse expresses itself in the manifold enterprise of individual citizens, each a personal unit.

The individual is, however, the base of the social system, and his freedom to live, move and have his being as a free agent, when not in conflict with the general welfare, as voiced by the government under which he lives, is the foundation of all healthy social life and all true government by the people.

The great adjusting balance wheel of commerce and social life is free competition. Corporations and combinations are the handmaids of individual growth and social solidarity until they attempt to throw off the great balance wheel of free competition. When they propose to meddle with this, they strike at the very foundations of social, industrial and commercial life. It is no wonder that the intelligent mercantile classes belonging to Mr. Blaine's party begin to ponder and inwardly cry halt when he boldly affirms that the private function of corporations and combines is inalienable, even when it arrests the operation of the law of supply and demand and throttles free competition. If such a position can be maintained, it is utterly revolutionary and strikes at the very fountain head of society.

The trust is nothing more nor less than a conspiracy to defeat the natural law of supply and demand. It is erected with the primary intent of destroying the operation of competition in the great staple necessities of life. What an astonishing stroke of audacity it becomes then, to affirm that it is beyond the jurisdiction of a government of the people. It is equivalent to saying that society has no right to protect itself against its own creatures. In the last analysis such a position is flatly and dangerously revolutionary.

When Mr. Vanderbilt in a moment of irritation exclaimed "The public be damned!" it touched a sensitive spot in the American people, and its echo will never die so long as corporations retain any shadow of menace to the liberties of the people. In one sense the affirmation of Mr. Blaine is far more serious than the ejaculation of Vanderbilt, for it was spoken calmly by a statesman standing as the head and front of a party asking control of the destinies of the country for the next four years.

Vanderbilt knew little and cared less about the vital points upon which the liberties of a nation hinge. He said what he did under the irritation of being bothered by an interviewer. But Blaine's revolutionary assertion that a government, through the ballot-box, has no right to legislate down a conspiracy to defeat supply and demand, and free competition is the utterance of a student, a thinker and reputed statesman rolled into a politician of enormous influence for good or evil in the administration of public affairs.

Be it not forgotten that the purpose which nerved Mr. Blaine up to this revolutionary assertion was his zeal in defending a system of high protection which, even with the immense bounty which it confers upon monopoly at the expense of consumers, is not able to stand alone, except it aim a deadly blow upon that freedom of competition which is the only bulwark between the people and ruinous extortion in prices. It certainly behooves thoughtful and patriotic people of all classes to ask themselves whether a policy that can force revolutionary sentiments from the lips of Republican statesmen is not animated at bottom by the fierce hunger of class greed, overtopping the most vital considerations of our perpetuity as a self-governing nation.

CARLISLE RENOMINATED.

Every honest Democrat and true friend of tariff reform will be pleased to learn that Hon. J. G. Carlisle, the able and eloquent speaker of the present national House, has been renominated by the Democrats of his district for Congress. Mr. Carlisle's constituents will, we believe, vindicate him with a triumphant election next November. For years Mr. Carlisle has been the most outspoken advocate of tariff reduction in the country. It was this bold stand that gave him the speakership, and though a few Democrats, particularly Mr. Randall, opposed his ideas, his sincerity was so evident and his arguments so logical that the whole party has been brought to his way of thinking. The great fight now waging between the two parties was brought on by Mr. Carlisle's persistent advocacy of tariff reduction, and he and President Cleveland can claim as much credit for the Mills bill as the great commoner from Texas himself.

The Democrats of Mr. Carlisle's district must see to it that he is elected by an ample majority this fall. All the money and influence that corporate monopolies can bring to bear will be used to defeat him, but we look with confidence to the people among whom he lives, and among whom he is liked best, to rally to his support and give him a rousing indorsement. Two years ago he was assailed by the high protectionists and barely escaped defeat. The same attempt will be made this year, and the Democracy of the nation must protect their champion. The defeat of Mr. Carlisle this fall would be a national calamity. The fight to keep him in his seat should be begun now and should not end until he is re-elected.

THE WORK OF CONGRESS.

Everybody is asking why Congress does not adjourn. In times past we have often thought Congress a little slow about adjourning, and have said so whenever occasion demanded. At present the Democratic branch of Congress has done its duty nobly and can adjourn at any time without injuring the prospects of the party in the least. There is one measure of chief importance before Congress this year, and that is whether we shall continue under a high war tariff or consent to a reduction. Early in the session the Democrats took hold of this question boldly, and after weeks of deliberation, they concluded that the best way to reduce the surplus was to take off needless taxes on articles of every day use and give the manufacturers and the people the benefit of cheaper raw material. Acting on this idea the Mills bill was drawn up and passed. We do not pretend to say that it is perfect. Still, it is by far the best solution of the difficulty that has been presented, and offers great relief to many of our over-taxed industries. In this belief and regardless of political consequences—for the bill will affect Democratic and Republican industries alike—the Democratic majority of the House passed the bill and submitted it to the nation.

When this was accomplished the real work of the present session of the House was done. It had gone on record, and was willing to stand or fall by the popular verdict. But the Republican Senate would not have it ended in this way. The senators, like the dog in the manger, would not themselves eat, and were equally unwilling to let others eat. They have passed the last six weeks in a fruitless endeavor to get up some substitute which should take the popular fancy as the Mills bill has done. Thus far their efforts have been a miserable failure.

All this time the people have been very desirous to see Congress adjourn. They know the House has long been ready, and have waited patiently for the Senate to do something. Up to date it has done nothing but kill time. Is it any wonder, then, that the voters are becoming disgusted? If the Senate ever meant to do anything, it has had an opportunity. An important election is drawing near. The Democrats have defined themselves plainly and emphatically. Are the Republicans going to present a bill at all, or do they propose to do nothing but object? If the latter is their motive, then Congress may as well adjourn now. The American people are getting tired of procrastination.

WHAT MAKES CHEAP MEN.

"A lower tariff," says the Chicago News, "means cheaper food, cheaper clothing and cheaper homes." And, though the Chicago News does not say it, cheaper men.—[New York Press.

Nonsense! Cheap labor may make cheap men, but cheap clothes, cheap food and low rents never made a cheap man yet, and never will.

Labor may be made cheap in two ways, either directly, by reducing wages, or indirectly, by raising the prices of the things which labor must consume in order to live. Either process will have a tendency to make cheap men, because either will reduce the average of comfort.

Unfortunately our war tariff raises the prices of the things which labor consumes, without raising the price of labor.

The war tariff must go.

AN APPEAL TO THE PEOPLE.

The national Democratic committee has issued an appeal to the people of the United States for funds with which to carry on the campaign.

This is just the right thing to do. When the Republicans had possession of the Federal offices *they* never needed to appeal to the public for money. And this year they have the trusts and great protected monopolies to draw upon. But the Democratic cause is the people's cause, and the people ought to pay for it.

There is no man or woman so poor that the success of the Democratic party does not mean much to him or her in the way of increased employment and better wages, to say nothing of right and justice.

Every one who believes in the great cause in which the Democracy is embarked ought to give something besides a vote to aid the triumph of the right. The Republicans depend on the wealthy corporations and the trusts; the Democracy must depend upon the people. Though the trusts are strong and rich, the people are stronger and richer.

Contributions, however small, will be welcome. They should be sent to Charles J. Canda, treasurer, national Democratic committee, No. 10 West Twenty-ninth street, New York.

WORKINGMEN NO DUMMIES.

Among the various automatic machines that will perform if you drop in a nickel is a box, upon which is mounted a chippy, rollicking dummy. Upon the box is painted: "Drop a nickel into the slot and see me dance." It is of course highly comical to see this fellow perform a "break-down," and manifest all the signs of intense satisfaction as the thud of the nickel is heard beneath his feet.

But there is a rather painful side of this amusing performance to the thoughtful observer, and one which carries a very suggestive lesson with it. If you drop a button or a counterfeit nickel into the slot the poor dummy will dance just the same, and the observer fancies that he "lays himself out" with rather more zest, if anything, when the counterfeit coin is dropped in, instead of the genuine article.

Is it not possible that Showman Blaine and other Republican ring-masters look upon the American workingman as a sort of automatic dummy, asking the highly-protected monopolist to drop a nickel into the slot and see him dance? When they drop in the Harrison button, or such counterfeit coin as "high taxes make high wages," do they not fancy that the dummy dances all the same, or even puts in better work with his heels, than when the real nickel of fact is dropped into the slot?

These artful dodgers and mealy-mouthed perverters of hard facts will soon find that the American workingman is no mere dummy working on springs, without intelligence to discriminate between false coin and genuine. When the decisive day comes they will find that he does not dance worth a cent to the proposition that American labor is being protected against the competition of "pauper labor" abroad, while the pauper laborer in person is being used to displace him and cut down his wages before the very door of his workshop.

Inventors of automatic machines should make haste to perfect their inventions so that the dummy will refuse to dance unless a genuine nickel is dropped into the slot. As the matter now stands, the defect is very corrupting to the morals of Republican politicians.

ENGLISH AND AMERICAN WAGES.

The Republican papers are now using up columns of space to show what nobody denies—that wages average lower in England than in this country. Some of our high-tariff contemporaries have even gone to the needless expense of sending special correspondents to England, to write up in soul-harrowing terms the scenes of poverty and destitution in the byways and alleys of Great Britain. As if there were no poverty in America that might be as darkly portrayed!

The intention of these war tariff organs is to convey to the minds of their readers the impression that all the poverty in England is due to what is called free trade, though as a matter of fact England never had free trade. These papers coolly contrast the darkest shadows of English poverty with the brightest lights of American prosperity, and then draw the inference that England's tariff policy has made all England poor, while America's tariff policy has made all Americans rich! If this were so, is it not amazing that English workingmen never demand a return to the protective system? Is it not strange that English workingmen are perfectly satisfied with the change of policy which, according to the Republican papers, has, within the memory of middle-aged men, made the working population all paupers?

The truth is that comparison of English wages with American wages as a means of getting at the relative merits of high tariff and low tariff for this country is absurd and childish. All the circumstances of the two countries are different. England has a small territory and a crowded population; America has a boundless area and sparse population. England has a system of rapacious landlordism scarcely less severe than that which is acknowledged to have impoverished Ireland; but in this country, owing to its great area, the crushing weight of landlordism has not yet been felt with anything like equal severity. And England is burdened with enormous expenses which this country escapes—expenses for her standing army, her great navy, her royal family, with its hordes of high-salaried hangers-on. These contrasts between the two countries would be sufficient to account for a very great difference in wages without any reference to tariff systems. But, as a matter of fact, official statistics compiled under Repubican administrations show that the real difference is trifling.

The sensible way would seem to be to compare present English wages with English wages as they were when it was a high-protection country. By such a comparison it appears that English wages have more than doubled since high protection was discarded 40 years ago.

But this is America, not England. Whatever tariff law the people of this country may finally adopt, they ought to adopt it on its own merits, neither predisposed to favor any system because England has it, nor prejudiced against any system because England has it. England, like the flowers that bloom in the spring, has nothing to do with the case. The whole attempt to drag England into this American controversy is a bit of irrevelant and impudent demagogy on the part of the Republican managers.

EDITORIAL POINTS.

After the 6th of November what a blessed rest we shall have from all this tariff talk!

Grover Cleveland's letter of acceptance: *Unnecessary taxation is unjust taxation.*

It is said that more than 2000 speeches are let off in Indiana every night. If the politicians are not careful they will overdo the show business.

We approve the Mills bill as a measure calculated to bring prosperity, steady work and better wages for every textile worker in our country.—[Philadelphia Knights of Labor.

When you see a paragraph in a war tariff paper credited to some English journal, it is pretty safe to bet dollars to dimes that it has never appeared in print except on this side of the water.

Governor Hill is so sure of carrying New York that he will go to Indiana to deliver speeches for Cleveland and Thurman. This fact hardly tallies with the rumor that President Cleveland and Governor Hill are out.

The colored voters of Virginia by whom Mahone was elected to the United States Senate have deserted their old leader. It may be well to remark here that the colored voters are growing more sensible politically every year.

Where, oh, where is that Senate tariff bill? Time is up again, Messrs. Republicans! Another ten days gone by! Can't you really agree on some kind of a measure to reduce unjust taxation and an unnecessary surplus, according to your former professions?

A solid fact tersely stated by the Cincinnati Enquirer: *The same ratio of Democratic gains as that exhibited in Maine will give Illinois, Minnesota and California to* Cleveland *and* Thurman. *New York, Connecticut, New Jersey and Indiana are, of course, assured.*

Levi P. Morton is director of one of the principal railroads in England, is at the head of a leading English bank, wears English clothes, and is quite English generally. If he should become President could he be expected to twist the British lion's tail as President Cleveland has done?

It is true that wages average somewhat higher in this country now than 30 years ago. But the same thing is true in England and other countries. Whatever rise of wages there has been all over the world is due to the progress of civilization and not to either protection or free trade.

It costs American "infant industries" $60,000,000 a year to pay dividends on American stocks owned by Englishmen. Why not impose a duty on imported foreign capital in order to protect American capital? That would be quite as sensible as some other things in the tariff system.

The Farmers' Alliance of Minnesota, a powerful organization which includes most of the farmers of that great agricultural State, has formally repudiated the Republican platform and declared for tariff reform. Two years ago a change of one vote in every 150 would have carried the State for the Democrats. Comment is unnecessary.

"A d—d chump" is alleged to be Senator Don Cameron's description of Harrison, but we don't believe the senator expressed himself that way, however he may have felt. He is too discreet a politician to give way to his feelings in that style until after the election. By the way, Don Cameron served six years in the Senate with Harrison, and ought to know him pretty well.

A Knights of Labor resolution: Resolved, That we, the members of Local Assembly No. 3534, discarding all parties and considerations, do protest against the continuance of the present unequal and unjust system of tariff schedules and demand the passage of the Mills bill as a measure calculated to bring prosperity, steady work and better wages for every textile worker in our country.

The secret information received by the Democratic State committee of Indiana, to the effect that the Republican committee has given up the State, is not surprising. The State where Harrison is known best is the State where he is weakest. Harrison is as unpopular in Indiana as English was in 1880. As "State pride" did not save Indiana for the Democrats then, so it will not give Indiana to the Republicans now. Indiana is safe for Cleveland and tax reform.

In the name of common sense what have English newspapers or English revenue laws got to do with this American tariff question, anyway? Our Republican friends seem to think that this country has lost its independence of judgment, and must do so and so because England does this, that or the other. We rather think that the Declaration of Independence is still in force, and that American voters as a general thing don't care a brass button for England one way or the other.

"What American Farming is Due To" is the title of an article in the war-tariff organ, the New York Press. Of course it makes out that American farming is due to the war tariff. Oh, yes. We never had any farming in this country previous to 1862, had we? Crops wouldn't grow if the war taxes should be reduced a trifle. No self-respecting sow would bring forth another litter of pigs, no American hen would lay another egg if President Cleveland should be re-elected. That's the Republican idea. Funny, isn't it?

That Speaker Carlisle is one of the ablest statesmen in the country cannot well be denied; that he is also one of the purest cannot be denied. What, then, is the matter with him when he says that tariff reduction is in the interest of the laborer, the manufacturer and the consumer? With cheaper raw material the cost of production will be diminished, the manufacturer will have a wider market for his wares, the laborer will have more constant employment, without reduction of wages, and the consumer will obtain his supplies at lower prices? Who will answer?

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FOREIGN FLASHES.

Death of Marshal Bazaine Who Surrendered Metz.

Each Party Satisfied with the First Session of Parnell Commission.

Notes and Incidents from All Quarters of Europe.

London, Sept. 23.—A despatch from Madrid announces the death today of General Bazaine, ex-marshal of France, of heart disease, after several days' illness. He was 77 years old, and his funeral will take place tomorrow.

Francois Achille Bazaine was one of the most noted soldiers of the nineteenth century, and at the same time was credited with being one of the most unscrupulous of men. He was born in Versailles on Feb. 13, 1811, developing an inordinate passion for everything military at a very early age. He enlisted as a private in 1831 and became a lieutenant four years later by gallantry in Algeria. Two years more saw him a captain. He was a lieutenant-colonel in 1848, and a full colonel in 1850. At the outbreak of the Crimean war he was promoted to be general of brigade, and for his exploits at the capture of Kinburn he was made major-general. He later gained renown for participation in the battle of Solferino. He went to Mexico in 1862, commanding the first division of the French army sent to uphold the pretensions of the unfortunate Maximilian, and won the credit of taking the City of Mexico by the defeat of the Mexican forces at Puebla a few days previous, on May 18, 1863. He became commander-in-chief of the imperial forces in Mexico, succeeding Forey on Oct. 1 of the same year.

In 1864 he was made a marshal of the empire. In February, 1865, he defeated General Diaz at Oajaca with a native army of 7000 men, and persuaded Maximilian to issue the most vigorous decrees against the Juarists, as the patriots were known, while at the same time he is now believed to have been actively engaged in secret plotting with them. This he did through personal ambition, having married a Mexican lady of wealth, whose family sided with the patriots. He is suspected of desiring the crown himself. His schemes fell through and in February, 1867, he, with his forces, withdrew from the capital and embarked for France, leaving the emperor to his fate. He met with a stormy reception at home, but being favored by the emperor, Louis Napoleon, took a seat in the Senate, and, on the death of St. Jean d'Angely in 1869 became commander-in-chief of the Imperial Guard at Paris.

At the outbreak of the war with Prussia in 1870 he was placed in command of the Third Corps, near Metz. This fortress was one of the strongest in Europe, and his command was the best equipped in the empire. The nation expected very much of him. After the defeat at Worth and Forbach he assumed on Aug. 8 the chief command of the armies in the place of the emperor. He attempted to withdraw from Metz and join the army near Chalons, but was overtaken by the Germans under the command of the famous Red Prince, and had to take refuge again in Metz. Here he tried every means to raise the siege, finally opening negotiations in the interest of the deposed emperor to end the war, but without success, and finally forced by starvation he surrendered on Oct. 27, with 173,000 men, including the flower of the French army. He was bitterly denounced by the French and had to leave France.

In 1871, while at Geneva, he was openly charged with treason by Gambetta, and was arrested May 14, 1872. His trial began in 1873 and resulted in his being sentenced to death. In this case, strange to say, his chief defenders were his old enemy, Prince Charles, and the Crown Prince of Germany, afterwards Emperor Frederick III. They with other German officials declared Bazaine blameless and placed the responsibility for his failures upon the insubordination of his officers and the lack of discipline among the French troops, for which he was not responsible.

Public opinion of late has exonerated Bazaine in this case, but the French people wanted a victim and he was selected. His sentence of death was later commuted to imprisonment for 20 years, but after nine months' confinement he escaped by connivance with the prison authorities, or, as many believed, through the instrumentality of the French government, who saw the injustice of its own action in the matter. He fled to Madrid, where he has lived ever since.

PARNELL COMMISSION.

Both Parties Satisfied so Far With the Result.

Both sides profess to be satisfied with the preliminary tussle before the Parnell commission. The Parnellites are able to claim an important success in enforcing the production of the Times letters, including those of Parnell and Egan and one written by Campbell, Mr. Parnell's secretary. Sir Charles Russell demanded the production of all other letters connected with the inquiry that are in the possession of the Times. This wide demand has been met by arranging for the inspection of only those letters that may be specified by the Parnellites' counsel. The Parnellites again scored by getting the court to instruct the Times to formulate the definite charges it is prepared to prove, as well as allegations falling short of definite charges.

The decision relating to the discovery of documents, combined with the court's expression of its determination to make a thorough inquiry into the whole matter, tends in favor of the Times. The first result of the decision was Mr. Graham's getting power of access to the bank books of the league, involving the right to inspect the accounts and minutes of both the land and national leagues. The court's declaration that the widest scope will be given to the inquiry opens up an interminable vista of contention.

The question of the appointment of a commission to examine Egan and others in America was only touched upon; it will be raised definitely when the commission resumes. Probably the suggestion of Mr. Graham that Egan come to London will be approved. Sir Charles Russell stated that Mr. Parnell deemed Mr. Egan's evidence absolutely necessary, and in this view the Times concurs. As soon as the commission resumes both sides will apply to the court to grant a certificate of indemnity to Egan and other Irish-Americans under the ban, in order that they may be heard as witnesses.

Foreign Notes.

The members of the Servian ministry have tendered their resignations.

Advices from Paris state that 50 Germans suspected of being spies have been expelled from France.

The Greek fleet has been ordered to the Ægean sea to protect the sponge fisheries against the Turks.

At the close of the fair at Wormnesch, Russia, a number of peasants pillaged several houses and stole 75,000 roubles from a bank.

The subscriptions to the fund to be used in paying the expenses of Mr. Parnell in his litigation against the Times now amount to $15,000.

The Sultan has refused to sanction the protocol defining Turkey's rights in the Red sea, which the Porte proposes to append to the Suez convention.

Mr. O'Brien evaded the police and addressed the tenants on the Vaneleur estate Friday. Thence he proceeded to Ennis, followed by the police.

The Austrian explorer Bolub believes that Stanley is safe, unless he deviated from his purpose of relieving Emin and met with defeat at the hands of the Mahdi's followers.

The Chronicle's Rome correspondent says that Mgr. Persico has reported to the Vatican that the Irish bishops have succeeded in allaying the intensity of the Nationalist agitation.

The body of a German gendarme, with a bullet hole through the head, has been found on French territory. An inquiry is being held. It is believed that the man committed suicide.

Government officials state that the Marquesas group have been under French protection since 1842. A few gendarmes have always sufficed to maintain peace and uphold the authority of France.

The Kolnische Zeitung of Berlin says that the meeting between Prince Bismarck and Count Kalnoky proves that, although Germany has no ill-feeling against Russia, the triple alliance remains unshaken in every respect.

An epidemic of diphtheria, which recently broke out in Madrid, is assuming serious proportions. The Governor's daughter has been attacked. The Governor had been visiting patients, and it is supposed he carried the infection to his home.

The international Literary and Artistic Congress, now in session at Vienna, has decided that authors' copyright should include the right of translation. The congress expressed the wish that the United States would accept the Berne convention.

Advices from Stanley Falls state that Professor Jamieson, who was engaged in organizing an expedition for the relief of Henry M. Stanley, died of African fever at Bangalas, on the Congo, on the 17th of August. The organization of another relief expedition is now regarded as hopeless. Officials of the Congo Free State believe that Professor Jamieson having become convinced that, owing to the treachery of Tippoo Tib, there was no chance to make further arrangements for his expedition, was returning when he was stricken down with the fever.

Emperor William confirmed the election of Professor Harneck to the chair of church history at the Berlin University, despite the protest of the senior evangelical council, which disapproves of his religious views. This action is regarded as a heavy blow to the extreme Church party.

A long train bearing recruits who were returning from the German army manœuvres, collided with a freight train at Meppen, Hanover. Four of the recruits were killed and a large number wounded. Twelve of the cars carrying troops were wrecked. The accident was caused by a misplaced switch.

Patrick Kelley, the seaman who stabbed to death two of his shipmates, John Chapman and John Parry, on the National line steamer Erin, while on a voyage from London for New York, and who was brought back to England for trial, has been convicted and sentenced to be hanged.

A riot has occurred among the inmates of the Irish Emigrants' Home at Glasgow. The rioters wrecked the house and fought desperately with the police, who were called upon to quell the disturbance. Fifty-two of the rioters were sentenced to one months imprisonment each. Twenty policemen's batons were broken in quelling the riot.

The London Daily News, commenting upon a New York despatch expressing the belief that the resolution introduced in Congress by Senator Sherman, relative to Canada, will be carried, says it affords welcome reasons for the hope that a readjustment of the relations between Canada and the United States in some new form of commercial union may sooner or later be brought about.

Commander Cameron, the African explorer, writes to testify to the hospitable and generous character of the Manyemas. It is true, he says, that they attempted the life of Livingstone, but only because they believed him to be a slave dealer. He thinks that the Manyemas who murdered Barttelot could only have been with his caravan as slaves.

In Dublin, Ire., Friday evening, a priest found a lady lying unconscious in Phœnix Park. There were several bottles marked "opium" near her, and three of them were empty. She was conveyed to a hospital, where artificial respiration was maintained for 17 hours, but she died today. A solicitor has identified her as Mrs. Mary Jane Taylor of Niagara, a guest for the past month of Lady Preston.

Mr. John Dillon, who is to appear before the Parnell commission at its next session, has been released from Dundalk jail. The Marquis of Londonderry, lord lieutenant of Ireland, on account of a medical report on the state of Mr. Dillon's health, granted him unconditional release. The full term of his imprisonment would not have expired until the end of the year. On his arrival at Dublin this afternoon he was met by a host of friends who greeted him very warmly. Mr. Dillon is much thinner and paler than when he was sent to prison, and is obviously ill.

In London, Eng., the captain and first mate of the British bark Gylfe have been arrested on a charge of having attempted to scuttle their vessel. The Gylfe sailed from Quebec for Greenock, July 3, and was sighted by the steamer Persian Monarch on Aug. 21 flying a distress signal. Her crew left her and boarded the steamer, which took them to New York, where they made a charge of barratry against the captain. The captain and first mate also boarded the steamer, but returned to their vessel on finding that the second mate was determined to remain on board of her. The three men brought the vessel into Queenstown, where she arrived Sept. 6.

Lord Selborne, who was lord high chancellor in Mr. Gladstone's last cabinet, has sent a communication to the Times, in which he says that he recently addressed an inquiry to John Bright, Joseph Chamberlain, Lord Hartington, Lord Northbrook and Lord Carlingford, who were also members of the same cabinet, in reference to Mr. Gladstone's assertion, in his review of the life of William E. Forster, that the cabinet in 1882 unanimously decided that Mr. Parnell and other suspected members of the House of Commons were not implicated in the crime that prevailed in Ireland. Lord Selborne states that each of the gentlemen addressed has replied to his inquiry, and that each denies that such a question was raised in the cabinet. Lord Selborne says that therefore there could have been no unanimity on the subject.

The Dutch Parliament has been opened. In consequence of illness the King was unable to attend the opening of the session, and the speech from the throne was read by Prime Minister von Karnebeck. The speech declares that the foreign relations of Holland are of the friendliest nature. The finances of the country are satisfactory, and no increase of taxation is necessary. The government intends to present bills for a modification of the constitutional law; a revision of the law concerning primary education; for the division of the great towns into separate electoral districts; for the regulation of the labor of children in factories, and for the modification of the sugar tax. A credit will be asked for the completion of the strengthening of the navy.

Indians Terrified by the Moon's Eclipse.

[Gainesville (Texas) Dispatch.]

From a gentleman who has just returned from an extended business trip through the Indian Territory it is learned that on last Sunday night several thousand Indians assembled at Anadarko agency, collected there to get the rations and supplies furnished by the government. As the eclipse of the moon began the Indians became much alarmed lest some great misfortune was going to happen the chiefs. On seeing the phenomenon the principal chief commanded the warriors to shoot at and drive away the evil thing that was obscuring the moon. The orders were immediately obeyed. The redskins continued to fire at the dark object until they exhausted all their ammunition. As the moon began to get out of the eclipse they were much elated, attributing it entirely to their efforts, and when the eclipse was finished they gave a loud shout of victory and dispersed to their wigwams.

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Dartmoor Massacre.
Davis-Wade Manifesto.
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Disputed Elections.
Don't Give Up the Ship.
Dorr Rebellion.
Draft Riots.
Dred Scott Case.
Electoral Commission.
Embargo Act.
Essex Junta.
Farewell Addresses.
Federal Party.
Fenian Brotherhood.
Fifty-four, forty or fight.
Filibusters.
Fishery Treaties.
Forty-Niners.
Free Soil Party.
Fugitive Slave Laws.
Gag Laws.
Gerrymander.
Grangers.
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Hard Cider Campaign.
Hartford Convention.
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Jay's Treaty.
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Ku-Klux Klan.
Land Grants.
Lecompton Constitution.
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Loco-Focos.
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Mason and Dixon's Line.
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IN CONGRESS.

Sherman Wants Closer Relations with Canada.

Second Thoughts and Much Anxiety Over Chinese Exclusion Bill.

Light Attendance of House Members, and "No Quorum" Often.

MONDAY.—In the Senate Mr. Mitchell introduced a bill to reduce letter postage to one cent an ounce. Laid on the table.

Mr. Sherman offered a resolution directing the committee on foreign relations to inquire into and report at the next session of Congress the state of the relations of the United States with Great Britain and the Dominion of Canada, with such measures as are expedient to promote friendly commercial and political intercourse. The committee to have leave to sit during the recess of Congress. He asked that the resolution lie over till tomorrow, and said that he would then address the Senate briefly upon it.

The hour of 1 o'clock having arrived, the Senate proceeded to vote on Mr. Blair's motion to reconsider the vote passing the Chinese exclusion bill. The motion was rejected: Yeas, 20; nays, 21. So the bill remains passed, and now goes to the President for his approval.

The House amendments to the Senate bill concerning the details of officers of the army and navy to educational institutions were concurred in, and the bill now goes to the President.

The House bill to enlarge the powers and duties of the Department of Agriculture, and to create an executive department, to be known as the department of agriculture, was taken up, the question being on the amendment striking out section 5, which transfers the weather bureau of the signal service to the Department of Agriculture.

In the course of debate, participated in by Senators Butler, Palmer, Call, Dawes and Plumb, the latter described the competition which the American agriculturists met, and would continue to meet, in the markets of the world from South America, Australia, India and Africa and declared his belief that unless existing conditions were changed, and markedly changed, India wheat would sell in New York markets within five years (duty paid) in competition with American wheat. It was, therefore, desirable that the President should have in his cabinet a man who represents the great agricultural interest of the country, and it was necessary to diversify agriculture and to look more and more to the home market rather than to the foreign market. In this connection he favored the encouragement of the production of sugar from sorghum and beets.

The discussion war further continued by Senators George, Blair, Vest, Butler and Dawes.

Without action the bill was laid aside till tomorrow and the Senate at 5.10 adjourned.

Dingley and Fishermen's Wrongs.

In the House, Mr. Weaver of Iowa introduced a bill to prohibit the deposit of public money in national banks or other banks, except for the continued disbursement of public funds. Referred.

Mr. Morrill of Kansas offered a resolution reciting that grave charges of official misconduct against the Sioux Indian commission have appeared in the public press, and calling on the secretary of the interior for information as to whether there is any foundation for these charges, and directing him to ascertain whether undue influence has been used to secure the signature of any of the Indians to the treaty. Referred.

Mr. Dingley of Maine offered a resolution calling on the President for information as to whether the rights of American fishermen have been violated by the Canadian authorities within the past year, and if so, whether he has retaliated as he had authority to do under the act of March 3, 1887. Referred.

Mr. O'Neil of Missouri offered a resolution assigning a day for the consideration of labor legislation, and moved its reference to the committee on labor. The vote resulted 54 to 37 in favor of the motion, but Mr. Blount of Georgia made the point of no quorum.

A resolution was adopted extending the scope of the library investigation, and requiring the committee appointed under Judge Kelley's resolution to report within two weeks.

It was evident that no more business could be transacted for lack of a quorum, and at 2.55 the House adjourned.

Drifting to Imperialism.

TUESDAY.—Senator Sherman's speech in the Senate today, on our relations with Canada, has attracted a good deal of attention, and has been generally discussed this evening. It is the consensus of opinion that the senator favors annexation as a solution of all the difficulties, and that if he has his way he will propose that plan.

Mr. Morgan replied to Mr. Sherman, describing a portion of his speech as a "post mortem examination of the recent fisheries treaty," and adding that Mr. Sherman's zollverein idea had seemed to settle into a plan for the annexation of Canada to the United States. He admired that senator for thus grasping Canada around the waist and holding her up to a close embrace with the people of the United States. He looked forward (perhaps at the end of the next century) to something like a realization of the dream which the senator from Ohio had so beautifully portrayed; unless, in the meantime, the Federal party of the United States, which was so very much in love with the ancient traditions of centralized power, might think it better, after all, for Canada to embrace the United States within her union and draw them back within the imperial power of Great Britain, rather than absorb those provinces within this Democratic republic. He was at a loss to know whether the United States were not, after all, drifting into imperialism, and whether the injunctions of the Constitution were not being disregarded. He had been greatly surprised at the breadth of Mr. Sherman's treatment of the question, and preferred to read that senator's speech before commenting upon it.

Mr. Sherman's resolution went over without action.

Mr. Stewart gave notice that he would follow Mr. Jones of Arkansas tomorrow on the subject of the President's annual message.

Mr. Morgan stated that he was not present when the vote was taken yesterday on the Chinese exclusion bill. He had arranged a pair with Mr. Turpie, but through some inadvertence the pair had been transferred to some other senator. If present he would very heartily have voted "aye" on the motion to reconsider.

The Senate then resumed consideration of the House bill to enlarge the powers and duties of the Department of Agriculture, and to create an executive department of it, the question being on the amendment reported by the Senate committee on agriculture to strike out section 5, which transfers the weather bureau of the signal corps to the Department of Agriculture.

The question was discussed by Senators Butler, Palmer, Plumb, Dawes, Bate, Hawley, Call, Blair and Platt, but no action was taken, and after a short executive session the Senate at 5.25 o'clock adjourned.

Democratic Victory in the Air.

In the House Mr. Barnes of Georgia introduced a bill offering a reward of $100,000 to any person of any nationality who will discover the true cause or germ of yellow fever, with any certain means of effecting its prevention, destruction or modification, or who, without discovering the cause or germ of said disease, shall discover a certain and practical mode of effecting its prevention, destruction or material modification. Referred.

A conference was ordered on the bill amending the interstate commerce law.

Mr. Forney of Alabama then called up the conference report on the sundry civil appropriation bill. When last before the House the report was opposed by Mr. Payson of Illinois, who antagonized the appropriation for continuing the new library building, and advocated an absolute abrogation of the present plan of construction.

Mr. Cannon of Illinois made a speech on the general subject of appropriations, contrasting the expenditures of the present administration with those of the Arthur administration, and stated that the Democratic administration had expended in four years $96,000,000 more than had been expended during the last four years of the Republican administration.

Mr. Burnes said that the Democratic riders were in the saddle and ready for the word "go." He saw victory in the air in November.

Mr. Henderson of Iowa challenged the statement, and, in answer to his question as to what gains the Democrats expected, Mr. Burnes replied that Iowa might fall into line.

Mr. Burnes replied that the Democrats had reduced the Republican majority in Maine by 1200; in Maine they had voted long before the Democracy had gotten its horses on the track.

The House at 5 o'clock adjourned, and a Democratic caucus was announced to be held at 10 this evening.

Chinese Exclusion.

WEDNESDAY.—The resolution reported by Senator Edmunds this morning from the committee on foreign relations, instructing the president of the Senate to withhold, until further direction from the Senate, the transmission to the House of the Chinese restriction bill, has not effected its purpose. The passage of the measure was duly announced to the House, when the motion to reconsider was defeated. The act was then enrolled, signed by the speaker, and yesterday, about 5 o'clock, was signed by the president of the Senate. The clerk of the committee on enrolled bills took it last night over to the House, but that body had adjourned, and there was no one to receive it, so it remained in the custody of the Senate committee over night, and was actually in the possession of the Senate when the resolution of the foreign relations committee was reported.

Senator Bowen, chairman of the Senate committee on enrolled bills, after careful examination of the rule, held that the announcement to the House of the passage of the bill was a virtual surrender of its custody.

Mr. Edmunds asked for immediate consideration of his resolution, but the order went over until tomorrow.

Representative Kilgore, acting chairman of the House committee on enrolled bills, stated this afternoon that he will hold back the Chinese exclusion bill, as an act of courtesy to the Senate, until that body has had an opportunity to act on Mr. Edmunds' resolution.

Mr. Edmunds offered a joint resolution appropriating $100,000 to be expended under the direction of the President of the United States in the relief of the suffering caused by yellow fever now prevailing in the State of Florida, and asked for its immediate consideration.

After brief remarks by Senator Hall the joint resolution was passed.

Mr. Sherman's resolution as to Canadian affairs was, at the request of Mr. Morgan, postponed till tomorrow.

Mr. Jones of Arkansas proceeded to address the Senate on the motion to refer the President's annual message, and discussed from the Democratic standpoint the questions of the surplus and of the protective tariff, which he declared to be "a system of naked robbery."

Mr. Stewart next addressed the Senate, expressing views directly the opposite of those put forward by Mr. Jones, but declaring that the existing stagnation and depression of prices did not result from the tariff, but from the demonetization of silver.

At the close of Mr. Stewart's speech several bills were passed, and the Senate at 5.10 adjourned.

No Quroum—No Work.

Immediately after the reading of the journal, the House resumed the consideration of the conference report on the sundry civil appropriation bill.

After a brief discussion, the vote on agreeing to the conference report resulted—yeas, 67; nays, 77—no quorum, and the House at 2.25 p. m. adjourned.

Department of Agriculture.

THURSDAY.—The order reported yesterday by Mr. Edmunds from the committee on foreign relations directing the retention of the Chinese exclusion bill having been taken up, Mr. Edmunds said that, as the bill had gone out of the possession of the Senate, the order was not applicable to the present state of the case. Therefore, so far as he was concerned, the resolution might be laid on the table; so ordered.

The Senate bill to ratify and confirm agreements with the upper and middle bands of Spokane Indians was reported from the committee on Indian affairs, explained by Mr. Dawes and passed.

Mr. Sherman's resolution as to Canadian affairs was further postponed until next Monday.

Mr. Hawley offered a resolution directing the committee on agriculture to inquire into the purchase of seed by the agriculture department.

Mr. Mitchell then proceeded to address the Senate on the motion to refer the President's annual message.

After speaking for about two hours, Mr. Mitchell yielded the floor for a motion to proceed to executive business. The executive session lasted over an hour.

After the doors were reopened Mr. Plumb gave notice that he would on Monday next ask the Senate to consider the bill forfeiting the Northern Pacific railroad grant and Mr. Chandler gave notice that he would on Tuesday next ask action on his resolution for the investigation of the Louisiana election.

Mr. Mitchell again took the floor and delivered the remainder of his speech.

The bill to create an executive department of agriculture was taken up.

Mr. Chandler said that he questioned the propriety of making the head of the department a member of the cabinet, but he would vote for the bill. However, he was entirely opposed to the proposed transfer of the weather bureau to the department until it should be shown that the experiment of raising the office of commissioner to the dignity of a cabinet position had been tried and found successful. Mr. Chandler entered into a defence of the army and navy, which he said were not the aristocratic institutions that their enemies would have them believe.

After agreeing to take a vote at 3 o'clock tomorrow afternoon on the proposition to transfer the weather bureau to the Agricultural Department, the Senate, at 5.25, adjourned.

The Exclusion Bill.

In the House, immediately after the reading of the journal, Mr. Burnes of Missouri called up the conference report on the sundry civil appropriation bill and the House refused, 32 to 47, to agree to it.

Mr. Morrow of California offered a resolution directing the committee on enrolled bills to transmit the Chinese bill to the President forthwith and without delay.

Mr. McMillan of Tennessee raised the point of order that the resolution did not present a question of privilege. There was no allegation of a delay in the transmission of the bill that was unreasonable or unusual. As a matter of fact, there were other cases in which the delay had been much greater than in the present case.

Mr. Morrow said that he had been told by Mr. Kilgore this morning that the bill was still in his possession. If a bill could be withheld for one day it could be withheld for six months. The unwritten rules of the House required that a bill should be delivered promptly to the President.

A long and acrimonious debate followed, when, finally, the speaker pro tem. sustained the point of order. There is no law or rule prescribing the manner in which a bill should be transmitted to the President, but the practice has grown up of entrusting that duty to the committee on enrolled bills. One day's delay was unusual. The average time it took for a bill to reach the President, after having been signed by the presiding officers of the two houses, was three days. While sustaining the point of order, he was not prepared to say that if the resolution was again brought forward in a few days he could rule that it was not privileged.

So the resolution was not received, and the House at 3.15 adjourned.

FRIDAY.—In the Senate today Mr. Stewart introduced a bill regulating the presentation of bills and joint resolutions to the President of the United States, which after a brief discussion was referred to the committee on rules. It makes it the duty of the speaker of the House and of the president of the Senate to have bills and joint resolutions presented forthwith to the President in person, and to have the fact reported to their respective houses.

The House bill to make the department of agriculture one of the executive departments of the government was then taken up—the question being on the amendment reported by the committee on agriculture to strike out the fifth section, which transfers the weather bureau of the signal service to the department of agriculture.

The Senate decided, 33 to 9, against the transfer of the weather bureau to the Department of Agriculture. The bill then passed.

The conference report on the sundry civil appropriation bill was presented and agreed to.

Mr. Stewart inquired what had become of his amendment in regard to land and timber frauds.

Mr. Allison replied that the Senate conferees had yielded on that point. He made a detailed statement of the position of the House and Senate conferees, and expressed the opinion that the House proposition involved the entire suspension of the work until next Congress—certainly for a year and a half or two years.

Mr. Sherman moved to instruct the Senate conferees that if the conferees of the two houses cannot agree the Senate conferees shall propose that the text of the House bill (disagreed to by the Senate) be stricken out of the bill.

This motion was agreed to, and the conferees, on the part of the Senate (Allison, Hale and Cockrell), were reappointed. The Senate then, at 4.45 p. m., adjourned until Monday.

Objects to Relieving Florida.

In the House, Mr. Dougherty of Florida asked unanimous consent for the passage of the Senate joint resolution appropriating $100,000 for the relief of the yellow fever sufferers. Mr. Kilgore of Texas objected.

Mr. Crain of Texas asked unanimous consent to offer a resolution authorizing the committee on the judiciary to report to the House at any time for immediate consideration a bill providing by legal and judicial proceedings for the suppression and prevention of trusts. Mr. Hopkins of New York objected.

Mr. Holman of Indiana, from the committee on public lands, reported back the bill to suspend the operation of the preemption timber culture and desert land laws. The bill was so amended as to strike out all reference to the suspension of the laws, and as amended it was passed.

The House then went into commitee of the whole on the private calendar. The committee having arisen, the House passed a number of private bills, and then took a recess until 8 o'clock.

At the evening session Mr. Bingham of Pennsylvania called up the bill granting a pension to the widow of General Sheridan, and on this occasion Mr. Cheadle of Indiana was the objector, and as he insisted upon the point of no quorum, the bill was withdrawn. Subsequently Mr. Bingham asked unanimous consent to have the bill made a special order for Dec. 6, but to this proposition Mr. Kilgore of Texas objected. Thirty-two private pension bills were passed, and the House adjourned until Monday.

SPEAKER CARLISLE

Renominated by Acclamation for His Old District.

Rattling Speech on the Iniquities of High Tariff Legislation.

Says Blaine Should Stay at Home or Stay Abroad.

COVINGTON, Ky., Sept. 18.—Hon. John G. Carlisle was renominated by acclamation this afternoon in the sixth congressional district. Mr. Carlisle appeared and made a rousing speech.

After thanking the convention and praising President Cleveland's administration, Mr. Carlisle said: It is declared in the Democratic platform that unnecessary taxation is unjust taxation, and by that declaration the Democratic party will stand or fail in this contest. When President Cleveland was inaugurated on March 4, 1885, he found on the statute books laws passed by Republican Congresses under which there was being annually collected from the people nearly $100,000,000 in excess of the actual necessities of the government. He found a large surplus accumulated in the vaults of the treasury, and that all the public debt in control of the government, except about $196,000,000 of 3 per cent. bonds, had been paid.

Year after year some of us have struggled in the House of Representatives to secure a reduction of this enormous burden on the people, but have failed. The money went on accumulating in the treasury at the rate of $10,000,000 per month, and is still accumulating at that rate.

The secretary of the treasury told me just before I left the city of Washington that the surplus revenue collected during the first 15 days of the present month, over and above the expense of the government, was $11,000,000. At the rate of several hundred thousand dollars every day and night the money of the people, money which they need in their business, is being poured into the public treasury where it is not needed. (Cheers.)

To relieve the treasury of this enormous amount, and to prevent disaster to the business of the country, the administration is compelled to purchase the outstanding bonds of the government at an enormous premium. Within the last few months $1,000,000 of these bonds have been bought at a premium on the 4 per cents. of some 25 to 28 cents on the dollar, and on the 4½s at 6, 7 and 8 cents, so that the bondholder is, by reason of the unfortunate situation in which the revenue laws have been left, taking from the people millions and millions of dollars in excess of the amount which his obligation calls for.

And Our Friend, Mr. Harrison,

in his recent letter of acceptance, says that this process should go on, and the money should continue to be paid to the bondholder.

Mr. Sherman, the former secretary of the treasury, takes substantially the same ground, and criticises in a harsh manner the action of the present administration in depositing a part of this money in the national banks; that it can be loaned to the people and go thus into the channels of trade. The records of the department will sustain the statement that while Mr. Sherman was secretary of the treasury, he had at one time in a single national bank more money than this administration has today in all the national banks of the United States. (Cheers.)

Now, the great question you are to decide is whether this system of taxation shall be continued indefinitely, or whether the country will return to the methods of taxation which prevailed in this country before the war.

For the first time in the history of this country, so far as I know, the Republican party has substantially declared in its platforms in favor of reducing the revenue by increasing the taxes. (Applause and laughter.) It declares that it deems it necessary to reduce the revenue by checking the imports of such articles as can be made here and if that is not sufficient, it will repeal the whole internal revenue tax on whiskey rather than surrender any part of the protective system. This proposition is put forth upon the idea that the people of this country can be benefited, individually and collectively, by imposing taxes upon themselves. It might as well be said that a man can make himself rich by picking his pocket as to say he can increase his wealth by imposing a tax on himself. (Applause.)

This system of taxation is not only imposing enormous and unnecessary burdens upon the people, and accumulating in the treasury large sums of money which ought to be in the hands of those who earn it by their labor and skill, but it is the parent of trust and combination and conspiracy to control products and prices of the necessary articles which the people are compelled to use.

I see Mr. Blaine, who seems to be the mouthpiece of the Republican party, has given quasi indorsement, at least, to these monopolies. I believe that when a man attends his own funeral he ought to be allowed to go at the head of the procession. (Laughter and applause).

But it seems Mr. Harrison is not to enjoy this privilege. (Applause).

Mr. Blaine is the great central figure in this campaign, and he tells the people, in the face of the platform of his party, in the face of the declarations of his political friends on the stump and neighbors, that these trusts are private affairs in which neither the President nor anybody else has any particular right to interfere. (Applause and laughter.) Why, my friends,

Larceny is a Private Affair,

a very private affair (laughter), and yet it is not supposed improper to interfere with it by law.

Mr. Blaine has not been occupying a very good position from which to view the interests of the American workingman, farmer or consumer. The top of Mr. Carnegie's coach, as it bowled along with its liveried outriders over the hills of Scotland, is not a good place from which to look at the interests of America. (Applause.) Nor are the festive halls of Cluny Castle a very good point, either. (Applause.) Mr. Blaine had better stay at home or stay abroad—one or the other. (Cheers.) Had he come here to his own country to mingle with the farmers, with the consumers, with the laboring men of the land, he would have a far better opportunity to know what they desired than he could possibly have dining and wining with the aristocracy of Europe.

One of the chief benefits of the present system of taxation, in the estimation of Mr. Harrison, is the fact that the people do not know how much they are paying. When a man's money is taken away from him without his knowledge some malicious people call it stealing. (Applause.) I will not, however, apply that term to the process by which the government of the United States abstracts this enormous sum of money from the pockets of the people who earn it, and puts it in the public treasury, or the pockets of some one else, but I will say that it is the most dangerous form of taxation that could be devised (cheers), because it makes the people less vigilant of the expenditures of the public money, and lulls them to sleep while their substance is taken away. (Applause.)

It is said that the system of taxation is continued on the ground that it increases the rates of wages of the American laborer. Two or three facts show conclusively that this argument is not sound. There is as much difference between the rates of wages paid in this country to laborers engaged in the same occupation in different parts of the country as there is between the difference of the average rate of wages paid here and in European countries, and yet the same tariff law prevails throughout the whole United States. (Applause.)

An examination of the labor statistics shows that from 50 to 60, and in some cases even as high as 100 per cent. more is paid for labor in the same occupation in Chicago than is paid in New York or Philadelphia. If the tariff regulated wages, I submit that the rates of wages would be the same, would be uniform in the same occupations throughout the United States under the same tariff. (Applause.)

Another fact is that the greatest differences between the rates of wages paid here and the rates paid in European countries, is found in those occupations which nobody pretends can be protected under the tariff laws. For instance there is a far greater difference between the rates of wages paid here to carpenters, plasterers, painters, stone and brick masons, teamsters, railroad employes, steamboat employes, and the rate of wages paid the same classes of workingmen in Europe, than there is between the rates of wages here in your mills and cotton factories and the rates of wages paid in the same industry in Europe.

The rates of wages paid in this country, too, in the unprotected industries are larger on the average than the rates of wages paid in this country in the protected industries, and the difference between them in the one case and those paid in Europe in the other case is still plainer—much plainer.

Another fact is that since 1846, when the English corn laws were repealed, and what our Republican friends call free trade, and England entered on free trade, the rates of wages have increased from 50 to 75 and even as high as 100 per cent. in some occupations.

Can we trace that increase in this country during the same time?

Another fact is that the

Rates of Wages in the Mechanical

and manufacturing industries of the United States increased far more during what is called the free trade period from 1850 to 1860 than they have ever since that time. (Cheers.)

And not only that, but the great agricultural interests of the country, which we all know is the only safe and sure foundation for its prosperity and its purity, prospered along with them. The farmer, the agricultural laborer, is the man who suffers most under this system. Mr. Frye of Maine made a speech in the United States Senate on the 23d of last January in which he said that he had reason to believe, after making personal investigation of this question of labor and prices of commodities, that bacon and pork, beef, flour, butter and cheese were as cheap in this country as they were in Europe. That is to say, the commodities which the farmer produces and is compelled to sell are as cheap here as they are in the pauper labor countries of Europe.

But how is it about the things that the farmer is compelled to buy? Are they as cheap here as in Europe?

No.

You are subjected upon every one of them, if they are imported, to an average tax of 47 1-10 per cent., and on the rest the manufacturer has the opportunity to add the same percentage to his price, and in many cases he does in the name of American labor, professedly in the interest of American industry, and to promote the good of the American people, because, he says, that you must encourage these industries, and give employment to as many laborers as possible.

No man objects to a rate of taxation to raise a sufficient amount of revenue to defray all proper and legitimate expenses of public administration, but when the tax drummer has taken from the people a sufficient amount of their earnings to accomplish this purpose, he should take his hand out of their pockets. (Cheers.) That is the Democratic doctrine, and the whole Democratic doctrine. (Applause.)

THEY LIVE ON $2 A WEEK.

How the Hungarians in Pennsylvania Exist—Powderly Investigates Their Condition and Gives Them a Bad Name.

PHILADELPHIA, Sept. 20.—In the Journal of United Labor, T. V. Powderly, in speaking of the immigration question, says:

When I gave my testimony before the immigration committee at Washington, it was asserted the next day that the scenes that I described while on the stand could not possibly be witnessed in the United States, and that I drew upon my imagination in painting the picture. To verify the statements made on the witness stand, I determined to make an investigation in the city and county of Scranton, in which I live.

Statistics show that the average monthly earnings of the Hungarian at home are about 10 guldens. A gulden is equal to a fraction over 40 cents United States money. At this rate of pay the laborer receives $4 a month in Hungary.

When he saves from $300 to $1000 he generally returns to his native land. He invests his money in land, or loans it, for he is not so ignorant of the ways of that country as he is of this, by any means. No matter how dumb he may appear while here, he soon develops into a veritable Shylock after he crosses the big pond again.

While he will work for 75 cents and from that up to $1.25 a day, the Hungarian can live on $2 a week. When a Hungarian draws his pay he does not put it in the bank to allow any cashier to expend it in Canada. He sends it home to friends, who invest it for him.

Referring to the Italian immigrants, after explaining the vast resources of Italy, Mr. Powderly says:

"Surely it is not for want of land that her people leave their homes to become slaves in a land of liberty; not that alone, but to endanger the liberties of others through their willingness to appease the demand for cheap goods by giving their labor for little or nothing.

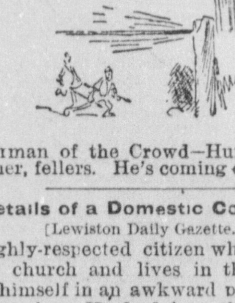
It is not land that these people want, and while we import ignorance under contract by the hundred thousand, those who would in this land free our soil from the burden of landlordism and monopoly will have their hands full competing with cheap men, with men who are indifferent to their surroundings, and content to slave for $1 a day, content to live as dogs, to live on the very offal that should be burned for fear of creating a plague.

A SLACK-ROPE CATASTROPHE.

[From Judge.]

Professor Walker—"It's the easiest thing in the world to amuse a Coney Island crowd. Plunk up the band, boys!"

Herr Spielfuegel—"Py gollish! I geds glumsier unt glumsier effery tays!"



Chairman of the Crowd—Hurry up that stretcher, fellers. He's coming down!

Details of a Domestic Comedy.

[Lewiston Daily Gazette.]

A highly-respected citizen who is a pillar of the church and lives in the suburbs, found himself in an awkward predicament the other day. He had been shingling his barn all alone, when the staging gave way. The slant of the roof was moderate, and he descended slowly although with extreme unwillingness. The edge came nearer and nearer, the horrors of the manure heap below loomed up, but just as the citizen trembled on the verge the amplest part of his attire caught in a nail which projected between two shingles. This arrested his career, but the hold was slight. The unfortunate dared not move nor even call for assistance. For two mortal hours he reclined on the brink, enduring all the agonies of hope, fear, despair and delight. Then his wife appeared. She climbed to the roof tree and, with the aid of a clothes-line, effected the rescue of her liege. Now he doesn't want any one to tell about this, so keep it a secret.

She Got Her Pass.

[San Francisco Post.]

"Look here," said a stern-visaged lady, as she marched into the office of one of our railroad magnates, "I want a pass to Portland and back. Be sharp, and give it to me."

"I don't know, madam," meekly replied this great railroad man, "what claim you have upon the company that entitles you to a free pass."

"Claim!" said the lady. "Claim! Claim is it, you are after? Did not your railroad break my leg at Red Bluff? If you don't believe it I'll show you the break."

"Never mind that, madam," hastily said the railroad swell, as he glanced nervously at the door. "To what place do you want the pass made out? You shall have it, madam, indeed you shall."

"Gracious!" said the railroad swell to himself, after the lady had left, "and I am expecting my wife every moment. What an escape I have had."

Or, Use the Word Surplus.

[Chicago News.]

"As full as the United States treasury" is the latest polite way to speak of a friend who has been out all night with his thirst.

A $2 Washing-Machine Free!

To introduce them we will give away 1000 of our celebrated self-operating washing-machines. No washboard or rubbing required. If you want one send your name at once to MONARCH LAUNDRY WORKS, 420 Wabash avenue, Chicago, Ill.

CURRENTS OF COMMERCE.

Boot and Shoe Trade Above the Season's Average.

Business in Leading Branches—Bad Weather Injures Trade.

Quotations for Grain, Provisions and Other Food Supplies.

The market for boots and shoes continues active. Retailers are disposed to buy largely, owing to the upward movement in leather, although the state of the weather affected their trade seriously during the past week. The jobbing trade in the West is about over for the season, and orders are beginning to fall off, but duplicate orders are coming in well, and the factories are kept busy. The recent advance in leather has caused manufacturers to talk about higher prices, and the general sentiment is to take orders for samples on the basis of last year's prices, but not to guarantee to fill further orders at these figures. It is stated that some of the manufacturers have ordered their salesmen home on account of the impossibility of getting an advance on goods.

Buyers on the other hand are not inclined to fall in with the views of manufacturers, and point to the fact that leather is not higher than it was a year ago. But it should be remembered that contracts were taken last year on a falling leather market, while at present the indications point to higher prices for stock. Still, as the bulk of the demand is for goods to sell at a certain price, the difference in value will doubtless be taken out of the shoes.

There is an unusually good demand for calf boots, and the factories are still busy completing orders. Wax and kip goods are also selling well. Women's grain goods are in steady demand, but the season for large orders is nearly over. Shipments of goods are tapering off but they are still up to or in excess of the average for the season.

DRY GOODS.

A Good Demand for Woollens—A Fair Trade for Prints and Dress Fabrics.

A whole week of wet weather has done much to check the movement in dry goods, still there has been a fair amount of trade, and the market holds firm on most lines. Orders are coming in well and packers are fairly busy.

There is a good, steady demand for all the best makes of brown and bleached cottons, and prices are held firm, as the mills are still filling orders in turn. Slight concessions are being made on some of the more obscure makes of plain and bleached goods. The movement in prints continues fairly active, and the market is strong on all popular styles. Ginghams are in moderate request, with the market steady. Cotton flannels are very firm, and the mills are sold well ahead, so that there will be no surplus this year. The factories are running on old orders. No new ones are expected before November.

There is a steady call for blankets and heavy flannels, and the mills are running as close to orders as possible. Stocks are very light, but there has been no advance in prices, notwithstanding the rise in wool. Carpets are selling well, and at present low prices a large trade is anticipated.

The clothing trade is rather backward throughout New England, but good orders continue to arrive from the Western and Middle States, so that the month's business is quite up to the average. Salesmen are going out on second trips, and the fall trade is expected to run until late in the season.

IN LEADING MARKETS.

Quotations of Staple Products in New York, Chicago and St. Louis.

NEW YORK, Sept. 22.—Cotton quiet and steady; sales 402 bales; uplands, ordinary, 7⅝c; good do., 9 1-16; low middling, 10c; middling, 10 7-16c; gulf, ordinary, 7¾c; good do, 9 3-16c; low middling, 10⅛c; middling, 10 9-16c. Flour, receipts, 24,845 pkgs; exports, 4598 bbls, 1540 sacks; generally firm, quiet; sales, 16,150 bbls; low extras, $3.10@3.60; city mills, $4.80@5; city mills patent, $5.25@6.10; winter wheat, low grades, $3@3.60; fair to fancy, $3.55@5.10; patents, $4.65@5.75; Minnesota clear, $3.75@4.80; do straights, $4.35@5.50; do patents, $4.75@5.90; do rye mixtures, $3.80@4.65; superfine, $2.65@3.35; fine, $2.25@3.10; Southern dull; rye flour firm, quiet. Cornmeal steady, quiet. Wheat, receipts, 84,550 bush; exports, 8196 bush; sales, 21,000 bush, higher and very dull; No. 2 red, 98½@99c, elevator; 99¼c@$1, afloat; 99⅜@99¾ f. o. b.; No. 3 red, 91½@91¾c; No. 4 red, 84@85c; No. 1 white State, $1.05; No. 4 red, $1.04½; No. 2 Chicago, $1; No. 1 hard, $1.14½, store. Rye nominal; State quoted 62@66c. Barley nominal; barley malt nominal. Corn, receipts, 98,400 bush; exports 141,447 bush; sales, 288,000 bush, lower and active; No. 2 51¼@51½c, elevator; 51¾@52c afloat; No. 2 white, 56½@57c. Oats, receipts, 165,000 bush; exports, 550 bush; sales, 134,000 bush; less active, trifle firmer; No. 3, 28c; do white, 30½@30¾c; No. 2, 29½@29⅝c; No. 2 Chicago, 30½c. Coffee, Rio weak, dull; fair cargoes, 15c. Sugar, raw quiet, steady; refined firm, fair demand. Molasses nominal. Rice firmer, fair demand. Petroleum steady, united, 91⅛c. Tallow firm, quiet. Resin steady, dull. Potatoes firm; fairly active. Turpentine strong, quiet. Pork more active, firm; sales, 400 bbls; mess quoted $15.25@15.75. Beef firm; moderate demand. Beef hams steady, dull. Tierce beef firm. Cut meats quiet, steady; middles steady. Lard higher, quiet; Western steam, 10.85c; no sales; refined at 11.00c for continent, and 12.00c for S. A. Butter easy, quieter. Cheese dull. Freights to Liverpool, market firm. Pig iron quiet. Copper quiet. Lead quiet. Tin firm; Straits, 23.50c. Spelter nominal.

CHICAGO, Sept. 22.—Flour firm and unchanged. Wheat closed quiet at an advance; No. 2 spring, 94@94½c; No. 2 red, 94@94½c. Corn active and weak; No 2, 40⅞c. Oats weak, 23¾c. Rye, 50c. Barley, 75c bid. Provisions dull; pork, $14.47½@14.50; lard, 10.50c; dry salted shoulders, unchanged. Whiskey, $1.20. Receipts—Flour, 17,000 bbls; wheat, 104,000 bush; corn, 376,000 bush; oats, 350,000 bush; rye, 33,000 bush; barley, 48,000 bush. Shipments—Flour, 5000 bbls; wheat, 178,000 bush; corn, 378,000 bush; oats, 171,000 bush; rye, 20,000 bush; barley, 23,000 bush.

ST. LOUIS, Sept. 22.—Flour quiet. Wheat higher; No. 2 red, 93c. Corn lower; No. 2, 39¾c. Oats firm; No. 2, 22¾c. Rye lower, 51@51½c. Provisions lower; pork, $15.25; lard nominal; dry salt meats, shoulders, 8c; longs and ribs, 8.80c; short clear, 9.10c; bacon, shoulders, 8.75c; longs and ribs, 9.75@9c; short clear, 10@10.12½c. Receipts—Flour, 5000 bbls; wheat, 50,000 bush; corn, 33,000 bush; oats, 36,000 bush; rye, 8000 bush; barley, 19,000 bush. Shipments—Flour, 12,000 bbls; wheat, 87,000 bush; corn, 67,000 bush; oats, 73,000 bush; rye, 2000 bush; barley, 1000 bush.

BOSTON MARKETS.

Produce.

BOSTON, Monday, Sept. 24.

BUTTER.—The market is quite lively and firm Creamery butters are moving well and dairy butter is in good demand. Western brands are moving fairly well. Prices are firmer and in some cases higher.

We quote: Creamery, Northern, extra, 24@25c ⅌ ℔; do, good to choice, 18@19c; do, Western, extra, 23@24c; do, 1st, 19@21c; do, choice, ..@19c; Franklin Co., Mass., extra, 24@25; do, good to choice, ..@19; Dairy, extra, 21@22; do, Northern, choice, ..@19; do, fair to good, 19@19; Western dairy, good to choice, ..@18; do, imitation creamery, 17@18; do, ladle-packed, choice, ..@14; do, fair to good, 12@13. Trunk butter, ¼ ℔ or ½ ℔ prints, fancy, 23@24; good to choice, 19@20c ⅌ ℔.

CHEESE.—Cheeses are in quite light demand and prices are unchanged.

We quote: New York extra, 8¾@9c ⅌ ℔; do, good to choice, 8@8½; do, common, 6@7; Vermont extra, 8½@9; do, good to choice, 7½@8; do, common, 6@7. Western fine, 8@8½; do, common, 7½@....; Sage, extra, 10; Skims, 2@4c; part skims, 4@6c.

EGGS.—Eggs are firmer and higher especially on strictly fresh stock which is in light supply and good demand. The sales of other grades are fair.

Quotations: Near by and Cape, ..@22; Eastern extra, 20@21; do, firsts, 19@20; do, Aroostook, ..@20; N. Y. and Vermont, 19@20; do, firsts, 18½@..; Michigan, extra, 19@20; do, first, 17@18; Western, fresh, 18@19; Canadian, 18@19.

BEANS.—The demand is improving since the cool weather set in. Yellow eyes are in especially good demand.

Quotations: Pea, choice Northern hand-picked, $2.40@2.50 ⅌ bush; do, New York, hand-picked, $2.10@2.15; do, screened, $1.70@1.80; do 2ds, $1.50@1.70; German, pea, $....@....; do med., $1.55@1.65; Medium choice, hand-picked, $1.90@2.00; do, screened, $1.75@1.80; Yellow Eyes, choice, $2.50@2.60; do, flat, $2.50@2.55; Red Kidneys, $1.50@1.90.

FRUITS.—The demand for fruits is good. Apples are not so plentiful and this has caused a slight advance. The muggy, warm weather has caused a somewhat light sale of grapes at lower prices. Cranberries now in market and of good quality.

We quote: Native Sweet Bough, $....@....; Astrachan, $2.00@2.25; Williams, $2.00@2.50; Golden Sweet, $1.00@1.50; Gravenstein, $2.25@2.50; common, $1.00@2.00.

Evaporated apple, 9½@10; do, fair to good, 8@9½; Sundried, sliced and quartered, 6@7½.

Grapes—Delaware, @45c ⅌ ℔; Concord, 3@4; Salems, 4@5.

VEGETABLES.—Vegetables in general are in good demand at steady prices. Potatoes which are good are quite lively. Tomatoes are plentiful and consequently prices are easier. Squashes are plentiful and sales light. Turnips are moving well. Onions are moving briskly.

We quote: Native, $1.75@2.00; Bristol Ferry, $2.00; Jersey Rose, $1.75.

Sweet potatoes, yellow, $2.50@3.00.

Onions—Native, $2.00@2.25; Western, $1.75@2.00. Cabbage, ⅌ 100, $3.00@5.00. Squash—Marrow, 50@60. Turnips—Russia, 50.

HAY AND STRAW.—Choice hay is in moderate demand at steady prices and fair receipts. The new arrivals of new have been better than formerly. Choice grades of rye straw are firm.

We quote: Choice, $17.00@16; do, fair to good, $16.00@17.00; Fine, $14.00@15.00, Swale, $9.00@10.00; Poor, $14.00@15.00; Rye straw, $15.00@16.00; Oat straw, $8.00 ⅌ ton.

Groceries.

COFFE.—The market has shown a considerably firmer tone since last report owing to sharp advance in Rio and stronger markets in Europe. In mild coffees there has been a quiet market for all classes and only moderate sales have been made. The prices rule firm.

We quote: Java Pad'gs, pale, 19@19½c; do, do, medium brown, 19½@20c; do, do, fancy brown, 20@20½; do, Palembang, 17@17½; do, Malung, 15½; do, Ankola, ..@22; do, Holland bags, 16@19; Mandhelings and Ayer Bangies, 20@22. Mocha, 23½@24; Rios, prime, 15¼@....c; do fair, 15; do ordinary, ..@13½; Maracaibo, 13½@15; Laguayra, 14@16; Costa Rica, 14½@15½; Jamaica, 13@14; Guatemala, 17@18; Mexican, 14½@15½; Hayti, uncleaned, 12@12½; do, cleaned, 8@16; Manila, 13@13½.

FRUITS AND NUTS.—Lemons are in good demand. Oranges are dull and very high. Bananas are in moderate demand. Native peaches bring fair prices and the demand is good. Dried fruits are not very lively, while nuts have taken a spurt in the past week.

Quotations: Raisins, London layers, new, $2.60@2.85; Muscatel, new, $1.80. Currants, 6½@8. Citron, Leghorn, 19@20. Dates — Persian, new, 5@6; do, skins, ..@..; do, frail, 4½; do, fard, new, 6½@9. Figs, layers, 10@25; do, keg, 6@8. Prunes, French, case, 10@18; do, Turk, new, ..@4½. Lemons, $3.00@6.50. Oranges—Florida, box, $....@....; do, Rodi, bbl, $7.00@8.00; do, Valencia, case, $....@..... Peanuts, hand-picked, 5¾@6; Filberts, 9@11; Almonds, 15@17.

SUGAR.—The market for refined sugar is steady and unchanged. Prices are well held and the demand is good. There has been a slight improvement in the movement of raw sugar.

We quote: Powdered, 8c; Pulverized, 8½c; Granulated, 7 11-16@7¾c; Confectioners' A, 7⅝c; Standard A, 7½c; Extra C, 7⅛@7½; C, 6⅞@7c; Yellows, 6½@6¾c.

Flour and Grain.

FLOUR—We quote the range for large and small lots:

Fine Flour, $2.75@3.00; Superfine, $3.00@3.50; Common extras, $3.50@3.90; Choice extras, $4.00@4.25; Minn. bakers, $4.35@4.90; Michigans, $4.75@4.90; Michigan roller, $4.90@5.10; New York roller, $4.90@5.10; Ohio and Indiana, $4.75@5.00; do, do, strai't, $....@....; do, do, patent, $5.30@5.70; St Louis and Ill, $4.75@5.00; do, do, patent, $5.30@5.70; do, do, clears, $4.75@5.00; Spring wheat patents, $5.85@6.00 ⅌ bbl.

CORN—We quote: Yellow, 60@60½c ⅌ bush; High mixed, 58½@59½c ⅌ bush; Steamer Yellow, 58@59c ⅌ bush; Steamer Mixed, 58½@59½c, ⅌ bush; No Grade, 55@57c ⅌ bush.

OATS — Fancy, 39@41c; No 1 white, 40@41; No 2, 37@38½c; No 3, 37c; No 1 mixed, ..c; No 2, mixed, ..@..c; rejected mixed, 33@34c; rejected white, 34@35c.

Fish.

FISH.—There is not much change to note in the salt fish situation. Trade is restricted by the scarcity of mackerel and high prices continue to be obtained for all lots offering. The range of prices is about the same as last week. Transactions have been light in codfish owing to the damp weather, and prices are without material change.

Mackerel—No 1, shore, 24.50@25.00 No. 1 Bay, $21.50@23.00; No. 2, large, $20.00@21.00; No. 3, rimmed, $17.00@17.00; No. 3, plain, large, $16.00@16.50; No. 3, medium, $15.50@16.00.

Codfish—Dry Bank, large, $5.25@5.50; do, do, medium, $4.75@4.75; do. N. S. Shore, $6.00@6.25; Pickled Bank, $4.62½@4.75; Georges, $5.00@5.25; Shore, $5.00@....; Hake, $2.25@2.50; Haddock, $....@2.75; Pollock, pickled, $2.62½; do, English, $3.50. Boneless Hake, 4@4½c ⅌ ℔; Boneless Haddock, 4½@5c; boneless Cod, 6½@8.

Miscellaneous.

HOPS—We quote: New York, 1887, prime, 9@10c; do, fair, ..@..c; do, 1886, nominal; do, 1885, 6@8c; English, 1886, nominal; California, 1886, @10c.

Canada malt, $1.15 ⅌ bush; 6-rowed State, $1.05; Western, 95c@$1.00.

HIDES AND SKINS—Following are the current prices: Brighton steers, 6¼@6½; New Eng. steers, 6@..; do, do, cow, ..@5½c. Calfskins—deacons, 25@40c; 6@6½ lbs, 60@70; 8@9 lbs, 65@75c; heavy, 75@85c. Galveston dry, 10@10½; Texas kips, 11@11; Dry-salted Texas, ..@8; Buenos Ayres, 17½@17¾; Rio Grande, 15½@..; Montevideo, 17½@..; Calcutta slaught., cow hides, 9@11; do, dead green, 7@9; do, buffalo, 6; Sierra Leone, 14@15.

SEEDS.—The seed market is fairly active this week and prices are steady.

We quote: Clover, West, 8@8½c ⅌ ℔; do, North, 8½@9; do, white, 16@18; do, Alsike, 12@13; do, Lucerne, 22; Red Top, West, ⅌ sack, $2.85@3.00; do, Jersey, $3.00@3.25; R. I., bent, $2.00@2.25; Hungarian, $...@....; Gold Millet, $1.75@1.90; common Millet, $1.25@1.60; Orchard, ⅌ bush $1.50@1.75; Blue Grass, $1.25@1.50 ⅌ bush; Timothy, West, $2.50@2.60 ⅌ bush; do, North, $2.80@2.85 ⅌ bush; American flaxseed, $2.00@2.50.

SALT—Quotations are as follows: Liverpool, in bond, hhd, $1.00@1.15; do, duty paid, $1.40@1.55; do & W'th'ns, $1.10@1.15; Liverpool, sacks, 75@85c; Cadiz, in bond, $1.87½@..; Trapani, bond, $2.00; Turk's Island, hhd., $2.25@2.40.

STARCH—The quotations for starch are: Potato starch, 4½@4¾c; Corn, 2¾c; Wheat, 4¾@5c; dextrine, 4⅜@5c.

TOBACCO.—The market is very steady and firm. Havanna wrappers and fillers are firm.

We quote: Havana wrappers, $3.00@6.00; do, fine fillers, $1.10@1.30; do, good fillers, 75c@$1.15; Yara 1 and 11 cuts, 85@1.00; Kentucky lugs, $2.50@6.00; do, leaf, $8.00@14.00; Havana s'd wr's, 30@45; do, 2ds, 11@14; do, binders, 9@12; do, seed fill, 5@11; Conn and Mass fill, 8@12; do, binders, 13@16; do, 2ds, 13@18; do, fair wrappers, 17@22; do, fine wrappers, 22@34; Penn wrappers, 20@35; do, fillers, 10@12.

TALLOW—Following are the quotations: Tallow, prime, 5@5¼; Country, 4½@4¾; Bone, 4¼@4½; house grease, 3⅞@4⅛; grease, tanners, 1½@2; do, chip, 1½@..; do, naphtha, 1@1¼; do, hard, 3¾@4½.

WOOL—The receipts of the week have been 10,050 bales domestic and 135 bales foreign, against 15,600 bales domestic and 675 bales foreign last week and 6503 bales domestic and 1380 bales foreign the corresponding week in 1887.

WATERTOWN CATTLE MARKET.

Arrivals of live stock at Brighton and Watertown for the week ending Friday, September 21, 1888:

Western cattle, 2009; Eastern cattle, 312; Northern cattle, 512. Total, 2813.

Western sheep and lambs, 880; Eastern sheep and lambs, 961; Northern sheep and lambs, 9720. Total, 11,561.

Swine, 25,545. Veals, 657. Horses, 497.

Prices of beef cattle per hundred pounds, dressed weight, ranged from $4.00 to $8.50.

PRICES OF WESTERN CATTLE.

Extra quality	$6.25	@6.50
First quality	5.75	@6.12
Second quality	4.75	@5.62½
Third quality	3.75	@4.62
Poorest grade coarse oxen, bulls, etc.	3.00	@3.62

PRICES OF HIDES, TALLOW, SKINS, &C.

	Cents ⅌ ℔.		Each.
Brighton hides	6 @..	Lambskins	40@50
Brighton tall'w	3¾@..	Dairyskins	15@50
Counntry hides	5 @5½	Sheepskins	20@..
Country tall'w	1¾@2¾	Woolskins	..@..
Calfskins	5 @6		

Latest Quotations..........3.30 P. M.

	Bid.	Asked.
LAND STOCKS.		
Aspinwall	7½	8⅛
Bar Harbor	—	2
Boothbay	—	2¼
Boston	7	—
Boston Water Power	7	7⅛
Boylston	—	3⅜
Brookline	4½	5
Campobello	2½	3
Cutler	1⅝	2
East Boston	4½	5
Frenchman's Bay	7⅝	7⅞
Lamoine	—	2
Maverick	2⅜	2¾
Newport	3½	—
Payson	1	1½
Penobscot Bay	2	2½
San Diego	27½	28½
Sullivan Harbor	—	3
Topeka	—	4¼
West End	24½	25
Winthrop	—	2½
Wollaston	75c	1
RAILROAD STOCKS.		
Atchison, Topeka & Santa Fe	82⅝	82⅞
Atlantic & Pacific	9	9¼
Boston & Albany	—	199
Boston & Lowell	160	—
Boston & Maine	211	211½
Boston & Providence	238	240
California Southern	—	42
Central Massachusetts	18½	19¼
Central Massachusetts preferred	39	40
Cheshire preferred	—	109½
Chicago, Burlington & Northern	45	48
Chicago, Burlington & Quincy	112	112½
Cincinnati, Sandusky & Cleveland	21¼	21½
Cleveland & Canton	9	—
Cleveland & Canton preferred	30	31
Concord	141	—
Connecticut & Passumpsic	—	112
Current River	—	35
Eastern	106	—
Eastern preferred	127	129
Fitchburg preferred	—	86
Flint & Pere Marquette	39	41
Flint & Pere Marquette preferred	100½	101½
Kan. City, Mem. & Birmingham	—	50
Louisville, Ev'ville & St. Louis	9½	10
Maine Central	—	134½
Mexican Central	14	14¼
New York & New England	46⅛	46⅜
New York & New England pref.	118	120
Northern New Hampshire	144	—
Old Colony	175	175½
Oregon Short Line	31	32
Phila., Wilmington & Baltimore	60	—
Rutland	5	—
Rutland preferred	35	—
Summit Branch	—	12
Union Pacific	59	59⅛
West End preferred	77	77½
Wisconsin Central	18¼	18½
Wisconsin Central preferred	39½	40
MINING STOCKS.		
Allouez	3⅛	3¼
Arnold	25c	—
Atlantic	18½	19½
Bonanza	1¾	1⅞
Boston & Montana (copper)	51	51½
Breece	27c	—
Calumet & Hecla	287	289
Central	18½	19
Crescent	—	10c
Dunkin	90c	—
Franklin	18½	18¾
Huron	4¾	5¼
Kearsarge	9	9¼
Mesnard	62½c	75c
Napa	1¾	2
National	5	5¼
TELEPHONES.		
American Bell	—	230
Erie	32	32½
Mexican	1	—
New England	45	45½
Tropical	—	1
MISCELLANEOUS.		
Boston Gas Light	1000	1025
Eastman Car Heater	2¾	3¼
Lamson Store Service	59	59½
Pullman Palace Car	174	174½

OUR POLITICAL DICTIONARY.

Every reader, Democrat or Republican, will be helped to understand the questions of this presidential campaign by owning a copy of THE GLOBE'S Political Dictionary. Its 550 pages contain all the topics of the largest work, with many new topics of their own, and but few subjects likely to be inquired about will be found to have been omitted. Read the last column, fourth page.

CHECKERS.

All communications intended for this department must be addressed to the Checker Editor, lock drawer 5220, Boston, Mass.

New England chess and checker rooms, 767 Washington street. Open from 10 a. m. to 10 p. m. All are welcome.

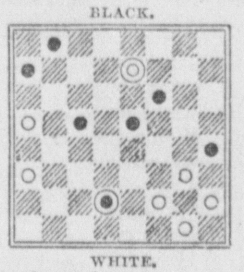
For Sale.

Any of the following-named works will be sent postpaid on receipt of price:

Schaefer & Kelly's "Paisley," 25 cents; "Single Corner," 25 cents; "Ayrshire Lassie," part I., 25 cents; "Ayrshire Lassie," part II., 25 cents; Baker and Reed's "Alma," $1.25; Spayth's "American Draught Player," $3; "Game of Draughts," supplement to the above, $1.50; "Draughts for Beginners," 75 cents; Sweet's "Elements of Draughts," 50 cents; Barker's "American Checker Player," a new edition, including the Barker vs. Martins match games, $1.25; "Match Games" between Barker and Martins, 25 cents; McCulloch's "Guide to the Game of Draughts," stiff paper covers, 50 cents; the same bound in cloth, $1; "Gould's Book of 1000 Problems," stiff paper covers, 60 cents; the same, bound in cloth, board covers, $1; Gould's book of "Match Games," from Anderson and Wyllie in 1847 to the present time, bound in cloth, board covers, $1; "Special Copies" of the same, a really handsome book, being bound in bevelled board covers, gilt back and sides, also gilt edges. It contains the photographs of the two great champions, the late R. D. Yates and James Wyllie, price $1.50; Strickland's "British Draught Player," valuable books for the amateur, part I., "Old Fourteenth"; part II., "Single Corner"; part III., "Ayrshire Lassie," 20 cents each, or the three for 50 cents. Subscriptions received for the "American Checker Review," six months, $1; per year, $1.50. Blank diagrams (2x2 inches), for recording positions, 30 cents per 100, 12 for 25.

Position No. 1391.

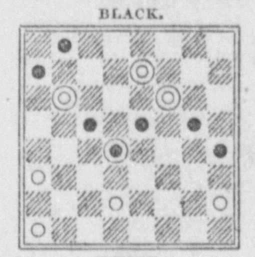
By A. J. Heffner, Boston, Mass. End game.



Black to play and win.

Position No. 1392.

By "Uno." Ending for amateurs.



Black to play and win.

Game No. 2382—Laird and Lady.

By Robert McCulloch, Glasgow.

11..15	4.. 8	6..10	3.. 7	10..17
23..19	24..19	14.. 9	23..19	22..18
8..11	6..10	5..14	14..18	17..22
22..17	15.. 6	24..20	27..23-3	19..15
9..13	1..17	14..17-1	18..27	21..25
17..14	*26..23	31..26	32..23	30..21
10..17	17..21	10..15-2	7..10	Drawn.
21..14	23..14	19..10	23..18	
15..18	2.. 6	7..14	17..22	
19..15	28..24	26..23	18..14	

*Given in the book as a losing move.

(Var. 1.)

11..15	30..14	21..25	12..19	31..27
27..24	10..17	22..18	23.. 7	24..19
8..11	19..10	14..17	3..10	27..24
25..22	7..14	29..22	32..27	18..15
14..17-4	24..19	17..26	26..31	10..14
31..26	17..21-5	19..16	27..24	20..16
21..25	26..23			Drawn.

(Var. 2.)

11..15	29..22	7..10	13..22	22..26
27..24	8..11	22..18	18.. 9	6.. 1
15..18	32..27	17..22	10..14	26..31
25..22	10..14-6	26..17	9.. 6	1.. 6
18..25	27..23			Drawn.

(Var. 3.)

32..28	27..24	19..16	24..15	30..14
17..22	13..17	12..19	22..26	11..18
				B. wins.

(Var. 4.)

14..18	12..16	7..10-7	19..16	10..14
31..26	19..12	23..19	17..26	30..23
18..25	10..14	14..17	16.. 7	3..10
29..22	26..23			Drawn.

(Var. 5.)

3.. 7	7..10	26..23	17..26	19..16
32..28				Drawn.

(Var. 6.)

21..25	13..22	15..10	31..27	24..19
30..14	19..15	7..14	9.. 6	28..24
10..17	3.. 8	18.. 9	27..32	18..14
22..18	27..23	26..31	6.. 1	24..15
17..22-8	22..26	23..18	32..28	14..10
26..17				Drawn.

(Var. 7.)

14..17	17..26	3..12	26..31	24..19
12.. 8	23..19	19.. 3		W. wins.

(Var. 8.)

7..10	18..15	3..10	23..18	14..18
26..23	11..18	27..23	26..31	15..10
17..22-9	23.. 7	22..26	18..15	Drawn.

(Var. 9.)

3.. 7	7..11	2.. 7	12..28	10.. 7
18..15	9.. 6	10..15	27..24	28..32
11..18	22..26	19..10	26..22	7.. 3
23..14	6.. 2	31..26	24..19	32..27
17..22	26..31	7..16	22..18	19..16
14.. 9				Drawn.

Solution of Position No. 1389.

By W. C. Parrow, Boston, Mass.

Ending with C. F. Burrille.

Black men on 3, 13, 14, 15, 19; white men on 21, 22, 31, 32, king on 1; white to play and draw.

1.. 6	6.. 9	17..13	6.. 2	2.. 6
14..18	22..26	8..12	23..26	31..24
22..17	9..14	13.. 9	14..23	28..12
13..22	26..30	15..19	26..31	Drawn.
31..27	21..17	9.. 6	32..28	
19..23-1	3.. 8	12..16	19..26	

(Var. 1.)

3.. 7	11..16	19..28	19..15	24..27
6.. 2	7..10	10..19	18..23	18..25
7..11	16..20	20..24	15..18	Drawn.
2.. 7	27..24			

Solution of Position No. 1390.

By L. M. Stearns, Derry Depot, N. H.

For Amateurs.

Black men on 6, 19; kings on 20, 21; white man on 14; kings on 11, 18, 27; white to play and win.

18..22	24..28	28..32	32..23	21..25
19..24	23..27	22..18	18..27	14..10
27..23				W. wins.

Checker News.

Messrs. Wright and Parrow commenced their match for the New England medal on the 19th. In the first game Parrow played the white side of the "Switcher," and after an hour's play the game resulted in a draw. The second game Parrow had the black side of the "Fife," which also resulted in a draw. On the 22d two more games were played. Wright opened with 11..16, and during the next hour some interesting play was witnessed, the game finally ending in a draw. The fourth game in the match, a "Fife," was also drawn. The score now stands:

Wright......0 Parrow......0 Drawn......4

E. A. Durgin was called to Springfield, Hartford and New Haven on business week before last, and having a little spare time made the following scores with the players in the cities mentioned:

At Springfield—				
Durgin	3	Allen	3	Drawn...4
Durgin	0	Carpenter	4	Drawn...2
At Hartford—				
Durgin	1	A. O. Cleggett, Jr.	0	Drawn...1
Durgin	1	C. D. Moore	0	Drawn...1
At New Haven—				
Durgin	1	Whelahan	1	Drawn...0
Durgin	6	Conway	2	Drawn...5
Durgin	5	St. Clair	2	Drawn...3
Durgin	3	Carr	0	Drawn...0
Durgin	5	Smith	0	Drawn...1
Durgin	2	Lawrence	0	Drawn...2
Durgin	3	Parmenter	1	Drawn...0
Durgin	3	Clark	1	Drawn...0
Durgin	4	McCabe	1	Drawn...0
Durgin	3	Fulford	0	Drawn...1

Answers to Correspondents.

BOSTON, Sept. 26, 1888.

R. W. Hamilton, Jr.—Request complied with.

John T. Hennigan—Please accept our thanks for "Bristol" analysis. Sorry the mistake happened.

Levi Bonney—Your query answered by mail, and books forwarded to your address.

Robert McCulloch—We are greatly obliged to you for "Laird and Lady" analysis. Your letter travelled nearly 8000 miles before we received it.

Joseph Gould—Books received O. K. We are under obligations to you for your kindness.

J. F. St. Clair—Thanks for kind favor.

L. M. Stearns—Please accept our thanks for problem.

W. C. Parrow—Obliged to you for contributions.

H. H. Knight—Thanks for problem.

Gill Bates—Missing solution sent to your address.

Erastus Huntington—Thanks for contribution. A letter to you.

M. H. Brennan—Order received and books forwarded to your address.

W. Busby—Please accept our thanks for contributions.

J. M. Warner—Order received and book forwarded to your address.

James A. Stuart—Order received and books forwarded to your address.

J. McKenzie Barker—Have written you.

L. P. Johnson—Order received, and books forwarded to your address.

W. W. Hunt—Have written you.

F. W. Taylor—Have answered you by mail.

SOLDIERS MADE USEFUL.

Eight Thousand of Them Digging Trenches in the Streets of Mexico.

CITY OF MEXICO, Sept. 21.—Wednesday the sun shone out bright for the first time in many days, and some of the streets began drying off, although many of them are still under water. In the flooded suburbs the people are working heroically to draw off the water. The federal government has 8000 soldiers at work digging trenches and building dikes. Pumps are used to draw the water out of the streets.

The first passengers to reach here from Vera Cruz since the floods began arrived yesterday, having been transshipped at the Metlac bridge.

Reports from all sections of the interior state that the water is going down. Typhus and other epidemical fevers are invading the lately inundated districts.

STRAIGHT STATEMENT.

Tariff Bill Will be Reported This Week—Chandler Says Congress Can Adjourn by Oct. 15.

WASHINGTON, Sept. 23.—Senator Allison has at last definitely fixed the time when the tariff bill will be laid before the full finance committee. Heretofore his invariable answer to that question has always been indefinite and rather vague, and inquirers have had to be content with the information that the bill would be reported "as soon as possible." But this afternoon when THE GLOBE correspondent called upon the senator and asked him when he expected to report the bill to the committee he said this week, and repeated the statement so that there might be no mistake about it.

"Will it be laid before the committee on Tuesday?" (the regular meeting day) asked the correspondent.

"I don't know if it will be finished by Tuesday," Senator Allison replied; "but it will be reported this week, certainly this week."

"But will the hearings now in progress be finished by then?"

"That will make no difference. They will probably not be, but they can be continued after the bill has been reported."

"Have you any idea how long the bill will remain in committee after it has been reported by the sub-committee?"

That will depend on how much time the Democrats may want.

Mr. Allison has no idea how long the debate may last, or when Congress will adjourn.

Senator Chandler said this evening that the bill would be reported to the Senate by Oct 1 (two days later than the limit of time fixed by Senator Allison), and that Congress could adjourn by Oct. 15.

PROSPECTIVE LEGISLATION.

What the Houses of Congress Are Expected to Accomplish.

WASHINGTON, Sept. 23.—The Senate has left no unfinished business, and the order in which this week's expected events may come up is problematical. The week's programme includes the passage of the general deficiency bill, a hundred or more private pension bills, one or two of the territorial admission bills, the Sherman trust bill and final action upon the sundry civil bill. Probably this is more than will be accomplished in the week, even if the programme be strictly followed.

No legislative business is likely to be accomplished by the House this week beyond acting upon the two appropriation bills remaining undisposed of. They are the sundry civil bill, upon which a further conference must be ordered, and the general deficiency bill, which has not been acted upon by the Senate, but which is expected to reach the House during the week. Unless the first-named measure is passed before Tuesday it will be necessary to adopt another resolution extending the appropriations carried by the bill. The bill making an appropriation for the relief of the yellow fever sufferers is also likely to be reported from the appropriations committee and the effort to secure consideration for it will doubtless result in some lively proceedings, as the opposition, though confined to one or two members, is very determined. The Crain resolution directed against the trusts may also be a fruitful theme for discussion.

NEW LIGHTHOUSES

Which Will be Built on the New England Coast.

WASHINGTON, Sept. 23.—When the sundry civil bill passes, as it doubtless will in the course of a few days, and is duly signed by the President, the lighthouse board will be able to get to work on some lighthouses for New England. The bill contains these items, which have been agreed to by both houses:

For light at Crabtree ledge, Maine, $13,000 in addition to $25,000 appropriated two years ago, but which could not be used as it was insufficient for the purpose.

For Lubec narrows, Maine, $12,000, and $4000 additional carried over from 1886.

For Deer island, Boston harbor, $6000 and $35,000 from the 1886 appropriation.

For Stonington harbor, Conn., $8000.

For lighting Connecticut river, from the mouth to the head of navigation, $10,000.

The plans for the first three lighthouses have already been drawn, but owing to the lateness of the season there will probably be no actual work on the construction done this year. The stone and other materials will be got out during the winter and work commence next spring, and the lighthouses be finished by the end of summer.

HIGH OFFICE RENTS.

A Lawyer Tells a Few Things About Them—Back Rooms Preferred.

[Pittsburg Dispatch.]

"How much of your income do you have to pay for office rent?" was asked of a well-to-do lawyer yesterday. His rooms are on the first floor back of a Diamond-street law building.

"Well," said he "my partner and I have three rooms, way back, as you would call it, and have to pay for their use the modest sum of $600 per year. I feel sometimes that I'd rather be the owner of a large law building than be an attorney with a big practice."

"You say your offices are in the rear; what do the men in the front of the building pay?"

"Not nearly so much. You're surprised? Well, no doubt; but what I say is right, and I'll tell you why. Persons occupying rooms in the rear of a building are willing to pay a little more than for front rooms. This is because they are not annoyed by habitual office loafers, of whom there are many; then the man who runs in 'just to write a note,' as he says, 'or wants to use your desk a minute,' is unknown. Fakirs don't find you in the recesses of your rooms, and the noise and rumble of wagons and street life do not annoy you. These are a few reasons why back offices are preferable and command a higher rate of rent."

A St. George Advertisement.

[St. John Sun.]

As every one knows, St. George is that enterprising place which is distant 45 miles from St. John by the Grand Southern railway, where red granite is got and polished, but every one does not know that the good people of St. George have a fine new poor house, and that there is an advertisement in the post office there, asking for the services "of a single man and his wife" to run this establishment. They had a poor house keeper there, a good enough man in his way, but he was from Back Bay, where they are big eaters, and he had also a large family, and the young Back Bayers were not a whit behind the old folks in eating. The desire for the occupation of the place by a single man is therefore for the purpose of reducing the number of mouths which have to be filled at the public expense.

CAMPAIGN TRICK PIG,

WIDOW McGINNIS' PIG.

This is Widow McGinnis' Pig that was put up at a raffle in N. Y. to get money for Campaign purposes. It is made of metal, gold plated. It is the best joke of the season. You can have lots of fun with it. Everybody wants one. Sample post-paid 10 cts. Three for 25 cts. One dozen for 50 cts., with list of all campaign goods free.

E. NASON & CO., 111 Nassau st., New York. wy1t s26

MARY ANN IN TOWN.

Her Anxiety to Astonish the Natives.

She Takes Lessons in Elocution, Piano-Playing, Singing, Dancing, etc.

"Curfew Shall Not Ring Tonight" if Mary Ann Can Stop It.

[Chicago Tribune.]

Mary Ann arrived in town a week ago Saturday. She went direct to the residence of her maiden aunt on Maple street and will be with us just six weeks. Mary Ann hails from Avoca, Ia., and her object in visiting Chicago is to perfect herself in the various polite arts and accomplishments—such as playing the piano, singing, dancing, elocution, graceful carriage of the body a la Delsarte, English literature, the French, German and Italian languages, palmistry, etc.—which lend so much grace to one's appearance in the drawing-room, and will enable her to astonish the natives on her return. She would like to devote as many as seven weeks to this good work, but her sister's school commences Nov. 1, and she must be home by that time to help her mother look after the boarders.

Mary Ann's arrival was preceded by concisely worded warnings addressed to prominent exponents of the arts named. These warnings were about as follows, a blank being left to indicate the particular art kept in stock by the person addressed:

RESPECTED SIR—I shall arrive in your city on or before the 10th inst., to remain six weeks, during which time I desire to take a complete course in ——. I shall pay cash (in advance if desired) and shall expect the best quality of instruction obtainable. Respectfully yours,

MARY ANN PERKINS.

The copy of the above, which was addressed to Professor Samuel Kayzer, awaited, unopened, his return from Europe, where he had gone to hold competitive examinations in Paris, Vienna, Milan, and other old world art centres for the purpose of securing A1 instructors in the different branches taught at the Chicago Conservatory. At the precise moment he tore open the envelope Mary Ann was coming up the elevator. He read the letter of the aspiring and energetic Western girl with a pitying smile.

"O, these Americans, these Americans!" he said.

"Well, what have these Americans done now?" inquired Miss Morgan, who is a descendant of Ethan Allen and is proud of it.

"Why, they are always insisting on a complete course of something in six weeks. Over in Europe now—"

"But we are not in Europe now," interrupted Miss Morgan: "we are in a good deal better country. What does your applicant want in six weeks?"

"A complete course of Delsarte. Think of it! Mary Ann Perkins desires to begin with Delsarte and finish him in six weeks!"

"Impossible," said Miss Morgan.

At that moment Mary Ann entered the office.

"Are you Professor Samuel Kayzer?" she asked, addressing that gentleman, who rose and bowed. "Well, I am Mary Ann Perkins. You received my letter, I presume?"

Mr. Kayzer said that, having only that day returned from Europe, where he had been to engage, etc., etc., he had just that moment finished reading Miss Perkins' letter.

"Then you know what I require," said Mary Ann, drawing off her gloves. "We will begin at once, if you please, as my time is limited. It is now 10 o'clock. At 11 I have an engagement with my French teacher, at 1 I am expected by my piano instructor, from 3 to four I shall be employed with my vocal master, and from that time until 6 I shall be dancing, reciting, and reading Chaucer. My evenings will be devoted to a course of lectures on the literature of the Elizabethan period. So I will call at 10, precisely, every day. Kindly conduct me to the teacher of Delsarte?"

"Miss Morgan," said Mr. Kayzer, as he retired to his private office, "you will please take charge of Miss Perkins."

Then the professor shut the door and bolted it on the inside. He did not reappear until nearly an hour after Mary Ann had departed.

Miss Morgan saw before her a bright-looking girl whose every other aspect savored unmistakably of life in a country town. Her posture was abnormally erect. One of her shoulders was higher than the other, and both were thrown back till every effect of natural flexibility and grace was destroyed. Mary Ann also toed in a little, and carried her hands with the palms forward. But she was undeniably bright, and knew no such word as fail.

"And so," said Miss Morgan, assuming her most imposing Queen Elizabeth attitude, "you desire a complete course of Delsarte in six weeks. If you are persevering you might get it in six years."

"Well," answered Mary Ann, not in the least abashed, "you can surely teach a person something in six weeks?"

"Oh, yes; you can learn to keep your shoulders on a level."

"That's what I am here for."

"And to stand erect and yet allow each portion of the body to remain flexible and in its natural position."

"That is exactly what I most wish to learn," said Mary Ann, earnestly.

"And you might improve some in the manner in which you use your hands."

"I am satisfied," said Mary Ann. "Let us begin at once."

There is no nonsense about Mary Ann. She is a utilitarian with a capital U. If she can learn in six weeks to carry herself with grace and elegance she does not give a snap of her finger whether she has absorbed Delsarte from the ground up or merely touched the hem of his garment. And she will succeed, as her cousin Sarah Jane did last year, in the face of the sarcasm of the professors, with their lingo about life being short and art long.

Mary Ann was determined to take her elocution of Professor Lyman. She found him in the act of hurling chunks of "Julius Cæsar" at a small boy, who exhibited every indication of extreme terror.

"Yes," said the professor, "I received your letter. You had better go home."

"I shall go home in six weeks," replied Mary Ann firmly, "and not before. No doubt I can find some one else who—"

"Why, girl," interrupted the professor, "you can't learn to say 'ho' in six weeks. Let me hear you try it now—'ho!'"

"Ho!" said Mary Ann, experimentally.

"Of course," the professor commented triumphantly. "Why you can't learn in six weeks how to distinguish between your larynx and your epiglottis."

"But surely," persisted Mary Ann, "one can learn how to recite something simple and touching in six weeks."

"Oh, yes"—Mary Ann was oblivious to the sarcasm in the professor's voice—"Oh, yes, you can learn how to recite 'Curfew Shall Not Ring Tonight,' and perhaps one or two other original and effective selections."

"Then," answered Mary Ann, "we will begin at once, if you please."

And even Professor Lyman was astonished at the progress she made.

Mary Ann was only too well aware that there was something not entirely graceful about her walk, and she had naturally concluded that a competent master of dancing was the proper person to supply the deficiency, whatever it might be. M. Vanara, to whom she applied, was amazed.

"Vat!" he exclaimed, "you tink you learn ze—vat you call—ze poetry of motion—ze dance, in seex veeks! Mais Non. Nevair."

"But you can surely teach me something in six weeks?"

"Zat is vairy true. In seex veeks you may learn von leetle pas seul—not more."

"Well, then," said Mary Ann, "let us begin at once," and they did.

But Professor Moutonnier, the French master to whom Mary Ann applied, would not be placated.

"Seex veeks!" he said. "It is ze most parfait nonsense. You learn in seex veeks not more zan ze first chaptaire of ze grammaire."

"I don't care so much about the grammar," said Mary Ann. "What I want is some easy conversational lessons that will enable me to—"

"Ah, yes, I comprehend," the professor interrupted—and again Mary Ann was oblivious to professional scorn of the most withering character—"Ah, yes, you vant ze easy conversation. Vell, you go and find one teachair of ze Meisterschaft system and you learn ze French language—O, you learn him splendid in seex veeks!"

So Mary Ann took up the Meisterschaft system, in which she made such rapid progress that after six lessons she could polly voo quite fluently. It was the same way with her cousin Susan Jane last year.

When she returns to Avoca her improved appearance will be the talk of the town. Her position as belle will be no longer disputed by the eldest Jones girl. Her piano playing and her singing, her elocution, her palmistry, her knowledge of defunct poets and her drawing will provoke general admiration; but it will be her Meisterschaft French that will astonish the natives. At the table it will no longer be "Please pass the cheese," but "Donny maw lee fromage, see voo play." She will never again ejaculate, "How beautiful!" but will say, "Say too see kong pew vwar de plew bow." All her good evenings will be bong swors and all her good days bong jours. But it will all go in Avoca magnificently, and next year six weeks' pupils will flock to Chicago by hundreds.

ONE-ARMED TYPE-SETTER.

His Name is Henry Penrod and He Set 72,000 Ems Bourgeois on a Six Days' Stretch.

[Chicago Inter-Ocean.]

If there is any one vocation which requires the undivided use of all mental and physical faculties more than another, it is the art of setting type. Walk into the composing-room of a big daily during the rush some night. Stand off a distance from the typos and study their "movements."

"Slug 60," over against the "dumping galley" is setting type with both hands and feet. His right hand is chasing all over the case, followed in close pursuit by his left, convulsively clutching his stick. As each letter is picked up and thrown into place, the corner of his mouth is drawn over close to the lobe of his left ear, his eyes snap, his feet shuffle as if engaged in a slow meter sand jig, his tongue lolls out—and it may with truth be said that he is sticking type with his whole body. There are any number of legless printers, and as for deaf and dumb "comps," they are so numerous now as to no longer arouse the sympathies of a heartless "regular."

But a one-armed type-setter is indeed a novelty. You might travel a thousand leagues and you would never find a man who sets type for a living without the full use of both arms. In short, a one-armed printer is about as big a curiosity to the craft as a one-legged sprinter would be to the general public. Yet such an artisan is present working in Chicago. His name is Henry Penrod, and he arrived in town last Thursday from California and the far West. He is 27 years of age and learned his trade in Washington. Four years ago, in a collision at Carbondale, Ill., his left arm was so frightfully mangled as to necessitate its amputation close up to the shoulder. Without money and without friends the young man started in to overcome the apparently insurmountable obstacles that threatened forever after to divorce him from the art preservative of arts. As soon as he had sufficiently recovered he went to New York, and in the proof room of the World obtained work as a reviser of proofs. He longed to go back to the case, and determined that a system could be devised which would enable him to again "stick" tipe.

The principle of the system was delicacy of touch. If he could so train his fingers as to avoid a jar in depositing a letter in his stick he thought the problem was solved. He would take his stick in his leisure moments and practice. Depositing the receptacle in the lower case, he began. An ordinary metal slug in the "m" box held the stick in position, at an angle of about 45 degrees. The body of the stick was poised over the left end of the "n" box, its lower end, or handle, resting against the frame piece of the "t" box. It can readily be understood by the craft how an incomplete line will squabble on the slightest provocation.

But Penrod was a firm believer in the aphorism "If at first, etc.," and he did try again and again. At the end of a month, although the improvement was almost imperceptible, he felt that his fingers were becoming more and more susceptible to the sense of touch. It was, indeed, encouraging. He continued practice. Every spare moment he utilized. The months grew apace, yet with the end of each came a realization that his pluck and diligence were not barren of results. He finally conquered.

The work was slow and tortuous. He was as yet incapable of holding a position. While he could set type, it was very slow work, and, besides, he had not yet acquired the faculty of "emptying" his stick. To the uninitiated this is Greek of course. A stick is a small, open, steel tray, of the width of a column, in which the compositor forms the individual characters into words and gauges the lines. In ordinary minion there are some 450 "ems" to the stick.

The characters in a lower case will average up two to the em, so that the total number of letters in a stickful of matter will reach almost 900. It requires pretty deft and firm hands to avoid converting this matter into a conglomerated mass of "pi" when transferring it from the stick to the proof galley, and it is no easy task with both hands, as many a novice will bear witness. Well, Penrod also determined to accomplish with one hand what the ordinary printer is careful in doing with both members. If anything, the process of "dumping" matter was more difficult for Penrod to acquire than the setting up of the type. He persevered. It was a matter of bread and butter with him, and he determined to master it.

The number of sticks Penrod "pied" would drive an ordinary man insane, for inseperable with "pi" is its distribution. Penrod "pied" and distributed. He would set up a stickful and endeavor to empty it, drop it, and with the patience of a Job return to the case, distribute it, and repeat the same thing over again. Never was the theory that practice makes perfect more indisputably demonstrated than in his case. He finally reduced his disabilities to such a low standard that, to all intents and purposes, they disappeared altogether. Today he can set type with the average compositor. At a recent test Mr. Penrod set 400 ems in 20 minutes, which is remarkable time even for a man blessed with two hands. In a six-days' stretch in Albuquerque, N. M., of nine hours a day, he measured a string of bourgeois of 72,000 ems.

HYPNOTISM.

A Strange Story of its Connection With Crime.

[St. James' Gazette.]

M. Jules Liegeois, professor of the Faculty of Law at Nancy, has lately made some remarkable experiments connected with hypnotism. It is already well known that a subject that has been thrown into a hypnotic trance will, upon awakening, immediately execute any "suggestion," however criminal, that has been made during sleep by a person who possesses the dangerous power of absolutely directing the will of another. The object of M. Liegeois' experiments was to ascertain if it would be possible, when a crime had been committed by a hypnotic subject, to discover the author of the criminal suggestion, who in such case would obviously be the really guilty party. This important problem in medical jurisprudence has for some time attracted a great deal of interest in France, and a number of lawyers and medical men were present during the experiments.

Here is one of the experiments out of many: A lady who was well known to be a hypnotic subject was thrown into an artificial sleep, and M. Liegeois then suggested to her that upon awaking she shoot with a revolver a certain Monsieur O., who was supposed to have insulted her. She was enjoined to say, if she was questioned, that M. Liegeois had held no communication with her upon the subject, and that she had not been under the influence of any one, but had acted entirely of her own volition. A revolver, loaded with a blank charge, having been placed upon a table close at hand, the lady was awakened. The instant she perceived Monsieur O., who was in the room, she seized the revolver and fired at him. She was then again put to sleep, this time by Dr. Liebault, who played the part of medico-legal expert and proceeded to interrogate her. The lady at once admitted the supposed crime, and in obedience to the injunction she had received, stoutly denied all suggestion. So far it seemed that here was a certain means of escape for the real criminal who had suggested the supposed murder; but an ingenious test was then resorted to which proved that the suggestor was never very safe after all. M. Liebault made these three suggestions: "(1) When you see the instigator of your crime enter the room, you must go to sleep for the space of two minutes; (2) when you awaken, you must look fixedly at him, and not take your eyes from his until I say, 'That will do;' (3) you must then stand in front of him and endeavor, by extending your skirts, to conceal him from view." The lady was awakened, and in a short time M. Liegeois, who had suggested the shooting, came into the room, in which about a dozen persons were assembled. Almost at once she went to sleep. In about two minutes she awoke, fixed her gaze steadfastly upon M. Liegeois, and followed him step by step, round the room. M. Liegeois went into another department, the lady followed him. He sat down, and she at once extended her dress in front of him, as though to conceal him. When she regained her normal condition, she remembered nothing of what had happened.

Lombardy Poplars as Lightning Rods.

[New Orleans Times-Democrat.]

Professor Asa Gray observed that the reason which lies at the bottom of the general belief on the continent of Europe that lightning strikes the Lombardy poplar trees in preference to others is coming to light. Green herbage and green wood—sappy wood—are excellent conductors of electricity. A tree is shattered by lightning only when the discharge reaches the naked trunk or naked branches, which are poorer conductors. An old-fashioned Lombardy poplar, by its height, by its complete covering of twigs and small branches, and their foliage down almost to the ground, and by its sappy wood, makes a capital lightning-rod and a cheap one. Happily no one can patent it and bring it around in a wagon and insist upon trying it. To make it surer the tree should stand in moist ground or near water, for wet ground is a good conductor and dry soil a poor one. It is recommended to plant a Lombardy poplar near the house and another close to the barn. If the ground is dry the nearer the well the better, except for the nuisance of the roots that will get into it.

THUNDER AND LIGHTNING.

Superstition as to Their Origin and Influence.

All Manner of Evil Foretold by Electric Flashes and Bolts.

Mythology of the Ancients—Many Signs of Approaching Storms.

[St. Louis Globe-Democrat.]

Meteorology has always been an attractive study to man. Before it became a science its phenomena were the subjects of many superstitious ideas. The thunder and the lightning, as the most terrific manifestations of the power of nature, familiar to all, have always been regarded with feelings of superstitious awe. In most systems of theology the chief god thunders. As we read in Job: "He directeth his lightning unto the ends of the earth; after it a voice roareth; he thundereth with the voice of his excellency."

The Romans said these phenomena were caused by Jupiter Tonans, or thunderer, and the Greeks said the thunder was the noise caused by the car of Zeus. Athene, daughter of the great god, also sent bolts abroad. Agni, the Hindoo god of fire, is also the lightning, but Indra usually sends the bolts and the bright flash.

We derive our name for the audible manifestation of these natural phenomena from the Teutonic and Scandinavian god. Thor, become Donar in German, thence Thunar in Anglo-Saxon. His car, hauled by two goats, sped across the sky, and the lightning flash was the strokes of his great hammer, Miolnir, which he hurled through the air. Perkunas was the Slavonian god of thunder.

When we say to the children that the thunder is the voice of God we are but repeating the scriptural words, and many sayings in European tongues embody the same idea. German children are told "The great God is angry," or "God is out there scolding." The Letts say, "The old Father has started to his feet; he chatters away"; Esthonians, "The old Father growls," or "The Lord scolds"; while in Bavaria peasants say, "The Heavenly Daddy growls." A peasant in Belgium in the sixteenth century, on being required to kneel while the host passed, said: "I don't believe God is there; I heard Him thunder just now." There is a French saying, "You make so much noise you can't hear God thunder." It is "God's travelling" in Carniola.

The saints are even accredited with the the power of hurling thunderbolts and lightning strokes. In Russian belief, St. Elias, or the Prophet Elias, is the thunderer, and he drives his chariot across the heavens. The Swedes say: "The old fellow is having a drive."

Savages had much the same beliefs. Dacotahs said a god, Wakeedga, caused the noise and flash. And Isthmian tribes ascribed these manifestations to Dabiaba. Iroquois Indians asserted that a giant in human form produces the lightning. Botocudos of South America say the thunder and lightning is caused by the moon. Hurons say the thunder is caused by a mighty bird, who opens his wings with the lightning flash. Many tribes of Indians believe in this thunder bird. It is called Hahness by the Hurons and Tupi by the Lupan Indians.

In Aryan lore the thunder is the bellowing of a mighty beast, and the lightning a serpent or fish darting zigzag across the sky. A Mexican tribe of Indians think both are caused by the spirit of a mountain. Peasants in many parts of Europe think the thunder is the sound made by dwarfs or mountain sprites engaged, like Rip Van Winkle's Dutchmen, in a game of ninepins.

During the middle ages sorcerers, witches and magicians were credited with power over the elements and could, of course, cause thunder and lightning. A treatise written about 830 by Agobard, Bishop of Lyons, against the weather makers (tempestarii), recounts the popular ideas on the subject. The people were wont to say when they heard the thunder and saw the lightning that they were caused by tempestarii. Laws were made against these and sermons directed against them.

Men have at all times sought for some protection against the bolts of heaven, and many animals, plants and even stones have been fabled to possess the power of warding off the dangerous stroke; others to draw the bolts.

The snipe is called, in Germany and other countries, the thunder-goat, thunder-horse, or sky-goat. Its flight is said to betoken an approaching thunder storm. In Iceland Denmark it is called the horse-gowk, from its neighing cry. In England it is said that you must not disturb the nest of robin redbreast, or your house will be struck by lightning. The boar was mythically one of these lightning senders. The stag-beetle is called thunder-bug in Germany, because he lives in the oak tree, and he also receives the name of house-burner. It is said that he carries red-hot coals on his long horns, and flies upon the roof, setting the house on fire. Lightning will strike a house into which he is carried. The eagle, sacred to Jove, was also a lightning bird; and the stork, sacred to Thor, protected from the bolts of heaven. The classical phorcidæ and the ravenous harpies were personifications of the lightning.

There were many trees and plants that traditionally drew the lightning or defended from its stroke.

Beware of the oak, it draws the stroke.
Avoid the ash, it courts the flash.
Creep under the thorn, it will save you from harm.

Much of the sacred character of the mistletoe proceeded from the fact that it was a parasite of the oak. The ash was a sacred tree, and hence drew the heavenly flash.

A certain plant, called popularly "Jove's beard," is often placed on roots to protect them from the lightning, and is named in German "thunder beard." Certain other plants are similarly named for the same reason as the thunder broom, etc. The Letts call a certain hedge plant by the name of the Slavonic thunder god—Perkunas.

Religious ceremonies have frequently been performed as a safeguard against the lightning, and certain saints especially invoked. St. Barbary, who was killed by a stroke of lightning, is most frequently relied upon to aid in thunder storms. The cross was carried about in processions during the middle ages, and it is in many places a symbol of the rain god. The Swastika, or Cross of Thor, representing his hammer, was formerly engraved on bells in England. The sign of the cross is still a conjuration in Iceland against thunder and lightning, and it is also used by German peasants to dispel storms.

Bells were rung during many centuries to dispel storms, and as a protection against thunder and lightning. The Council of Cologne ordained the blessing of the bells, and said they would dispel demons and "that the destruction of lightnings and whirlwinds would be averted." Longfellow, in the "Golden Legend," speaks of this, giving the inscription found on the bell: "Funera plango, Fulgura frango, Sabbato pango."

Many persons believe that thunderbolts descend from the skies. Pliny alludes to these, and say these bolts are a kind of stone, which he names Brontæa, and calls it a half gem. These bolts are popularly called finger stones. They are the well-known fossil, belemites.

Their bodies were supposed not to decay, and after being exhibited awhile were in ancient times buried on the spot where the bolts of heaven reached them. The ground disturbed by a "thunderbolt" was enclosed and held sacred to the gods. No one was allowed to tread upon it. In Scotland the turf cut by lightning was supposed to be thrown up by elves, and in Germany flint stones, called "elf shots," were also supposed to be bolts from the storm cloud.

There is much popular lore concerning the effect of thunder and lightning on the weather, and concerning the prognostications furnished by these meteorological phenomena. There is a widespread belief that it is disastrous to hear thunder in the winter, and several proverbs are based on this belief. "Winter thunder, poor man's death, rich man's hunger," is one of these. "Winter thunder is to old folks death and to young folks plunder," is another.

A winter thunder
Is a summer's wonder,

still another.

"Thunder in winter means famine in summer," is a proverb well known in many States, or, as the rhyme has it:

Winter's thunder
Bodes summer's hunger.

In England this becomes:

Winter's thunder, summer flood,
Bode England no good.

So thunder during each of the winter months brings its own disasters in train. Thunder during Christmas week is said in Kansas to foretell much snow during the winter. Thunder in the winter indicates cold weather, especially the first thunder heard as winter comes on. "For every thunder storm with rain in February there will be a cold spell in May" is a saying easily tested. Thunder in September and November is said to indicate a fertile year to come. There is a German saying that thunder storms in September mean plenty of snow in February and March, and a good grape crop the next year.

Many persons say that the presence of thunder and lightning over the Northern lakes is an indication that navigation will not close until Christmas. In the sugar camps the occurrence of these atmospherical manifestations in February or March is believed to indicate a poor sugar year. "Thunder in March betokens a fruitful year," says a German adage, and "early thunder, early spring," is a widespread saying. Lightning in spring indicates a good fruit year, according to our farmers. It is believed that the first thunder in the spring indicates the character of the season, which will be a wet one if it is heard in the south, a dry one if from the north. "Thunder in spring, cold will bring," is another widespread proverb.

Lightning in summer indicates good weather to our weather prophets, and if there is much thunder heard in May there will be little in August and September. Thunder in July injures wheat and barley, say Western farmers. Thunder and lightning early in winter or late in the fall indicate warm weather, and thunder in the fall a mild, open winter.

Prognostications are also drawn from the direction thunder is heard or lightning seen.

It is believed that lightning in the north will bring rain within 24 hours, and it is a sign of heat in summer. Thunder in the north indicates cold weather and rain from the west. A northwest thunder storm is usually a clearing one, but one from the northeast brings unsettled weather with it. Lightning on the south horizon is thought in the Western States to indicate warm weather. Southerly thunder generally indicates foul weather.

Thunder in the evening is said to foretell much rainy weather, and a proverb says: "When it thunders in the morning, it will rain before night."

The first thunder storm of the season shows the direction from which succeeding storms will come, and the first of the year awakes hibernating animals from their winter sleep.

As thunder was supposed to bring cold, so lightning is popularly said to bring heat with it. Lightning without thunder after a fair day indicates continued clear weather, and

Forked lightning at night,
The next day clear and bright.

An old authority on the weather says that pale flashes of lightning show that the air is full of waterish meteors; if they are red and brilliant, they foreshow winds and tempests.

Sheet lightning in a clear sky in spring, summer and autumn evenings is said to prognosticate heavy rains.

THE DOCTRINE OF LOVE.

What Old Plato Meant When He Called Wonder a Philosophic Affection.

[Professor Blackie in The Young Men.]

Never whip your brain. All high pressure is dangerous. Study to think as easily and as quietly as you breathe. Never force yourself to learn what you have no talent for. Knowledge without love will remain a lifeless manufacture, not a living growth. Be content to be ignorant of many things that you may know one thing well, and that the thing which God specially endowed you to know. It requires fire to fuse the materials of thinking, no less than to melt the iron in the foundry.

But remember this, however strong you may be, physically, to strike a blow, and however sharp, intellectually, to recognize a fact and discern a difference, your success in the game of life depends on the serious culture which you give to the third formative force in human character, your moral nature; and of the rightful supremacy of this element and comprehensive expression is found in the single word, love. On this all prophets, poets and philosophers are agreed. St. Paul says: "Love is the fulfilling of the law." Burns says:

The heart's aye, the part aye,
That marks richt or wrang.

And Goethe more largely:

The bazaar in splendid trash,
Tempts the buyer to spend his cash.
He who goes to learned college
Comes home crammed with empty knowledge;
But if true bliss you wish to brook,
Learn to live in quiet nook;
If your every vein you strain,
  To fill the mind with various lore,
'Tis well; but how to use your lore—
The better wisdom—this to gain,
  You must knock at another door.
Nor have you far to search and seek;
Let the God within you speak;
Love all things that lovely be,
And God will show his best to thee!

How is this? For two plain reasons: First because it is only by loving or sympathetically laying hold of that which is good in others that we can enlarge the narrowness and enrich the meagreness of our individual selves; second, because without love a man is a self-confined mortal, and cannot stand in any co-operative relation to a social whole composed of mutually dependent parts. Therefore, let every man measure his value as a social unit, not so much by his power for knowing as by his capacity for loving. Love, no doubt, in a reasonable world, must always be accompanied with knowledge; love with knowledge is wisdom, but it is better for all parties in the social system to have much love with little knowledge than to have much knowledge with little love.

But how is love to manifest itself? In the simplest way possible—by carrying out in practice what, as an ethical thinker and a Christian, you must believe in theory; by treating every man as a brother—as good as yourself, and perhaps a little better. Stamp out that bias of mind, so natural to all finite creatures, which leads them to overestimate their own good qualities—real or imaginary—and underestimate those of their neighbor. Avoid criticism, especially that species of it which delights in finding faults. Seek in all things to enjoy what is good and let the evil drop; and if you will judge begin with yourself, following Schiller's rule: "Judge yourself severely, your neighbor leniently." Further, seize every opportunity in performing acts of kindness, however small, to your fellow-beings, especially to your inferiors (Rom., xii, 16). Be like the sun, ever giving and dispensing witching blossoms out of the buds by the light and warmth of its rays and even, as Shakespeare has it, kissing carrion without offence.

Love in its common form exhibits itself in an interchange of kindred sentiments and kindly deeds among equals; when directed towards inferiors it is elevated into reverence and culminates in worship. There may be much amiability, but no true greatness of character without reserve. As we gain a notion of the grandeur of the physical world by looking from the low ground up to the sky-cleaving chains of the Alps or the Andes, so our measure of moral greatness grows by the admiring contemplation of what is above us. This is what Plato meant when he called wonder a philosophic affection. Though any fool may gape at an air balloon, the man who does not cherish an habitual wonder for the grandeur of the universe is like a deaf man who does not hear the thunder or a blind man who cannot see the sun.

ON A SEASIDE VERANDAH.

Taken by a Shorthand Reporter Who is Learning the Art.

[Madeline S. Bridges in Puck.]

"Good morning, Mrs. Taylbarir."

"*Good* morning, *dear* Mrs. Oldretch."

"Isn't this air just too—"

"Isn't it? Do you think you 'll take a—"

"Oh, yes! *This* morning I shall. The surf is not nearly so—"

"Oh, it isn't! Yesterday it really was quite—"

"It was; and there isn't any pleasure when you can't—"

"No pleasure at all. When you bathe you want to feel—"

"Of course you do. And if you 're *not* secure, you lose—"

"Just what I said to Mrs. Doyley. She goes in, I actually believe, because the risk is—"

"It really appears so, doesn't it? But I said to Mr. Tennis this morning, that even if I *could* swim, I should never think of—"

"Nor I, either, for sake of other people. One must remember what terrible—"

"Just imagine it! But it seems to me that a person constituted as *she* is, can't have—"

"Oh they don't! Such natures *never* do. Gossip is hateful to me; but, do you know, the first time I saw that woman in her bathing suit, I knew at once—"

"Exactly the feeling *I* had. How singular that I should think the same thing! And yet, you actually can't say—"

"No, you can't. No one can. That's the strange part of it. And still—"

"Yes; isn't it? But all the gentlemen seem to—"

"Indeed, they do! *All* of them. There, she's going down, now, with four, five escorts. And her husband never—"

"Oh, never! Not once this season. He either has unlimited confidence in her, or else he has concluded—"

"He undoubtedly has, and very wisely. How sad to see a couple—"

"Very sad! but, then, you see it so often! Well, I suppose we ought to—"

"Yes, it is quite time. I must go up to my room for my—"

"And I must go for mine. It would never do to—"

"Good morning—"

"*Good* morning."

Discharged for Cause.

[New York Sun.]

Citizen (to milk dealer)—What has become of Jim, your delivery boy?

Milk dealer—I discharged him.

Citizen—Wasn't he faithful?

Milk dealer — Yes, Jim was faithful enough, but he would go driving about the streets in the early morning singing "The Old Oaken Bucket."

Equal to the Occasion.

[Puck.]

Mr. Franklin Mills (at the door)—Eva, if you and Mr. Paul Knight don't care for any sleep before breakfast, please remember that your mother and I do. That light is attracting all the mosquitos in Jersey.

Miss Eva Mills (promptly) — All right, papa; I'll turn it down.

MASK OF DOTTED TULLE.

Woman Made Witching by the Veil.

Those Who Despise the Veil and Those Who Think It too Sweet for Anything.

Castilian Beauty, Parisian Charms and American Loveliness.

[San Francisco Examiner.]

A witching woman's face is never half so witching as when half revealed and half concealed it smiles out from behind a tiny mask of dotted tulle, which the wearer will seriously assure you is worn as a measure of protection against the winds of heaven, but which you well know she wears with the clear and deliberate purpose of making herself beautiful.

The veil is an olden custom—as old as the vanity of woman or the curiosity of man. Its origin is lost somewhere in the vague and misty remoteness of that past which so firmly refuses to yield up any of either its dark or precious secrets.

It is curious to trace the veil from the time when its use had a practical and important significance to the present day, when it is worn with no loftier idea than to beautify—which, after all, is perhaps the loftiest of all ideas. The master of the seraglio in Eastern countries had a very sensible idea of his intention when he veiled his women. The eye is a seductive feature—but the eye alone cannot conquer the world. The eye is deceptive. When the women of the seraglio appear with nothing of their face visible but one gleaming orb, is not the thought ever present that the expression of that eye might mean any one of the thousand qualities which make up woman's character? If it be large and lustrous, as one usually finds the Eastern woman's eye, it may mean anything from tenderness to stupidity. If it be brilliant and sparkling, it may mean either vivacity of spirit or sharpness of temper.

Therefore was the Sultan wise—for to him only were the mysteries of these eyes revealed. There was a very palpable reason for the rejection, however, of the woollen veil, which was originally the proper thing amongst Eastern women. Its grace of fold as it fell into a mantle about the shoulders, left nothing to be desired, but its weight was unsupportable. There was another reason. As women grew less timid, there was a longing within them to do something just a little daring or risque—to show a bit more of the features than they had shown before—to venture upon the use of both eyes instead of giving all their languishing glances through the medium of one. One maiden more courageous than others, appeared one day in a silken veil, as transparent as the veils of the priestesses of the temple. The effect was instantaneous—heavy veils were cast aside and women smiled through the filmy silk folds with a sense of infinite joy and freedom.

Now, it is a well-known fact that anything we dislike or which bores us we are apt to find bad for our health, bad for our tempers, bad for its influence upon our minds. Therefore fainting became the fashion, and to it alone are we indebted for the veil of transparent, filmy tissue which superseded the cashmere and soft silk of the earlier period. It must not be supposed for an instant that oculists have any right on their side when they inveigh against the dotted veil which is the triumphant evolution from the bauge and thick gauze which were the mode but a few generations ago. The crossbars of these old-fashioned veils were indeed irritating to the sight, and crossed-eyes were frequent from their effect, but dotted veils, by breaking the barred lines, prevent any serious affection of the vision. On the contrary, they are a benefit, besides they cast a soft and tender shadow beneath the eyes, and soften a direct gaze into one which becomes sympathetic and confiding through the fine meshes. They are infinitely valuable to the woman with no complexion. She may have a thousand tiny blemishes in her skin which the carefully adjusted dot will conceal, while as for her smile, the gleam of her white teeth under the dark shadow renders it hopelessly enchanting.

To the Frenchwoman belongs the art of adjusting the veil coquettishly. To the Englishwoman it is a thing of utility. The American is like her French sister, and with the Spanish woman alone belongs the skilful arrangement of the veil in such ravishing folds that every good point of her features becomes prominent, and all the shaky ones retire into an ignominious background. The fan and the veil are the two weapons of warfare with which a Spanish woman attacks the world. They are her defence, as a modest maiden, under her duenna's eye, and they are her valued mise en scene when the duenna looks the other way. A playful toss of her veil or a languid and indolent opening and shutting of her fan are her resources in flirtation, and a close drawing of the former and a quick convulsive clasp of the latter are her indications of emotion.

It is extraordinary to rob a fair Castilian of her mantilla, put her into a chapeau ferme or a stiff-brimmed walking hat and then seek her beauty. It is usually a mysterious evanishment.

There was a curious fashion in veils a few years ago, when all the women were wearing bits of scarlet tulle stretched over their faces, and which gave one the idea that scarlatina had ravaged the city. There was another fad for tulle of absinthe green, pale violet, olive and old gold, which gave the same ghastly effect one has to endure on a ballet night when the calcium lights are at work.

A woman never grows so confidential with a salesman, nor so wretchedly conscious, as when she buys a new veil. An infinitesimal difference in the size of the dot is a matter for serious discussion; its thickness is another; its color, a thing to be nervously considered; and its length, another irritating question. Shall she cover only her eyes? Is it the thing to wear long veils? Doesn't white make the skin look fairer? Isn't black, after all, the most respectable? And all the while she is filled with the consciousness that she is openly acknowledging her vanity.

Women, however, are not the only victims of these longings to render themselves more fair. In the early part of the Christian era men quite affected the veil as an additional charm to their dress, and even in A. D. 374 Ambrose speaks of "silken garments and veils interwoven with gold with which the body of the rich man was encompassed."

To this day the dweller in the tropics is obliged to resort to the softening medium of a veil between his eyes and the glaring sky, and to the traveller in dusty lands a veil is an absolute necessity. But man, it will be seen, regards utility only. That is, usually he goes no further into the question of self-adornment—as any society man's bills from his tailor and haberdasher will show—than he really must. There was in Washington, however, several years ago, a young attache of the French legation, who produced a tremendous impression by appearing always when driving with his features protected by the folds of a veil of palest blue tissue, and, amusing as it may seem, at a California seaside resort there is an every summer guest who wears a veil when he takes his morning dip.

It is scarcely fair to neglect the mourning veil, which has done such good service to both the sincere and insincere bereft ones. It is very much the fashion to denounce absolutely the crepe veils, which are one sign of mourning, but the veil as an indication of woe has the authority of the earliest history amongst nearly all nations of earth. In any sorrow the women of the olden time were wont to veil their heads like the daughters of Jerusalem, and the Celtic custom still prevailing in Ireland today of veiling the face with the hair is a remnant of the more ancient custom. For the sincere bereft the veil serves as a concealment of the many tears which rise unbidden to eyes grown used to weeping; it serves, too, as distinct protection from the idle or frivolous conversation, and there is still another reason in favor of its use, a reason we are always inclined to call trivial, but which, nevertheless, we truckle to—that great motive power, what people will say. For in affliction people are oversensitive. We do not like to hear ourselves called odd and unusual, nor do we like it suggested that we lack in reverence for the dead.

But the abuse and misuse of this veil have led rapidly to its being discarded, and the crape banner of woe is more infrequent than of former years. There are those who, strait-laced and narrow, object to any veil as pernicious and trivial, just as they object to powder and a little general touching up of the appearance. But the veil will live. It enhances the beauty of the beautiful; conceals the blemishes of feature which afflict the plain; it gives expression to an inexpressive face, and protects the ultra mobility of the sensitive one. It is frivolous, yet sympathetic; coquettish, yet grave; at once a revelation and a disguise.

Found His Canteen Where He Left It.

[Albany Argus.]

A gentleman told me yesterday of a strange experience related by a friend of his. It was during the battle of Gettysburg that his friend, just before entering the action, took his canteen from his shoulder and hid it in a crevice in the rock. Then came the fiery hail of shot and shell that swept down regiments like fields of wheat before the reaper. At the close of the battle the soldier forgot all about his canteen, nor did it ever occur to him again until he visited the field at the late reunion. Then it flashed through his mind, and after a few minutes' search he found it where he had left it on that momentous day. It seemed scarcely credible that it could have been overlooked during the minute exploration of the field ever since the war, but the gentleman who related the incident is of unimpeachable veracity.

CARL DUNDER ON POLITICS..

His Ambition to Become a Member of the City Government.

[Detroit Free Press.]

"You are looking well, Mr. Dunder," said Sergeant Bendall, as he looked up from his desk yesterday and found the latter at his elbow.

"Sergeant, I vhas so well I vhas like a giraffe."

"Been swindled again, I suppose?"

"No, sir!"

"Well, what is it?"

"I vhas going to run for some aldermans in my ward."

"Into politics, eh?"

"I haf caught on, und next year you vhill see me in der Common Council. I shust find oudt how dot American politics vhas, und I don't be surprised if I vhas Gofernor some day."

"So you are pulling wires?"

"Dot vhas it. Vhen a woter comes in my place I treat him mit a glass of lager, und say: My frendt, I like to go by der Common Council as some aldermans. I like you to wote for me. If you do, I make you engineer in der City Hall at two tousand dollar a year."

"Whew! But how can you do it?"

"I can't do her; but dot makes no deeference. Der object vhas to get his wote. Dot vhas der American plan. Dot feller vhas so teekled he can't wait for election day. I promise dot shob to more ash one hoonered fellers, und eafery one vhill wote for me."

"That's pretty good. Any other strings?"

"More ash twenty. I goes oudt for a leetle walk. A citizen vhas leaning on his gate, und I shpeak to him:

"'Good eafnings py you, mister. How vhas her dot you doan' have some pavements here? Too expensive, eh? Neafer you mind. I shall run for some aldermans dis year, und I vhas no sooner in dat council dan I make der city pay for all paving.' Dot opens his eyes. He says he vhill fix in 10 votes for me."

"But you can't do any such thing, you know."

"Of course I can't, but dot vhas no deeference. It vhas shoost like all der aldermans do. If dey doan' do so nopody vhas elected."

"Well, that so. Anything more."

"I vhalks around some more, und I comes py der place vhere a gang vhas at work for der city. I wipe ahvay some tears und say:

"'How many hours do you work, poor man?'

"'Eight.'

"'Und how mooch pay?'

"'Fourteen shillings.'

"'Donder und blitzen, but you doan' tell me? Vhell, dot shall be fixed. I goes py dot Common Council next year, und I make sefen hours a day's work and der pay was three dollars.' Dot makes me one hoonered votes right away, sergeant."

"Yes, I suppose so. Is that all?"

"Vhell, some ward strikers vhas aroundt, you know. I doan nefer shpeak mit him pefore, but now I takes him py der handt und says:

"'My dear poy, I hope I see you well. Somepody says you vhas seek, und I feels werry anxious. We can't spare such citizens as you. Say, how you like to be weighmaster up py der eastern market?'

"'Dot vhas good.'

"'Vhell, you can haf her. I vhas going to be some aldermans, und der salary shall be raised $500 a year. Doan' you worry, dot I shall not take care of all my friends.'"

"And he'll vote for you of course?"

"Of course. He shust preaks his neck for me."

"But suppose you are elected and are asked to make good your promises?"

"Dot vhas all fixed. I say to 'em dot a committee knocked me out, or dot der president ruled against me, or dot some aldermans haf to look oudt for his sons. I fools 'em like grease."

"Um! Mr. Dunder, you are improving."

"Sergeant, I thank you. Vhen I vhas aldermans I make you a captain, und your salary vhas $5000 a year. Keep dot on your mind und vote for yours truly. Good day."

SHE PINNED THE BARGAIN.

How the Meek-Looking Lady Was Able to Identify the Furniture.

[Chicago Herald.]

There is a good May moving story which has just gained publicity regarding some rather prominent furniture dealers in Chicago. The firm alluded to had a very elegant parlor set of solid mahogany and the finest upholstering. It also had duplicates in veneered wood and cheap plush in the storeroom. The costly outfit, which was worth about $200, was displayed in the window, and marked: "This elegant parlor suit only $27." One day a mild, meek-looking woman came in, examined the furniture and invested. She took a receipt for her money, left her address, and was bowed out by the smiling salesman, who assured her that "the things would be sent right over." In due time the wagon arrived at the young woman's house and backed up in front of the door.

"Hold on," said the purchaser, "don't unload yet."

Then she climbed on the van and made a very peculiar examination of the load. At last she said to the driver and his assistant: "I'll go back with you to the store. These are not the goods I purchased." And back she did go, despite entreaties, protests and assurances that "everything was all right." When she walked in she was not the mild-mannered creature of two hours before.

"You've tried to swindle me," she cried. "I bought one set of furniture and you have sent me another. Now, I want what I have paid you for. How do I know? Because in every article of that set you sold me I stuck a pin in while you were not looking. Now, I'm going to pick out my property and see that you take it over. If you don't there'll be trouble."

There was no trouble, and the little woman is again looking for some sharp merchant with a similar "bargain" on hand.

Hunting with Dogs.

[T. B. Willson in September St. Nicholas.]

All hounds save the greyhound run entirely by scent. When they come upon the faint scent of a track they will work along it until it grows fresher, and then begin to bay or "give tongue." There is always a correspondence between the baying and the trail. An experienced hunter can tell by the baying not only where the dog is, but by the frequency and confidence of the sound how fresh the trail is—that is, how close upon his game the dog is. All hunted animals have a way of doubling or running in circles. Hence, if a hunter observes by the baying that his dog is going away from him, he waits patiently, sometimes for minutes, sometimes for hours, until the circle is made, and he hears the dog approaching. Then he is on the alert for a shot, for the game is probably not many rods in advance of the dog.

A hound is seldom lost. His nose is his compass. Whenever he pleases he can take up his master's track and find him, or he can retrace his own steps homeward.

Dogs do not seem to enjoy those odors that please us. A dog will turn away disappointed and indifferent from the finest of perfumes. Except the scent of those things which he would like to eat I have never found anything that seemed to delight a dog's sense of smell.

How to Test a Friend.

[Judge.]

Study what your dog thinks of him.

See if he offers to lend more than you ask.

Take him with you when you call on your best girl if he happens to be handsomer than you.

Note how long he remembers what he has done for you.

Give him an opportunity to better himself at your expense.

See if he breaks an appointment to go elsewhere.

When you have accomplished anything together note how much credit he takes to himself.

Inconvenience him and see if he mentions it to his friends.

Offer him the chance to escort home the pretty girl you met at your cousin's.

Judge him by what he does rather than by what he says.

Always be short when he asks for a loan.

Give him an opportunity to anticipate the favor you are about to ask.

A Remarkable Phenomenon.

[Judge.]

Jones was calling on his dentist.

"So you are troubled with toothache?" inquired the artist in invories.

"Frightfully."

"Ah! does it come on frequently?"

"Every five minutes."

"And lasts some time?"

"A quarter of an hour at least."

More Wisely Than She Knew.

[Judge.]

Bashful youth—Will you take this chair, Miss Ethel?

Miss Ethel—Oh, no. It has no arm.

Bashful youth (eagerly)—I shall be most happy—ah—to supply the deficiency, I assure you.

And he did.

UNDER THE GOLDEN BALLS.

Interior of a Remarkable Pawnshop.

Curious and Costly Articles That Went at a Sacrifice.

Diamonds Worth a Fortune, an Historic Sword and Sad Mementoes.

[Chicago Herald.]

"Oh, Jim, look at de pitty dolly!"

"Dat's no doll, you silly!" said Jim. "Dat's a man wot's wound up an' plays a toon."

A little flaxen-haired girl had stopped in front of a show-window where a thousand and one things were displayed to the gaze of the curious. Some of them were fine and costly, some were the reverse. The man with the oriental cast of features inside the shop was a pawnbroker. His place is on West Madison street, and he enjoys the proud distinction of doing the biggest family trade in his line of business in Chicago. There was the customary sign—the three golden balls—over his shop. The three golden balls represent a ceaseless shower of gold which pours day and night into the pawnbroker's coffers. Did you ever hear of a pawnbroker who became a bankrupt?

"We get all sorts of things in our business," said this pawnbroker, and he began to search out and pile on his counter a variety of objects—finely bound family Bibles, some mellow with age, others almost new; old silverware of odd design, sugar tongs and milk bowls, tea pots and water basins, some battered and discolored, some bright and shining.

L.
ALLEN FRASER,
From
His Dear Grandmother.
1845.

The above inscription was in old-fashioned Gothic letters on the heart-shaped space of a large solid silver and gilt drinking cup. Where is "L Allen Fraser" now? And how did this gift from "his dear grandmother" get into this stuffy place? Some tragedy perhaps brought it there, or perchance "L. Allen Fraser" turned out badly and brought his dear grandmother sorrowing to the grave. Who knows?

Then there were elegant and pretty crazy quilts, over which white and slender fingers had nimbly and patiently toiled for years, perhaps. Then there were miniature portraits of powdered and wigged (and possibly wicked) men and women got up in all the finery and toggery of bygone ages. There was an old sword, too, and its history is an interesting one. It was presented in 1788 by Congress to one of the revolutionary generals who had well served his country—at least so the inscription said. The blade was of Damascus steel, and the hilt was of gold, enamelled and set with precious stones. Some degenerate heir perhaps disposed of the relic after a more expensive carousal than usual.

There is, however, a pawnbroker down town, not very far from the Court House, who is said to be doing the most extensive business in the West—in his line, of course. He will show you many things of interest if you politely ask him. "Here's as fine a necklace," he says, "as I've ever seen. It cost $4000 at Tiffany's. There's 30 carats of diamonds in it, and they are set in gold and platinum. The stones are of rarest fire and without flaw. It was brought to me the other day by an old-time gambler who was quite rich not long ago. The necklace belongs to his wife. The man has now gone out of business and needs money."

This prince of Chicago pawnbrokers will pile up untold riches on his glass cases until there is a heap of them a foot high and you can let your fingers glide through diamonds and rubies and all sorts of dainty baubles. A diamond which he will show you was brought to him by a Mike Lipman, who at the time owned a circus in Cincinnati. The stone weighs 15 carats and is without blemish and magnificently cut and polished. It is set so that it can be worn in a hairpin, breastpin or as a stud. It was worn by a female circus performer and cost $10,000 originally. Here is an ostrich fan mounted on the highest mother of pearl and mounted with gold plates. It is worth $1000. Here is a heavy silver cigar case. The make shows it to have once belonged to some European swell, and so does the monogram and the engraved coat of arms. Here is a curious thing—an old scent-case of silver. It is globular in shape, opens with a spring, and must be at least 75 years old. There is a natural Brazilian beetle set in gold. The bug must have been embalmed somehow, and the green and golden sheen of its wings is still as bright as in life. It makes a very pretty and unique scarf pin. Here also is a silver walking belt given once to the champion of Colorado, as the inscription on the centre plate tells us. Again, there is a mosaic set of brooch and earrings set in gold. It has cost $500 once and was sold by an old English lady. But this style of work is not appreciated here, and all the broker now dares to ask for it is one-fifth its original cost. Yet the thing is exquisite. The brooch shows an Italian peasant boy gallantly tying the loosened shoestring of his inamorata. The tiny picture is composed of some 600 bits of natural stone, the colors and shades blending perfectly and the outlines being true.

And how did these silver medals awarded some 14 years ago to R. H. Whiteside by the Preston Agricultural Society for improved machinery, get here? And again, how did the magnificent fife of silver and gold, embellished with pretty bits of ultramarine stone, get here? It was "presented in 1864 by the One Hundred and Third Regiment, O. V. I., Third Division, Twenty-third Army Corps, to William F. Robinson," and it bears the names of all the battles and engagements this valiant fifer passed through. Now it has reposed for many years in one of those showcases. If you like to let your fingers wander through heaps of uncut diamonds, rubies, emeralds and turquoise, here you are again. There is a whole boxful of them. In the pile there is one diamond, just from the mines, weighing about eight karats.

A sad memento is this beautiful zither. With its case it cost some $500. It was bought in St. Petersburg, and it belongs to Dr. F. Lahodny, who is now expiating a crime in Joliet. This man is held to be the finest zither player in the world, and he has played before all the crowned heads of Europe. And now he is in a felon's cell in Joliet. Want drove him to pledge his magnificent instrument with this money lender, but his anxiety about it was so great that a few days ago the warden of the institution, McClaughrey, at Lahodny's tearful request, paid the interest on the sum loaned, thus enabling Lahodny to claim it as soon as he shall have left the penitentiary.

Some Mighty Fine Writing.

[From Clark Russell's "The Mystery of the Ocean Star."]

From the little, blue curling ripple of the catspaw, softly travelling in an expiring sigh over the burnished surface of the calm, to the tall, furious, dissolving liquid cliffs of the great deep, maddened by tempest, is a vast stride, and a hundred pictures lie between. Beauty is so rapidly merged into terror that it requires the inclusion of several conditions to preserve it. A man may at 6 o'clock in the evening be admiring a scene from the deck of a ship which an hour later has grown frightful enough to despatch him below to his prayers. One wants daylight for a storm; the imagination may be kept cool in the presence of the visible, but when the darkness falls and the scene becomes a thunderous shadow of blocks of blackness, scintillant with the dust of the sea fire, fancy quits its posture of admiration and the mind can do little more than wonder whether day will ever break over the ship again. Possibly one of the finest storm spectacles ever witnessed was in the Bay of Bengal. It was midnight. On the port side of the ship the sky was black with thunder clouds, whose swollen outlines were revealed by the incessant play of lightning. The thunder was shock after shock of explosions. On the starboard side of the ship the full moon sometimes dart an icy beam through rifts in the black wings of electric vapor. Meanwhile it was blowing a gale of wind and a high sea was running. The effect of the play of lightning and the occasional glance of the brilliant moon upon the dark coils of the seas melting into foam may be imagined. The alternations of light were reduplicated by the flashings of phosphorus with which the water was charged to an uncommon degree. The picture was magnificently unearthly, and outside the pages of Milton without expression in literature.

How They Take Their Money.

[Chicago Herald.]

Did you ever happen into the offices of a great corporation on the day when the names on the monthly pay-roll were being checked off and a small army of clerks were being made happy by the receipt of their wages? It is a curious study to watch each man as he receives his money. Some will count it over carefully, as though suspicious of the cashier, and examine every bill minutely, as if searching for a counterfeit. They are frugal married men, to whom a dollar is a fortune. Others will carelessly crumple up the currency, tuck it in their pockets and walk away with a gay whistle. They are the devil-may-care young bachelors, who have no anxieties but room rent, car fare and a meal ticket. Women always count their money with scrupulous care before leaving the cashier's window.

BRIC-A-BRAC.

Cholmondeley's Fate.

[Toronto Grip.]

I had an old pal, named Cholmondeley,
Whose form was uncommonly colmondeley;
  He cut quite a dash,
  Made many a mash,
But now he's got spliced and lives glowmondeley.

How He'd Paint It.

[Ocean.]

"If you an artist were," she said,
  "And wished to paint a view
Of grand old ocean in a storm,
  Pray what would be the hue?"

"I'd paint the waves a rose; the wind
  I'd make it blue for fun;
But wait until the storm was o'er,
  And then I'd paint it dun."

A Faux Pas.

[Anna C. Starbuck in Judge.]

She affected to know
  What was dainty and neat,
From the crown of her head
  To the soles of her feet.
And her toilets set off her fine figure;
  But she missed one nice point
When she came on the street,
  'Mid the city's hot glare,
From her seaside retreat,
In those tan-colored shoes cut de rigueuer.

How It Ended.

[Harold Van Santford in Life.]

A gas-lit room,
A faint perfume
  Of roses;
A dimpled face
In tangled lace
  Reposes.

A furtive glance;
I beg a dance—
  Adore her;
A fluffy fan
To sway began—
  I love her.

A tender sigh,
A curt goodby—
  Feels slighted;
A little kiss,
A dream of bliss—
  We're plighted.

A pettish pout,
A lover's doubt,
  A quarrel;
The ring returned,
The letters burned—
  A moral.

The Yellow Gown.

[Kate Carter in Magazine of Art for October.]

Buttercup color was her print gown,
  How strangely rare, how quaintly fair;
She walked the woods that skirt the town,
  And I met her there—

At eve, as I loitered up and down,
  All alone, and a little forlorn—
And lo! as she passed her yellow gown
  Was caught by a thorn.

Unmannerly sweet of the old crooked bough!
  I paused and bent it, to let her go.
The gown was torn—can you wonder how,
  When my heart beat so?

For what could I do near a cheek so fair,
  Near eyes assuring so true a soul,
Near the dear gown's quaintness, but then and there
  Love the perfect whole?

It was so. The first of love's fine content,
  The first half-smile, the first half-frown,
The meeting of hands o'er the little rent
  In the yellow gown.

From a Fragment of Hafing.

The Persian Maid is berated for allowing her quill to rest in the Inkhorn.

[John Paul Bocock in Judge.]

Had you yet so lightly cared
How an absent lover fared;

Had your heart the love-thirst known
To be slaked in his alone;

Had the tendrils of your love
Sought him, as her nest the dove;

Had your dreams bred thoughts of him
Ghosts of joys, with tapers dim,
Walking slow through places waste,
Weaving garlands now defaced;

Had your memory treasured up
Golden lees from pleasure's cup,
Drained so fondly and so sweetly
Once when you were his completely;

Had your bosom still beat fast
For adieux not meant to last;

Had your hands remembered still
All the old responsive thrill;

Had your feet yearned still to stray
Gladly where he led the way;

Had you not forgotten—then
You had written him again!

At the Opera.

[Kittie K. in Judge.]

She sits at my side in the opera box,
  With the light on her dark sweet face,
And her soft white neck, through a gauzy fan,
  Gleaming out, amid creamy lace.

And close to her breast are the roses red
  That I placed in her hands tonight;
A message sweet from my hoping heart
  That her own may read aright.

Will I whisper now, while the music swells,
  Of a love that will never tire,
That will bloom 'neath her eyes like the roses red,
  With their leaves, like my heart, of fire?

Now the tenor sings and there falls a hush,
  While the lights on the stage are dim;
'Till she leans far out, with her lips apart
  And her thoughts and eyes on him.

Then she tears from her breast the roses red—
  My flowers, with their perfume sweet—
The flash of an arm, in its tawny glove,
  And they lay at the tenor's feet.

And, safe in the sheath of her gauzy fan,
  I glare with a maddened eye,
For they cost me three dollars apiece—they did—
  And she needn't have been so fly.

Come to Me.

[Lee C. Harby, in Times-Democrat.]

Oh! Love, come to me. On the mountain side
  The sun plays hide-and-seek among the leaves;
The rushing brook runs by with brawling tide;
  The wild, luxuriant grape fantastic weaves
Its many varying forms of arch and wreath,
Which shield the ripening clusters hid beneath.

The springs sing softly as they bubbling flow—
  As sweet as lovers' whispers to the ear;
Across the mountains summer breezes blow,
  With incense filling all the atmosphere—
A fragrance born of pine and maple shade
And aromatic of the bosky glade.

Here would I have thee; in the silent wood
  Afar from ceaseless prattle of the crowd—
Thy presence there would soothe my restless mood
  And life gain charm, if it could be endowed
With all the beauty it might win from love,
Such as the fondness of our hearts could prove.

If I could look once more within thine eyes,
  And read the thoughts thy soul reflecteth there—
If I could listen to thy low replies
  And feel thy fingers' touch upon my hair—
Contentment then could have no base alloy,
If thus my life were filled with love's great joy.

Come, Love, to me! I weary for thy voice,
  I long to take thy hand, to nestle near
Thy heart, whose warm beat makes my heart rejoice—
  To lean upon thy breast and clasp thee, dear;
To feel I am indeed thy very own,
And that, at last, I am not all alone!

Building.

[H. C. Bunner in Puck.]

I sit in an architect's office, away
  At the top of a Broadway building;
A-drawing my plans the livelong day
  Of rooms all over gilding,
Of frescoed corridors broad and high,
And fronts so proud that they touch the sky—
  And all day long my heart sings a song
That ends in a sigh:
  Oh, to build me a bit of a cottage so small,
    With a white gravel walk going down
  To a neat little gate, where my love shall wait
    When her lover comes back from town!

My love she is sitting beside the sea,
  With suitors a many about her;
All day and all night she thinks of me—
  Nor day nor night I doubt her.
For she will come back when over the sky
The scurrying clouds of winter fly—
  And her eyes of blue will say "I 'm true!"
And then I shall sigh:
  Oh, to build me a bit of a cottage so small,
    With a white gravel walk going down
  To a neat little gate, where my love shall wait
    When her lover comes back from town!

My mansions I draw for the rich and the great;
  While I fancy a humbler dwelling—
I think of the years and years to wait,
  And my weary heart is swelling.
We never shall wed till she and I
Are content to let the town go by—
  And I am content, and she 's town-bent.
It ends in a sigh:
  Oh, to build me a bit of a cottage so small,
    With a white gravel walk going down
  To a neat little gate, where my love shall wait
    When her lover comes home from town!

DEMOCRACY FOREVER.

Principles and Issues Defined.

Hon. P. A. Collins' Grand Review of a Grand Administration.

A Ringing Address to the New York County Democracy.

A Campaign Document to be Circulated Everywhere.

NEW YORK, Sept. 20.—The County Democracy took its turn at ratification last night, and filled the Cooper Union big hall with enthusiastic voters. Hon. P. A. Collins was introduced as the first speaker, and spoke as follows:

During a truce in one of the great European wars in the early part of the century three crowned rulers met at Tilsit, in Prussia. They rode along the lines of the victorious French army till Napoleon's eye was arrested by the sight of a giant veteran in the ranks, whose face had been slashed diagonally by a mighty sabre stroke that left him hideous but noble. "Brother," said he to the czar of Russia, "what do you think of soldiers who can bear such wounds?" "What do you think of soldiers who can give them?" said the czar. Napoleon did not answer, but the soldier did. Memories that led him back through all the battles of his chief, from Friedland to the bridge of Lodi, made him mutter, "They are all dead—all dead!"

So the old Democratic party, cut and slashed in many a battle, beaten, but never subdued, defeated, but never discouraged, can look back through the century, marking the rise and fall of all political organizations that rose and grew and fronted it—Federalists and Whigs and Know-Nothings—and say "they are all dead." Why did they perish as the flowers or the weeds perish, and Democracy survive as the oak? Because they were parties of a class, a section, a single idea—parties of a day, that set with a day's sun.

We alone from the beginning have been the party of the whole people, never resting upon wealth or property, class or creed, faction or special interest, but upon the broad basis of the universal suffrage of a free and intelligent people. So "Parties come and parties go, but we go on forever."

Through a rift in the Democratic ranks the Republican party came into power in 1861. In the long and bloody agony of the war that followed party lines were erased, and the wealth and energy and life of the whole North were freely pledged and given to save the Union. All mistakes were overlooked, countless political sins were forgiven, and only the plainest usurpations of power, dangerous as precedents for the future, were even criticised by the Democracy.

But the time came when the last Confederate flag was folded and the last Confederate gun was hushed forever. Then also came the

Time to Test the Statesmanship,

the honor and the common honesty of the Republican leaders. They declined to confiscate directly individual estates, but they plundered the whole Southern region. They refused to hang a single rebel, but they crucified the States. Drunk with power, made possible to them by the trusting patriotism of the whole people of the North in the blaze of the civil war, they wasted and stole, and stole and wasted, until it seemed as if there was nothing else left, and then they stole the presidency of the United States! This darkest blot upon our national history makes scarlet the cheek of even the common malefactor to contemplate, and will never be forgotten or forgiven while honest men have memories or conscience lives in human breasts.

The people had sobered, and were cheated. But the people kept sober and were not cheated; and in 1884 in every sovereign State of this Union the ballots cast were counted and returned, and a man true to the Constitution and his oath of office, a plain, cool, able, fearless, honorable New York Democrat, became president of the United States.

His administration—our administration—has been on trial more than three years. It needs neither eulogy nor defence from me or from you. The record is as plain and as free from sensation as the record of any great trust faithfully administered. This thing we call government—the thing which some men foolishly look up to as a cure for all social ills—is merely a necessary agency to attend to such public matters as we cannot conveniently attend to ourselves. Wendell Phillips tersely called it "a necessary nuisance." Those to whom it is committed for the time being are the servants, not the masters of the people. They are trustees of the common welfare, clothed with enormous powers and responsibilities.

Once in four years these trustees are called to render an account of their stewardship to the whole people, and the whole people, like shareholders in

A Great Corporation,

are to determine whether to continue or to change them. I wish we could all approach the coming election in this spirit, and irrespective of past party affiliations cast our votes so as to ensure the best administration, and thus best promote the well-being of all our people during the next four years.

Early in the season the promise was given and the hope held out by our political opponents that this was to be, on both sides, a campaign of reason and fairness and truth-telling. It is hard to tell whether that promise was originally meant to deceive, or whether the disposition was abandoned as an afterthought by the Republicans. At all events, they seem to find that the truth will do them no good, and they have entered upon a canvass of the most amazing misrepresentation conceivable.

Four years ago when they slandered one Democrat—our honored candidate for president—he boldly met them with the manly challenge, "Tell the truth." Now, when they slander our whole party, we meet them in the same plain way, and, as we know they will not tell the truth themselves we tell it for them. Their appeal is to prejudice and passion, to the supposed ignorance of their countrymen, to race, to class and to creed; ours is to the common sense, self-interest and recognized intelligence of the whole American people.

The pledges solemnly made in 1884 by the Democratic party to the people of the United States have been faithfully kept.

Peace, good order and prosperity within the range of our industrial conditions have been maintained at home, and the dignity and honor of our republic asserted abroad. We have had a clean, honorable, honest administration. The time was when our domestic administration was official plunder and our foreign policy often a dirty job.

Two hundred million acres of our fairest public domain was recklessly given away to favored monopolies by the Republican regime—not one acre of which they ever acquired by conquest or by purchase—while millions more were allowed to be

Captured by Foreign Syndicates.

We have wrested from their grasp and restored to the public domain, for the benefit of honest settlers, some 80,000,000 acres—an area four times as great as Ireland, and the end is not yet.

In 1864 the Republicans passed an act stimulating the emigration of laborers under contract from abroad, bound to work long terms for the smallest wages. We have repealed the act and have made it highly penal to bring a single human being under such a system of slavery into this country, to compete with free American labor.

The eight-hour law is 20 years old, but this administration has first given it life and operation.

We have closed the gates at last against the introduction in any way of the Chinese horde that threatened to swamp our American labor market. And yet the Republicans say they are the only friends of labor!

The civil service law was a jest four years ago. None but the faithful could find their way in—political highwaymen with a demand for tribute in one hand and a letter of dismissal in the other terrorized the government employes from clerks to scrubwomen, who foolishly thought they were serving the whole country and not a party. The Democratic party has made them free. They are free to contribute, and they are free not to contribute, as I am free and you are free.

Upon pretence of keeping up a naval establishment, countless millions were stolen and wasted under Republican administrations, with the net result that the mightiest of the fleet was ignominiously sunk in yonder waters by a poor, ignoble coal schooner. This scandal will be almost forgotten when the fleet of 30 naval vessels of the best known type, built or projected under the watchful eye of Secretary Whitney, will proudly float our flag. They will not only carry the American flag, but they will represent American labor, American ingenuity and American honor without a stain.

Four years ago the veterans of the civil war, whose wounds gaped afresh at each delay of recognition of just claims to pensions, were jostled aside, unless, indeed, they promised fealty to a party rather than the republic they had risked their lives for, while the commissioner of pensions, Blaine's manager then and Harrison's manager now,

Paraded the Country,

with his horde of "examiners in the field" doing party work at the expense of the whole people. During this administration nearly twice as many pensions have been issued as during the four years before, through the pension office and by act of Congress, and the question has never been once asked under what party banner the beneficiaries voted, but only whether they earned their pensions in following the flag of the Union.

For 70 years we have had a misunderstanding about our fishing rights in Canadian waters. Some years ago the Republican administration then in power sent down to Halifax a trout fisherman and an equity lawyer—both good and amiable men—to settle the difficulty with the British sharpers. They did so well that we paid England $5,500,000 in cash, and opened our markets to Canadian goods for 10 years, at an expense in duties lost of some $10,000,000 more. This brilliant performance seems to have been lost sight of in the cloud of wrath that met Mr. Cleveland's attempt, when the treaty expired, to settle the matter peaceably without the payment of any tribute whatever to Canada or Great Britain.

The sage and reverend Republican senators lost their tempers and their heads in denouncing the President as a coward and a "friend to England" in attempting to settle this long standing quarrel and protect our fishermen from annoyance and oppression in that way. But they forgot to tell the country how it ought to be settled; and they supposed, perhaps, that the country would forget that it was in the power of the Senate to strike out every line of the proposed treaty and insert any plan of settlement that suited their own views. But no, they changed not one word, but bluntly rejected it as a whole. They posed as patriots and "their voices were for war." They wanted to punish England, they said (in view of the coming election), and just show the great American people, especially men like me, how little they regarded her. Down went the treaty and up rose President Cleveland, equal to this as to every other occasion. He said:

Give Me the Club,

and you will see how I will use it." In dealing with this situation his motto seemed to be. "Peaceably if we can; forcibly if we must; but the question must be settled." Which type of Americanism do you respect? Look at the Senate!

> And the widows of Ashur are loud in their wail,
> And the idols are broke in the temple of Baal.

Now hear Blaine and Harrison and the whole chorus! They deprecate trouble; they hope no injury will be done to Canadian commercial relations, they hope no force will be used! Judge between the President and them.

The President's course has been open, manly and patriotic, theirs is contemptible trimming. So on the tariff. The Republican position is pure trimming and gross misrepresentation. For nearly 20 years the platforms of both parties have pronounced for reduction and revision, not only in national conventions but in those of States. The Republican platform of 1884 is a sample:

"The Republican party pledges itself to correct the inequalities of the tariff and to reduce the surplus."

For nearly 20 years Republican presidents and secretaries of the treasury have called for reduction and revision with at least equal emphasis. Nearly every public man among them with intelligence and reputation has echoed the demand. A commission of experts appointed by President Arthur reported in 1883 in favor of a 20 per cent. reduction. The Republican Congress in 1883 acted upon that report, and professed to reduce the tariff, but by a juggle and a cheat raised it from 44 to 47 per cent. This was the way the Republicans when they had full power pretended to carry out their platform pledges—trimming and cheating again, shamelessly breaking their plighted faith with the people and glorying in their shame.

We have endeavored to keep our faith with the people honestly and intelligently. We have passed a bill in the House of Representatives which ensures a reduction of the revenue $78,000,000 a year. I voted for that bill, and I should be ashamed to face my constituents and you if I had not.

But why any reduction? Because by over taxation there is in the treasury of the United States today

About $140,000,000

for which the government has no legitimate use; and if the present tariff remains we shall add to it from $70,000,000 to $100,000,000 every year, all idle, dead, earning no interest, and withdrawn from the channels of trade. The entire volume of our currency, metallic and paper, is but $1,900,000,000, is all the currency the people have to do with. This is the normal, necessary volume of currency. A slight contraction is inconvenient, a larger contraction is dangerous, an excessive contraction is paralysis and ruin.

This surplus taken out of the pockets of the people, under a system condemned by all parties, withdrawn from the channels of trade, lying dead and worse than useless in the vaults of the teasury, we propose to restore to its owners and reduce taxation to the honest needs of the government.

For this we are stigmatized as free traders and the foe to American labor. In some quarters we are charged, I believe, with being emissaries of England and missionaries of some kind of Cobden club. About the nearest club recognition men like me may ever expect to get in Great Britain is from the club of a policeman.

Free trade is an impossibility in this country, even if it were desirable. To support the government costs nearly $300,000,000 a year, and the people must pay it somehow. We raise from the internal revenue about $118,000,000; and from customs duties (the tariff) the remainder, must continue to be raised indefinitely. But at present we raise the requisite amount and more; hence the surplus.

To prevent that surplus in the future this dreadful Mills bill that we have passed proposes to put lumber, salt, tin plate and wool on the free list—to pay no duties at all—and to reduce duties on foreign manufactured goods from an average of $47 10 on each $100 worth to a little over $41 on each $100 worth—or less than 7 per cent. In other words the purpose is to give the manufacturers of the United States free raw material, as far as possible; and "protection" for capital and labor by a tariff on all manufactured goods of over 41 per cent. This is more than twice as high as the tariff of 1860—nearly as high as the tariff before the dishonest revision of 1883, much higher than any previous tariff since the war, and with the free list proposed, it is far more favorable to American manufactures and labor than any tariff that has ever been in force in this country. This bill has been framed in the interest of the whole body of manufacturers, wage workers and consumers—the whole American people—not in the interest of a favored class. It will enable us not only to

Hold Our Own Market

against the world but to compete abroad with other producers, giving more work and better wages to our working people. Under the present system one-third of our people are out of employment one-third of the time. It has bred millionnaires and beggars, monopolists and paupers. It gives one employer $1,500,000 a year profits and his men 60 cents a day. It is unjust, oppressive and dangerous, and the sooner the country is emancipated from it the sooner genuine prosperity will come and a more equal and healthy distribution of wealth take place.

But, suppose, for the sake of the argument, that we are in error, what do the Republicans propose? How do they intend to deal with this dangerous condition? Congress has been in session nearly 10 months, and the Republicans, promising a measure of relief from day to day, and from month to month, have produced nothing, and can agree upon nothing thus far. They simply block the way. They have risen to the patriotism and statesmanship of a balky mule. They simply obstruct all relief legislation and misrepresent the Democratic position.

But this nominal Republican candidate, in his rather opaque letter of acceptance, has one clear expression—he changes a trifle from the conventional party criticism and says that, while the Mills bill is not a free trade measure in itself, "it is a step in the direction of free trade"—because it lowers the tariff 6 or 7 per cent! What charming logic! He might just as well say that if, in leaving this hall, you take a step westward you are bound for California, or when you took a step upstairs you were on the way to the moon, or when you go down a step by and by you are booked through to sheol!

Another sapient suggestion is made in order to excite the prejudice of some of our voters: "See how British free trade ruined Ireland." If you want to know what ruined Ireland you needn't spend much time with any learned Republican propagandist. Any peasant's or shopkeeper's son from Ireland will tell you. It was not free trade, or fair trade, or any trade at all, but the suppression of all trade, practically, by acts of Parliament and king's decrees, that ruined Irish industries. Perhaps those people who are so solicitous about Irish industries, and especially about Irish votes, will give John Mitchel credit for knowing the subject. On page 17 of his history of Ireland you will find what happened:

"During the first years of William's (William III.) reign, there being then abundance of sheep in Ireland, and also much cheap labor, considerable progress was made in the manufacture of woollen cloths;

These Fabrics Were Exported

in some quantity to foreign countries, and in many cases the Irish manufacturer was enabled to undersell the English. But England was then using great exertions to obtain the entire control of this gainful trade; and the competition of Ireland gave great umbrage. It is true that the woollen trade in Ireland, and all the profits of its export and sale, were in the hands of the English colonists, and that the colonial parliament in Dublin would fain have extended and protected it if they had been permitted.

"But here, again, the English power stepped in, and controlled everything according to its own interest. The two Houses of Lords and Commons addressed King William, urging that some immediate remedy must be found against the obnoxious trade in Ireland. The Lords, after detailing the intolerable oppression which was inflicted upon deserving industrious people in England, expressed themselves thus: 'Wherefore, we most humbly beseech your most sacred majesty, that your majesty would be pleased in the most public and effectual way that may be, to declare to all your subjects of Ireland, that the growth and increase of the woollen manuftacture here hath long been, and will be ever, looked upon with great jealousy by all your subjects of this kingdom, and if not timely remedied, may occasion very strict laws totally to prohibit and suppress the same.'

"Probably no more shameless avowal of British greediness was ever made even by the Parliament of England. But the king replied at once that 'he would do all that in him lay to discourage the woollen manufacture of Ireland,' in other words, to ruin his subjects of that island. The Irish Parliament was now also assembled in Dublin. The Earl of Galway and two others were lords justices, and they, pursuant to their instructions, recommended to Parliament to adopt means for putting a stop to the woollen manufacture, and to encourage the linen. The Commons, in their address, meekly replied that 'they shall heartily endeavor to encourage the linen trade, and as to the woollen they tamely express their hope to find such a temperament that the same may not be injurious to England.' The temperament they found was in the acts which were passed in the following year, 1699, which minutely regulated everything relating to wool. In the first place all export of Irish woollen cloths was prohibited, except to England and Wales.

"The Exception Was Delusive,

because heavy duties, amounting to a prohibition, prevented Irish cloth from being imported into England or Wales. Irish wool, thereafter, had to be sent to England in a raw state, to be woven in Yorkshire; and even this export was cramped by appointing one single English port, Barnstable, as the only point where it could legally enter. All attempts at foreign commerce in Ireland were at this time impeded also by the 'navigation laws' which had long prohibited all direct trade between Ireland and the colonies; no colonial produce, under these laws, could be carried to Ireland until after it should have first entered an English port and unloaded there. The object of these laws, of course, was to secure to English merchants and shipowners a monopoly on all such trade, and they had the desired effect, so that a few years afterwards the Dean of St. Patrick's could truly write: 'The conveniency of ports and harbors which nature had bestowed so liberally upon this kingdom, is of no more use to us than a beautiful prospect to a man shut up in a dungeon.'"

Later on, in 1782, Ireland won her legislative independence, and enjoyed, as Mitchel further says, "for the first time in her history, unobstructed trade," and great prosperity until the fatal act of union. Then and since, England, the great national and international hog, has swallowed Ireland's share as well as her own.

But we need no foreign examples to be cited or refuted in order to instruct the people of this republic in their interests and welfare. We stand alone among the nations. Europe is a vast camp. Every family of toilers carries a soldier on its back. The old nations are crowded, and the struggle for existence in all is sharp and desperate, no matter what the industrial policy of the country may be.

Under high tariffs and low, whether employed in "protected" or unprotected industries, under all conditions, our people have always enjoyed larger wages and greater prosperity than elsewhere. It has been due to the energy and enterprise, the ingenuity and skill, the vigor and the industry of our free and intelligent people scattered over a vast exuberant land of plenty. They have prospered in spite of shackled trade, and have marched in spite of heavy burdens. Lighten the load and break the shackles, continue good government in the land, and American industries and American enterprise may challenge the future and the world.

What we need and all we need in this republic is an honest government, a sound financial policy, a free field and fair play for all labor and capital, and death to monopoly, the mortal enemy of all.

A REMARKABLE SCENE.

The Last Confederate Johnny Comes Marching Home.

[Macon (Ga.) Telegraph.]

Miles Kennedy, the last of the Confederates, has at last reached his old home in Sumter county, and was welcomed in Americus yesterday in a royal manner. He was there for the first time since he shouldered his gun in 1861 and went to the war. He was wounded near Richmond during the dying days of the Confederacy, and was laid up for some time after Lee's surrender at a farmhouse six miles from Richmond, and there tenderly nursed until fully recovered by the daughter of the man at whose house he was staying. The war being over, and being solely without means, he married the girl and went to farming.

On the fourth day of last April he hitched up his faithful and only steer to his wagon and with his wife and 10 children and $8 in money, all he possessed, turned the steer's head toward old Georgia. His travel was necessarily slow, and it was often that Mr. Kennedy had to stop on his way and work for money with which to purchase food for his steer and family. The children kept healthly all the way, only one of them being at all sick, but the steer at one time was taken down, and for a time there were gloomy prospects for the old soldier and his brood. Finally, the steer got well, and the 9th inst. the entire party reached Macon.

The 15th he got to Americus, his home. He was met some distance out by a delegation of citizens, headed by the Americus brass band, and escorted to the court-house square. Professor Van Riper was on hand, and photographed the family beside the ox and wagon. Colonel A. S. Cutts then formally welcomed him him home in the presence of 1000 people. By a slight effort, about $100 in money and provisions were raised for him and his dependent family.

GIRLS IN CANDY STORES.

The Wise Proprietor Lets Them Devour All the Sweets They Want.

[Chicago Journal.]

In a confectionery establishment where half a dozen pretty young women are employed behind the counters I noticed one of them cram half a dozen caramels into her mouth at once and appear to enjoy them hugely. She stood in full view of the proprietor as she did so, and I expected to see him administer a reproof. Instead of doing so he only looked at me and knowingly closed his left eye. "I should think terrible inroads must be made in your stock if all your young women have appetites like that," observed I. "Not a bit of it," he responded; "when a young woman is engaged to sell candy for this house she receives permission to eat just as much as she likes, with the strict understanding, however, that she is not to carry any out of the store. She avails herself of the permission readily enough, but she doesn't devour half so much the second day as she does the first; on the third she gets away with even less, and at the end of a week she wouldn't give you 10 cents for the contents of the whole shop, so far as her own appetite is concerned. The girl who bolted three caramels just now thinks she's the luckiest girl alive. In a week she won't care whether all the candy shops in the country keep school or not, so long as her employment is secure. My advice to a youth with a candy-devouring girl is for him to feed her steadily with it for a week. At the end of a week he can devote his salary to other uses."

He Was There.

[Savannah News.]

Talking about echoes, Colonel Ogeechee claimed that he had one on his place, a few miles from Savannah, which beat anything he had ever heard or read about; one, in fact, which would clearly repeat whole sentences. The party of gentlemen were interested, but incredulous, and arranged to accompany Colonel Ogeechee home the next afternoon to test the wonderful echo.

The colonel found on getting home that in the heat of the discussion he had claimed more than the facts justified. Determined not to be beaten, he called his Irish laborer.

"Pat," say he, "some gentlemen are coming home with me tomorrow afternoon to hear the echo, Now, I want you to go across the river before time for me to arrive, so you can answer back whatever we may call out?"

"You mane fur me to play ikker, sorr?" asked Pat, grinning.

"That's it, exactly," said the colonel. "Now, do you thoroughly understand that you are to answer back exactly what we say?"

"Oh, yis, sorr; ye can depind on me entoirely."

Next afternoon the colonel took his friends to the river bank, and all were ready for the experiment.

Making a speaking trumpet of his hands, the colonel roared:

"Are you there!"

Back came the echo with startling distinctness:

"Yis, sorr; Oi've been here sence 4 av the clock."

Her Unlucky Day.

[New Haven News.]

A philosopher says: "Woman is the Sunday of man." We may add that man is the Friday (in the Robinson Crusoe sense) of woman.

PLAGUE AND PEST.

Proctor on the Disease That Killed Him.

His Last Literary Work—Horrors of Old-Time Plagues Unequalled Today.

Religion No Safeguard Among Panic-Stricken People.

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Yellow fever, though not in reality a more destructive disease, even in the places where it is apt to prevail, than some others which are more familiar, is more suggestive of the idea of pestilence than any existent disease, and more strikingly recalls, when it appears in a fully developed form, as 10 years ago in New Orleans and Memphis, the horrors of the ancient plagues. There is something in the insidious nature of its approach, its fell action in the worst cases, and the despair which seizes even from the beginning the larger number of its victims, which reminds us of what we have read respecting the plagues of Athens, of Florence, of London, in the days of old.

I am told by those who witnessed the flight from Jacksonville, Fla., a short time since, when first the appearance of yellow fever in that town had been announced, that the behavior of many of the refugees indicated absolutely panic terror, though, as it turned out, not one among the whole number had been infected by the disease, so that the risk individually run by that panic-stricken crowd while in the town from which they were flying must have been small.

It may be interesting to recall a few of the features of the great plagues and pestilences of history—if for no other reason than this, that men may see how light even the worst infections of the kind during this century have been by comparison.

The account given by Thucydides of the plague of Athens, 23 centuries ago, suggests a scene of fearful horror. The origin of the plague is noteworthy in the light of modern theories and

Discoveries Respecting Disease Germs.

The Spartans having overcome the Athenians in the field, ravaged Attica while nearly all its inhabitants were closely shut up within the walls of Athens. Whether the germs of the disease had already been conveyed to Athens, or whether, spreading in the air, they found in the overcrowded, sorrow-stricken city a favorable field for their development, cannot be learned.

It was said that the plague had had its origin in Ethiopia, the region now including Abyssinia, Nubia and the Soudan, and had travelled thence by Egypt and Asia Minor to Athens. But its rapid development in Athens would certainly seem to suggest that this plague (and probably, therefore, others) depended on surrounding conditions for its development.

This pestilential fever began with heats in the head and inflammation in the eyes. The tongue and throat became bloody and the breath fetid. Sneezing and heavy coughing, hiccoughs and spasms marked the progress of the disease. Colic and intense pains supervened. The skin became red, ulcers formed here and there, and though the internal fever was intense the skin was cold. Thirst was unquenchable, and intense pain rendered sleep impossible.

The fate of the patient was usually decided by or before the seventh day, death generally closing his sufferings between the seventh and the ninth day. Few survived, and for a large proportion of those who did life was worse than death, since either they were wholly crippled or the disease left them with mind impaired and memory gone.

No Remedy Was Found

for the disease, and the helplessness of the physicians caused a despondency among those who were attacked which rendered the mortality largely greater than otherwise it would probably have been. But most of those attacked were left untended; for it was found that few among the attendants on the sick escaped, so that only those of bravest and most generous minds dared the risk of nursing even those dearest to them. It was impossible, crowded as the beleaguered city was, to keep the healthy apart from the sick. Hundreds flocked around each of the public fountains to allay their raging thirst. The temples were filled with corpses, for it was impossible to get the dead conveyed to suitable places of interment.

At such times of horror, religion, it has been sometimes thought, should exercise a more potent sway than usual. The reverse, however, has always happened. In countries which we call heathen or pagan because their religion has been unlike our own; in countries which, though Christian, we regard as not of the true faith because their view of Christianity has been unlike ours, and in countries whose creed has been that which we ourselves profess, whenever plague or pestilence has appeared, religion, except among a very few, has invariably died out.

The shallowness of the faith which most men have professed with their lips has been shown by the utter disregard which nearly all have shown for its tenets. The belief in a hereafter has been shown to be but a mockery with a great majority of those who had most confidently expressed their faith in it.

Whereas, the assurance of death should produce in healthy minds the very reverse of the idea, "Let us eat and drink, for tomorrow we die"—whether the tomorrow be figurative or liberal—in times of plague and pestilence when all men feel the probable nearness of death, and even where most confident, are reminded of its certainty at no distant date, the majority

Invariably Turn to Riotous Living.

They seek to fill what remains to them of life with all the sensual pleasures they can crowd into it.

Thus, as in Athens, during the time of horror so graphically described by Thucydides, riot and debauchery prevailed unceasingly. Gross dissipation and tumultuous revelry went on in such sort that but for the signs of death and disease everywhere prevalent a stranger entering the city might have imagined that it was a time of wild rejoicing over some great national triumph. Men committed crimes from which at other times the fear of the law would have deterred them; for the law had no terrors where nature threatened an earlier punishment than any legal process could inflict. As they saw the good and the bad, the openly profane and the professedly pious stricken down impartially, they lost all belief in the control of the gods, and therefore saw no reason to deny themselves whatever pleasures they could obtain.

Thucydides says that during the plague there died within the limits of the city of Athens, then, as now, but a small city, no fewer than 5000 of the soldiers, and of the other inhabitants a number too great to be reckoned.

Very striking is the contrast between the plague of Athens, affecting chiefly a single city, and lasting but a short time, and the plague which extended with varying degrees of intensity from Persia to Gaul in the reign of Justinian, lasting no less than 30 years, and destroying (according to an estimate which the historian Gibbon did not consider extravagant) no fewer than 100,000,000 of human beings—a number not much less than the entire population of Great Britain and the United States.

In this long-lasting and most terrible plague, the features of the disease were quite unlike what had been noticed during

The Plague of Athens.

Procopius studied it both as historian and physician. In most cases the mind was first attacked, anxious fears and saddening visions seeming to overpower the reasoning faculties. But usually a mild fever was the first sign of mischief, nothing in its earlier progress suggesting any serious danger. Before long, however, the glands beneath oin ears, under the arm-pits and in the grese swelled alarmingly, especially as ththe swellings were soon recognized as signs that the dreaded plague fever had indeed seized its victim. The swellings became tumors, within which a hard dark substance as large as a bean was formed. If these tumors remained hard and dry, blood poisoning followed, and on or about the fifth day from the setting in of the disease the patient died. But if the tumors softened and suppurated, the venom of the plague seemed to be discharged, and the patient was saved. Sometimes the fever accompanying the development of these tumors, brought a profound lethargy on the patient, who suffered little, begging only to be let alone that he might die untortured by medicine, surgery, or even nursing. More frequently the fever brought on raging and delirium. In all cases the bodies of those who died of the plague were covered with black boils or carbuncles. All hope was given up when these appeared. Among those who recovered a considerable portion lost sight and hearing, while others remained ever afterwards speechless.

Strictly speaking the peculiarities above described are to be regarded as characteristic of the true plague—so that the so-called plague of Athens, as well as the plague which afflicted the whole Roman Empire in the reign of Aurelius, and that again of the third century, were not really plagues in the full sense of the term. It would almost seem indeed, as though the plague of Athens was but an exceptionally malignant form of remittent fever.

The True Plague

is defined as a specific contagious fever accompanied by the formation of tumors, and sometimes of carbuncles. Dark spots on the skin are regarded as infallible signs of death. They are due to the effusion of blood under the skin, and precede death by only a few hours. The skin is sometimes so covered with these spots as to assume a dark livid hue after death—whence the name Black Death given to the worst form of plague.

During Justinian's plague, the idea prevailed that the disease was not contagious, an idea which, if it saved the afflicted nations from a portion of the troubles accompanying the appearance of the pestilence, brought in others more terrible.

Doubtless the quiet disregard of danger at such seasons is desirable, so only that it do not cause neglect of the necessary precautions. But disregard of danger is a dangerous quality, when it has its origin merely in ignorance. It so proved in this case.

The friends and relatives of the deceased were more careful in their attentions than during most plagues, but the absence of all restraints on the communication of the disease from house to house, from city to city and from country to country, led to results the most disastrous. Procopius tells us that the plague spread from Persia to Gaul, from the seacoast to the interior. No island or mountain district was so sequestered but that the plague spread to it, either at its first passage across a region or later, (sometimes with even more terrible effect) in places which were supposed to have escaped. The succession of the seasons seemed to have no influence on this long-lasting pestilence. [I have named 30 years, but according to some historians its effects continued for more than half a century.]

The Plague of Florence,

in the middle of the fourteenth century, was remarkable, like that of Athens, for the limited area which it affected, or rather in which it wrought its most deadly effects, and rose to true plague pitch. If Florence when the plague reached her had given way to despair, and taken no measures to resist the enemy, one might more readily understand the terrible intensity of the sufferings of the people. But all remedies known in those days were tried. The streets were cleaned, suspected persons were removed or prevented from entering, every measure was adopted which the wisest and most prudent of the inhabitants could suggest. Yet the plague raged in Florence as it raged nowhere else.

Tumors, such as those which appeared during Justinian's plague, appeared during the plague of Florence, and as in the sixth century so in the fourteenth, purple spots on the body of the diseased were regarded as sure tokens of approaching dissolution. Death came earlier, however, the sufferers usually dying on the third day. Animals as well as men were infected. Boccaccio tells us that he saw two hogs rooting among the clothes of a man who had died of the plague—"in less than an hour," he adds, "they turned round and died on the spot."

As in former plagues, the restraints of religion seemed to lose their influence. Every one, says one writer, did as he pleased. This doubtless is an exaggeration, since we have evidence that the monks and friars stood bravely to the work of religious consolation and physical help.

The idea conveyed in the introductory matter of Boccaccio's "Decameron," that the occasion seemed one when men and women seemed to turn naturally from the gloom around to festivity and dissipation, even to debauchery and riot, is undoubtedly correct. What could it matter? All save a few devotees seemed to think. "If we are to die by the plague, we may as well enjoy what little of life remains to us; if we are to survive, we need not trouble ourselves with unnecessary anxieties."

When the plague was at its highest, towards its close, it became the custom for the dead to be put out of doors at night that the officers appointed for the purpose might remove them in the morning. It is computed that between 70,000 and 100,000 died of the plague in Tuscany alone, between March and August, 1348. "Such," says Boccaccio, "was the severity of Heaven."

The Plague in England,

described by Defoe as an eye-witness, though he was but an infant in 1665 and 1666 when it raged, though terrible, was not to be compared for severity with the plague of 1346; as many died, indeed, perhaps more, but in a much larger population. It began in the autumn of 1665, but the cold winter of 1665-1666 greatly checked its ravages, and many hoped that it would altogether disappear. But with the early spring of 1666 deaths from the pestilence began to be announced, until presently it began to be recognized that the real attack had commenced. The symptoms were akin to those observed during the plague of Florence, but sometimes death came even more rapidly. In July 2000 died weekly, but by September the weekly number of deaths from the plague had risen to 8000. The dead were buried together in certain fields, then suburban, now within London proper. There is one triangular space (not built on) between Brompton and Kensington, where large numbers were buried. Many of the dead were buried in the fields at present occupied by the houses in Golden square; and it was noticed that during the visitation of cholera in 1849 the disease seemed more malignant in that region; but whether this was due as some surmised to the opening of drains communicating with the trenches in which the plague-stricken were buried in 1665 and 1666 seems open to considerable question.

In the East the plague still appears from time to time; but whatever may be the reason it seems unable to pass thence into Europe. During the plague of 1835 in Alexandria (in which 9000 inhabitants of that city perished), 25 ships, eight of which were certainly infected with plague, carried 31,000 bales of cotton to England. Yet no case of plague occurred among those employed in unloading and disinfecting the cargoes. Equally large cargoes were unloaded at Marseilles and Trieste, with the same result. Thus the disease, however communicated, is apparently never conveyed by merchandise. It would seem, in fact, to require special injection, since in 1878 the plague was for two months confined to a single village in Russia. In 1834 plague existed for eight months in Alexandria before being communicated to Damietta and Mansoorat, though no measures were taken to interrupt traffic. On the other hand, where several plague-stricken persons are together in a house or ship, a certain atmosphere of infection seems to be formed by which the disease may be transmitted.

RICHARD A. PROCTOR.

WALKING EASIEST.

The Last Straw That Broke Up a New Hampshire Station Agent.

[Manchester Union.]

Among the thousands of guests who pay a visit annually to New Hampshire's delightful mountain resorts by far the greater number are pleasant, sensible, agreeable people, but there are many of a distinctly opposite type, familiar to every railroad and hotel man, from the superintendent to the brakeman and from the hotel manager to the bell-boy. Among the Clouds gives an anecdote which draws the general outlines of one of these disagreeable types so clearly that it will be readily recognized: A lady called at one of the stations last week, and inquired of the ticket agent the best and cheapest route to A——. The obliging agent described the two or three different routes, and gave the price of a ticket, there being scarcely any difference in the cost. The lady went away, and in two or three hours returned and propounded the same inquiries, the agent patiently going over the routes again and their cost. A third time she appeared, and asked the same questions and receiving the polite answers. In the evening the agent was sitting in his office, when there came a knock at the ticket window, and on opening it there stood the same woman, "Will you tell me what in your opinion is the very cheapest way I can get to A——?" she asked. "Walk," was the emphatic rejoinder of the agent.

HE WANTED TO DIE.

Henry Couch's Woe, After Walking Seven Miles, Only to be Jilted.

[Waterbury Herald.]

Henry Couch is a light-moustached, light-haired youth of 24, very fond of pretty girls, and rather good-looking himself when the sun is down.

For some time he has been engaged in the unromantic position of cook at the Windsor House. Three weeks ago, however, he resigned by request. Then he went to board with Mrs. Scovill at 200 South Main street, Henry was in love, and this two weeks of leisure gave him lots of time to dream of her without injuring the pie crust or decreasing the value of a potpie.

Then, again, it was just the kind of leisure he wanted, for the fair being he hung his dreams upon happened to have an obstable in the shape of a husband, 5 feet 8 inches in height by 4 feet in circumference. As can be imagined from these figures, the obstacle was quite a large one, and Henry did not call much in the evening.

But two weeks rolled by, and Henry, in his mad dream of love, never thought of such a thing as work. Then his love, when out walking with him, gazad sadly at the ice-cream signs, for Henry had no use for them. There was no cold cash in the treasury and her heart began to chill towards him. To cap the climax of his sorrow, his landlady gently took him aside and mentioned the amount of a couple of weeks' board.

What could poor Henry do?

He couldn't return her the board and he couldn't give her its equivalent in cash. So he departed.

A week ago Sunday Henry heard that his love had shaken him entirely. Some one told him that she, with a companion of the same sex, had driven to Quassapaug lake. There they were going to meet a couple of young Brass city dudes and drink in love with them, as well as anything else that came handy. The report maddened him. He determined to do or die. He would go to the lake and cut both of those dudes out. He would carry the ladies off in triumph.

But how to get there!

He hadn't got a cent, and the cold hearts of the livery stable proprietors refused to expand far enough to allow them a "hang it up." Then Henry formed a noble resolve. He would walk!

And he did walk. After seven long miles of tramping he arrived at the lake. But footsore and weary, travel-stained and without cash the girls refused even to notice him, and the young dudes with "$15 in their inside pocket" carried the day. There was nothing for Henry to do but walk back. Then when he returned home in sackcloth and ashes and what he had left of his shoes he sat down and indited a note to those two dudes. It read thusly:

WATERBURY, Conn., Sept. 2.

MY DEAR SIR—You have robbed me of my girl. You have stolen her away from my arms. She scorns my great heart and my love. When next you see me I shall be dead. * * !—? * ?—

HENRY COUCH.

But when Henry got down to the business part of death; when he really stared a good big undertaker's bill in the face; when he realized what a pile of good he could do in this world if he stayed in it; when he thought what a poor show there was for him in another world; when—but there's no use enumerating. Henry stayed with us and now has now struck a new job at Earle's Hotel.

INGALLS' NIGHT OF TERROR.

A Flapping of Wings and Grinding of Teeth in the Darkness at the Senator's Bedside.

[Washington Post.]

Senator Ingalls was frightened out of his wits the other night. He was at home alone at Castle Ingalls, on the outskirts of Capitol Park. Mrs. Ingalls and family were away at Stonington, Conn., where they have been spending the summer. The Castle was deserted except by the senator himself. Bedtime came and the senator went to bed. He had just put out the light and got in under the mosquito netting, and settled himself down peacefully to some night thoughts, when something perched itself on the foot of his bed and began flapping its wings in a menacing manner and grinding its teeth at the senator. It was not conscience, for the senator says it is many a year since conscience and he parted company.

From the bed foot the demon flew to the head of the bed and tried apparently to break through the mosquito netting or tear it down. Around and around the head of the bed and the head of the senator the pestiferous thing moved, flapping its wings and smacking its lips and croaking simultaneously and grinding its teeth, until the poor senator, alone and unarmed, was almost crazy. The darkness and uncertainty and the loneliness of the place made the visitation dreadful. Sometimes the thing would crawl on the bed. Then the senator's blood ran cold. Sometimes it would hurl itself against the wall, apparently not knowing the wall was there, and again it would fall with a heavy thud on the floor only to rise again immediately and renew the siege, all the time grinding its teeth and keeping up its demonstration of hostility by its crackling, gurgling, croaking, hideous noises. The senator didn't know what to do. Was it a tarantula, he wondered, or one of those deadly Mexican centipedes whose touch is surely fatal? Or could it by any means be a snake? He sometimes thought he heard it wheeling itself across the floor, and then throwing itself down at full length, as a snake might do.

Imagination ran riot in the dark, and the senator's fright was terrible. He had resolved to "lay low" and play possum, so to speak; to make no noise and no motion, and to give no evidence that he was there, for he thought that after all the horrid thing might miss him in the dark and go away. But it was making itself too much at home about his bed to make that policy practicable. Every moment it grew more and more plain that he was in a state of siege, and that the enemy knew he was there. Then the idea of flight took possession of the senator. The teeth were still grinding, the wings were still flapping, as if the beast were squaring itself to jump on its victim; the threatening croak was frequently repeated, and now and then the thing would crawl on the bed or flap up against the wall or slam itself on the floor. Occasionally it would make an excursion around the senator's head which was very disturbing in its effect. The senator was maddened into a determination to make one bold effort to escape.

Gathering himself up as noiselessly as he could, and gathering the sheet around him for protection in his flight and shelter in his place of refuge, he gazed fearfully out into the darkness, not knowing but at the next breath the dread visitor would make a rush for his devoted head. For a short interval the grinding of the teeth ceased and the senator, taking courage from that armistice, as it appeared to his frightened spirit, suddenly took a header. Pushing up the mosquito netting, he jumped out of bed, and with the sheet around him he made his way as fast as possible to the door, and through the door to the next room, which looked out upon the street and the Capitol. He closed the door behind him with a slam. He hoped he had shut the croaking demon out, but he was not very sure about it. First he thought he would like to light the gas and assure himself that he was alone in the room in which he had taken refuge. Then he thought it would be more prudent not to light the gas at all. Anyhow, he had no matches; there were none in the front room, and to go back to his bedroom for a match, or for anything else was out of the question. So, wrapping the sheet closely around him, he threw himself down on the couch to take whatever rest he could get under the circumstances.

In the morning he hesitated long before opening the door leading to his bedroom, but ultimately, getting the sheet very close around him, he screwed his courage to the sticking point, and, opening the door, in he went. Looking cautiously around he saw perched upon the corner of his bed, up above the mosquito netting, a little specimen of animated nature about half the length of a man's finger. It was a katydid. Its face bore a very quizzical and mischievous expression. It ground its teeth gently and playfully just once. Then it closed one eye and gazed at the senator with the other as if to say: "Ah, there! Good morning, senator. Hope you enjoyed yourself."

The senator tells the story with great relish.

An Amusing Marriage Scene.

[Memphis Appeal.]

William Brown and Adeline Harris hail from Arkansas. They are both colored. Brown is about 55 years old, Adeline is not above 20. This disparity in age was no barrier to love, which snugly ensconced itself in the breasts of both, one for the other. . . . The bridal party moved with steady steps and stately grace to a position in front of the magisterial altar. Squire Barry arose, code in hand, and cleared his voice for a grand splurge into the regulation marriage service, Slowly and with unusual emphasis he pronounced the words until he reached the closing clause, "I pronounce you man and wife." Before the magic words had fallen from his lips, the bridegroom gasped, "Hol' on dar, boss; lem me kiss dis gal!" Then began a scene that caused the crowd to roll upon the floor with laughter. Brown met with violent resistance from "dis gal!" who evidently had no undue fondness for public osculatory exercise. A regular scuffle ensued, the finality of which was that Brown got Adeline's head back against the wall, and their lips met with a resounding smack. All was over.

IT WAS THE NEW AUTOMATIC BUOY.

[From Judge.]

Mr. Bibber (as the steamer bears down upon him)—"Let th' darn foolsh whisshle! I ain't no dog."

Results of Snaking on Sunday.

[Portland Transcript.]

A subscriber, whose memory goes back to the days when Professor Crouch resided in this city, tells a good story of his habit of collecting snakes. He was leader in the choir of the old Third Parish Church, and on one occasion, when the choir met for practice, the professor had been out snaking, and had returned with some additions to his collection, which, on entering the singing seats, he hastily deposited in his hat, an old English style bell-top beaver. To secure his slippery pets he laid over the hat one of the old flat psalm books. Presently one of the young ladies of the choir came in late, and, in her haste, seeing the psalm book at hand, took it off the hat. When its contents showed up the scene may be better imagined than described.

COST OF LIVING.

Valuable Hints on How to Save Money.

Doctors Agree That Man Does Not Need Meat for Breakfast.

What a Little Study and Thinking Will Do for People.

The cost of living is always an interesting subject to contemplate—to the poor man as to how he shall manage to get along and provide every day the necessaries of life for himself, his wife, and perhaps half a dozen little ones, and to the rich man how he shall keep down his expenses, live well, save money, and if he be of a studious turn of mind watch how his neighbors, who perhaps are less blessed with worldly goods manage to live in this age. Philosophers have before today met in council, and with blackboard and crayon have shown that a man can subsist on a dime a day and it has been practically demonstrated that it is impossible for a man to starve in a city like New York or Boston unless he actually shut himself up in a closet with the deliberate intent of committing suicide.

"How to Get Along" has always—and, undoubtedly, always will—been a subject of vital importance to all classes and conditions of men. Now, of course, if a man has $10,000 a year, like Vanderbilt's cook, for instance, he need not be particularly distressed, but if he is simply working for the ordinary day wages he must, many times during the year, "do some thinking," in order to make both ends meet, and particularly so if he have a family.

A learned professor over in Columbia College recently fascinated his superintellectual hearers by telling them that a laboring man "needs daily one-fourth pound of proteine, one-fourth pound fat, and a pound of carbo-hydrates" to keep him well and strong. If the knowledge-seeking laborer goes to the store for his four ounces of proteine his experiment will scarcely increase his faith in the marketing knowledge of scientists. What the laborer and what most of us need more than technical essays on the "Physiological and Fecundary Economy of Food" is a plain talk about

Sensible Feeding and Economical Marketing.

Everybody is interested to learn just what the lowest cost of living can be, and how to reach that minimum. If a man can thrive on a dime a day, how can he do it? and if a man with a family can get along on $1 a day, why not let some other people in on the secret, so that they may be able to do likewise? Some men have the ability to decide between what sort of edibles are beneficial and what are not; what will put fat upon their bones and give strength to their muscles. This, in fact, is so important that everybody, and particularly laboring men and heads of families, should know it. Listen to what one of the best authorities says on this subject:

"Tell a laboring man that three-fourths of his weight is water, and that to restore the day's waste he has to take food, three-fourths of which must be water, and the remainder flesh-forming, heat-giving and bone-making substances, he will understand the case better. Give him a table of foods, analyzed to show just how much heat-giving, flesh-forming and mineral matter there is in each food, and he will soon take as deep an interest in what he eats because of its worth to him as because of its taste. When he finds out—as he can in half an hour—that only 24 parts in every 100 of butchers' meat count as flesh-formers, the rest being water, but that from 75 to 90 parts out of every 100 in dried peas, beans, oat and wheat meals and cheese are nutritious and only 10 to 25 parts waste water, he from that moment begins to use his common sense in feeding as he does in earning his living. The popular rule is: Never pay any heed to the feeding value of our diet; let us cultivate a glorious ignorance of the purpose of foods and go in might and main for palate-ticklers, and

Devil Take the Dyspepsia.

"There are miners in the English coal-pits, the hardest workers in the land, who have not eaten any kind of meat for years. I am not a vegetarian because I hanker after the fleshpots, and their savory odors cast a spell over my innocent soul; yet I experimented for one whole year without tasting flesh or gravy in any form, and all the time my health was perfect and my weight increased. The dock porters of Constantinople carry heavier burdens—250 pounds and upward—more easily than the laborers of England or America, yet their main diet is bread and figs, and they are teetotal and vegetarian. The laborers in Spain live chiefly on bread and onions, and are marvellously strong.

The flesh-and-blood superstition is quite as baseless in diet as in theology. A horse is almost as strong, swift, healthy and handsome as a two-legged man, and they both have the same internal machinery; the one eats beef and enjoys dyspepsia, the other avoids it and flourishes. Ten cents' worth of wheat, oatmeal, rice, fruits, buttermilk, bread, cheese, onions, or portions of several of these, will enable a man to do his ordinary day's work at least as well as any other assortment of foods he can buy for a dollar.

"What would be a good diet for those who do not need to study their purses, yet who would like a simple, healthy and enjoyable dietary? To such I would say drop the heavy meat breakfast right away. Not that meat is bad, but it is not the best to start the day on. It distends the stomach, indisposes us for head-work, and often leads to that other downright mischievous stupidity, the 11 o'clock beer or cocktail. The second evil is taken to cure the first, as if two black eyes are better than one. Bread—not the spoiled white stuff, but the natural, dark-colored wheat, as ground—tea or cocoa, eggs, and the hundred and one non-flesh dishes, with a little fish, and as much fruit as you like. That's a model meal, as experience will prove.

"Talking of fish, the more the better. Pound for pound it is as nutritious as flesh, though it doesn't seem to fill us so fully, and its chemical value is far above that of meats. When I have extra hard brain work to do, say an average of 12 or 14 hours for two or three weeks at a stretch, I knock off meats entirely and eat all the fish I can. Result, perfect health and strength and no headaches.

"For dinner, fish, soups (I am not excluding meat, though soups can be made without it that taste just the same and are quite as good every way), puddings, dessert. If any one cares to prove for himself how little the flesh dishes on his dinner table are necessary to him let him just reverse the courses, beginning with the fruit, then cheese and crackers, the puddings, etc. I warrant he will turn up his nose at the meat when he comes to it, and he won't miss it the least.

I knew an eminent lady who for 40 years had never tasted meat. She was a marvel of mental and physical strength. Another author friend kept his health and his average weight of 160 pounds on a diet that never included meat, the average cost of his food being only 6 cents a day. Another, a well-known literary man, who looked as beefy as a butcher, was, when I last met him, in his eighth year of strict abstinence from flesh. Another friend, a hard literary worker, has been practically a life-long vegetarian, but he looks

Too Shrivelled Up to be a Champion Specimen.

This is evidence that can be relied on, yet perhaps it will not suit the ideas of all the readers of THE SUNDAY GLOBE. Many have their theories, which have been with them from the time they first came to the use of reason, and they cannot be dissipated in a single day.

Everybody has his or her way of living, and if they would tell, the whole race might be benefited by it. But whatever the theories may be, whether one reader believes in a meat diet and another does not, it would be interesting to know how each succeeded. The writer has often heard the remark: "I wonder how a man on $10 manages to live?" Yes, it may be a wonder, but hundreds of men do it, and the writer knows, within the range of his own experience at least, half a dozen men who do it, and do it seemingly very nicely. Their wives wear inexpensive but neat and attractive-looking clothes, the children who go to school look as clean and as well dressed as the children of some other men who earn more, and the presumption is that each of these families get enough to eat. At all events they certainly look as if they did.

Now, with a little study, the writer does not hesitate to say many families could save money.

"Where?

Right in the house; right on top of the table, If a man can afford certain dishes and doesn't care whether he will later be troubled with dyspepsia, all right; but if he has not the very necessary "wherewith" he ought to knock off on some of his meat bills. By this means he would have more money to expend for clothing and for a few of the things he cannot now enjoy, and which he is forced to consider as luxuries.

This article makes no attempt to treat other than in a general way on the cost of living, but in a series that are to follow the cost in living of men in various trades, together with their wages, will be given, and reference will be made to some very strikingly successful cases of

Living Within One's Income.

The object of these articles is not to deal with the question of wages, but to tell, in a detailed way, how the people in our city live on the wages that the skill of their hands or the cunning of their brain enables them to earn.

This subject is one that can be very advantageously discussed and the editor of THE GLOBE would like to hear from horse car conductors and drivers, truckmen and drivers of all sorts of vehicles, shoemakers, clerks, tailors, carpenters and masons, laborers, and in fact, all classes of men who have families or who work for day wages. How much do you earn and what do you have to do in order to meet your expenses?

How much do you pay for rent?

What do your grocery and provision bills, your clothing expenses, and perhaps your doctor's bills foot up, and how much do you have left?

If you get $12 a week, can you save anything out of it after paying your expenses?

Give us your name, if you care to, as a guarantee of good faith, but give us facts, everybody, and enable us to give you a series of very valuable articles on the cost of living. Mail letters to the editor of THE GLOBE.

TRICKS ON ASSAYERS.

All Visitors Regarded as Knaves and Many of Them Clearly Proven to be Such.

[New York Mail and Express.]

"Pardon me, sir; we allow no one in that room but the assayers." I looked at the speaker with an expression of injured innocence. He was the member of the great firm of chemists whose certificates as to the output of a mine would be worth a fortune if favorable. "Sorry to offend you, sir," he continued, "but we assume that every man who comes in here is a knave."

This aroused my curiosity, and I improved the first opportunity to ask an expert assayer to explain these misanthropic sentiments. Dr. Ledoux, a famous chemist connected with the firm mentioned above, satisfied me that they were well founded. "We can hardly trust our own senses," he said. "I have known a sample of ore to yield a heavy percentage of gold when its owner was present at the test and none at all when he was absent. How can that be? Well, in this instance I saw nothing wrong, but recently I was conducting an assay in the presence of the owner of the sample and noticed that he was chewing tobacco very vigorously and also going to the assay furnace to expectorate into the fire. Watching him narrowly I saw him spit into the crucible, and seizing him by the throat I forced out of his mouth the tobacco, and along with it a quantity of gold dust, which he was attempting to get in the crucible—this way to make his assay run high. It would require very little gold thus added to an ounce of ore to make a difference of many hundreds of dollars per ton in the result.

"We once sent an engineer to Colorado to sample a silver mine," said Dr. Ledoux. "He was entirely unmolested in the performance of his duty, and felt sure that he had a fair average sample. He took the precaution, however, to divide his sample into two lots, sending one lot by express and bringing the other with him in his trunk. Both samples arrived with their seals unbroken and the bags apparently intact, but when we came to assay them we found nearly double the amount of silver in those which had come by express. Investigation showed that some one had punctured the bags which came by express with the point of a syringe, and had squirted in among the ore a strong solution of nitrate of silver, which, drying upon the ore, of course added greatly to the assay.

"The most singular attempt at swindling which we have ever come across was in connection with 'Gabriel's Sword.' You may remember that in the month of May, 1883, the papers in Ulster and Sullivan counties and the New York daily papers were widely excited over a most remarkable discovery back of Kingston, N. Y. A strange sword had fallen from the skies and had been discovered in the town of Rochester, Ulster county.

"Some time in July following, a long-haired individual came into our office staggering under the weight of a box seven feet long with a cross piece near one end about two feet in length. He asked if we would assay anything, and on being assured that we would, pulled out a screw-driver and carefully unscrewed his box, out of which he took a sword. It was a curious weapon, nearly seven feet long, and so heavy that I could scarcely lift the point from the ground with one hand by taking hold of the handle. It was covered with Hebrew or Phœnician characters apparently, and covered with rude figures of men and animals. This marking was only apparent where the rust with which most of the weapon was heavily corroded had been rubbed off.

"The man said that he was the discoverer of this strange sword, and was exhibiting it about the country; that some unbelievers had scoffed at his statements that it came from a spiritual world, and that he desired us to make an assay of it to prove that it was genuine. He stated further that on its appearance and ring when it was struck one would naturally take it to be steel, but that he had been in times past a blacksmith and was familiar with metals, and that it was his opinion that it was a compound of silver and iron, and asked me whether such an alloy was not uncommon.

"I told him yes, of course, when he triumphantly added: 'Now I want you to assay this sword and give me a certificate that it is neither iron nor steel but an alloy containing silver, and I want you to say on your certificate that such an alloy is not used in this world for such purposes and would not have the hardness, flexibility and other characteristics which this sword possesses.'

"I was interested and amused, and agreed to make the test. The old man seemed anxious not to mutilate the weapon, and it was agreed that we should file off a portion from a place where it was particularly rusted and assay the filing. I was convinced that it was nothing but steel, and was most intensely surprised when our assayer brought up a large silver button, which he had obtained from the filings. The old man was triumphant, but I was at once on my guard as I scented a swindle. It was, of course, possible to coat the surface with a silver solution which would dry on and produce the result which we found, and I refused to give him a certificate without a further test. He readily acquiesced in this, and said that he had rather anticipated such a request, and proposed that he should file off the end of the crossbar, calling my attention to the fact that one end was about half an inch longer than the other, and that the cross-bar and sword were undoubtedly forged out of the same piece of metal, so that what was true of the composition of the bar was true of the sword. This I agreed to, and the end was filed off. It appeared to be simply a cube of soft iron or steel, heavily rusted on five sides and bright and homogeneous where cut by the file. "Now," said my client, "you tell your man to put this in the crucible and I will abide by the result." In spite of the appearance of the piece of metal our assayer was instructed to take a cold chisel and cut it in two and assay the two halves separately. To our intense astonishment he brought the two portions upstairs, showing us, concealed in the middle, a plug of silver surrounded on all sides by the steel or iron. The whole thing was at once plain! The old man, or some one, in manufacturing the sword had bored a hole through one end of the cross-bar and plugged it up with silver, so that it did not show. He had probably invented the meteoric story. We, of course, declined to give him a certificate of the supernatural origin of the weapon, which he had undoubtedly made himself, and he departed.

"The men we most fear are the 'new process' characters who profess to be able to find gold or tin or other metal in the most unlikely rocks by secret means of their own. They come to us for certificates and always insist on being present when their process is tried. Sometimes they will 'salt' the sample or put gold into the crucible in spite of the greatest watchfulness. One of these men made a contract with my partner to test his process in his presence. He agreed to give him the details of his process, ostensibly to read over so as to familiarize himself with them. The process was supposed to extract gold from every variety of rock where the ordinary methods of assay woule not show it. My partner selected a barren rock and tested it carefully, and obtained no gold even by the special process. He had everything cleaned up and put away and repeated the test in the man's presence. Although he did not seem to go near the crucible, and there was an assistant present especially to watch him, the result of the second test was a considerable quantity of gold. The man paid his fee, leaving his instructions to have a certificate as to the efficiency of his process sent to the hotel. The certificate was duly made out, but stated that 'Mr. ——'s process was tried twice, once in his absence and once when he was present.

"'In the former case absolutely no gold was obtained from the rock, but in the latter such and such an amount was yielded.'

"The man never turned up again, as he evidently saw that he was caught. To this day nobody knows how the gold was gotten into the sample.

"Hardly a week passes in our business without something new and interesting or startling connected with mines or swindlers."

Pleasing Variation on a Chestnut.

[Waterbury American.]

A new combination was seen on the barge Juno Wednesday. The girl with the auburn hair was there, and attached to the cord held in her hand was a milk-white dog. The passengers drew a sigh of relief as they saw something to take the place of the white horse.

HOWARD'S LETTER.

Wants to Make the Punishment Fit the Crime.

Penalties Needed which Appeal to the Nature of the Criminal.

In Fact the Good-Natured Philosopher is Indignant.

NEW YORK, Sept. 22.—"Twenty-six years at hard labor in State prison!"

What does it mean?

Nothing.

Why so?

Because what you cannot understand, comprehend, appreciate, carries no weight. You are told that "a comet is approaching the sun at the rate of 3,000,000 miles a day." What does it mean to you? You know perfectly well that you know nothing. When an ignorant person is informed that, if he does wrong in this world, he will be punished in the next through an eternity of a forever, there comes to him a vague, undefinable terror, made appreciable, to a limited extent, because it is associated in his vulgar mind to physical torment. The fire of an indefensible theology has burned, through the medium of his physical nature, a feeling that "somehow or other," he will endure literal pain and agony for an indefinite period. There is, however, no analogy between that and a sentence of 26 years in State prison.

The object sought by confining men in prison is two-fold.

First, to punish them for evil-doing; second, to deter others from following their example. Long sentences are an absurdity on their face. In the first place, a man sentenced to 26 years in prison knows perfectly well that he need not remain 26 years in prison. There is a law of commutation, based upon good behavior, which would reduce a 26-year term to about 18 years, so that a goodly portion is struck off to start with. Then, too, he knows very well that unless the crime be attended with specially revolting or outrageous or infamous circumstances, its enormity will be so blunted by the passage of time that, long prior to the expiration of the 10 of his 18 years, he will be entirely forgotten, and his pardon is not only a possibility, but a probable outcome in about 10 years.

What, then, is gained by the imposition of such sentences?

It is precisely to meet that question that I suggest the idea of its absurdity. Upon the thoughtless it produces no effect. To the considerate it shows, first, a judge anxious for momentary applause; second, an apparent infliction, which is a farce in reality; and, third, an absolute loss of desired impression upon the public mind. Long sentences, as a rule, are pronounced in view of some special feature, of some extraordinary development, as, for instance, this week a Brooklyn judge sentenced an Irish brute to confinement in the State prison for 26 years because he gouged the eyes from his unoffending wife. A few moments after the sentence was pronounced, the prisoner attempted an assault upon his daughter, and had he been permitted what he asked, an interview with his sightless wife, alone, in all human probability he would have completed his fiendish work by

Assassinating Her Then and There.

Now, let us see what the effect upon that particular man is. Is he punished for his crime? It stands to reason that his nature must be flint. The head that could conceive so fiendish an act is not fat-witted nor quick-witted; it is a simple block, human only in a glimmer of intelligence sufficient to guide his thumbs to the sockets of a defenceless woman. Therefore, the infliction of a penalty like this carries no sentient idea to the intelligent brain. The idea may exist, but the brain is not there. Blunt as his head must necessarily be, so stolid must his moral nature be. His instincts are those of a brute. Brutes are quiet and inoffensive until enraged or stirred into beastly activity by some predisposing cause. This fellow, being a married man, must at some time or other, have been soft in nature and winning in way. Being a father, it is evident that affectionate relations have existed at certain times between him and his family. So with other brutes. What he needed to stir his brutish instincts into life, was a cause. Something crossed his temper. He instantly rose in his might, seized his wife, beat her brutally, and then, one after the other, despoiled her of her eyes.

Is he punished?

Is a man who is taken decorously, quietly, painlessly to a comfortable prison, where he is lodged in comparative ease, where he is fed satisfactorily three times a day, where his "hard labor" is as child's play, punished, in any commensurate degree for so awful, for so fiendish a crime? An eye for an eye, and a tooth for a tooth, said vigorous old Moses, as, standing on some shapely eminence, he called the Israelites about him, and laid down the Mosaic law, which meant business from start to finish. Had this fellow been caught redhanded by some retributive justician, and whaled with knotted lashes within an inch of his miscreant life, had his eyes been gouged out one after the other, and he, a strong, active, lusty individual, turned forth upon the streets to beg, some idea of exact and equal retribution would have been approached.

Look at the two, the criminal and the sufferer.

He, strong and contented, eating and drinking his fill, comfortable in his lodgment, and cared for by the State for 10 or 20 years to come; she, deprived of that most precious faculty, compelled to linger in agony untellable, suffering in mind, body and estate such distress as no pen can paint, no tongue describe, subsisting upon charity, an object of curiosity wherever she goes, to be forever known as the woman whose eyes were gouged from her head by the man who had sworn to love and to cherish her.

Law is not always equity.

Law, I know, is supposed to be the cream of equitable experience.

And sovereign law, that State's collected will,
O'er thrones and globes elate,
Sits supreme, crowning good, repressing ill.

So says the poet, but after all law is something which does not meet every case. It may do well enough as between man and man, dollar and dollar, acre and acre, but when it comes to be the arbiter between feelings, when it comes to deal with

Miscreancy of Certain Types,

what can law do? What can law do for offended honor? How compensate for moral injuries? What good was law to the State of California in 1856 and 1887. Of what service is law as between the outrager and the outraged? The law may be well enough and is well enough to settle disputes, to mark boundaries, to collect fines, but law, when appealed to as in this case, is utterly powerless, for the criminal feels no ill, and the poor woman goes stripped for all time, a monumental sufferer for whom there is no relief.

Law is like an apology.

It stands between man and man, preventing personal collision, but is very far from affording satisfaction. A few months ago I was standing on the Astor House steps. Broadway's pavement was packed as usual. Suddenly a flash of white, a cry, a man covered from head to foot with paint. A careless workman on a scaffolding some 40 feet high overturned his pail of paint, and a passer was deluged by it. It was a ludicrous scene. The man was at once taken into the hotel, profuse apologies were given, and everything done to make him feel comfortable. It was an "accident," "unfortunate," and so on. What good did the apology do him? Of what use was the offer of an order for a suit of clothes? The shock couldn't be repaired. The embarrassing predicament existed, the annoyance to his hair, his beard, was there. Being a man of the world, he laughed it off, and being a man of the world, he also felt the mortification very keenly. Last night a gentleman landed at the Forty-second street depot with his wife and daughter. Each carried a bag. They were set upon by three hackmen. They were pulled and hauled until the mother, frightened out of her wits, fainted away and the daughter had a fit of hysterics. A passing stranger came to their relief, ascertained where they wanted to go, put them in a hack and took them to their hotel. Possibly those hackmen will be arrested. If so, they can be fined. Being licensed to apply for passengers, they very likely will get off with a reprimand. That's the law. But where is the equity, where the justice? Night before last fire was discovered under the stairway of a seven-story tenement house in Cherry street. One hundred and thirty people, men, women and children, were asleep at the time in that tenement. Fortunately the fire was discovered and extinguished. A man named Marts has been arrested on suspicion of being the incendiary. Now, so far as he is concerned, he attempted to

Murder One Hundred and Thirty People

in the most horrible way known to human ingenuity.

He intended to choke them with smoke and burn them with fire.

If it can be proven he may be sentenced to five years in the State prison. That's the law. Where's the justice or the equity? He did his deed. He intended to murder those people. That he did not do it was the result of a fortunate accident; yet as he did not accomplish his purpose, he won't receive justice, nor equity, but will receive the penalty of the law. And this morning's paper tells of a young lady walking through Sixty-fourth street last evening at about 9 o'clock. As she passed Sixth avenue two men seized her and ran her with great rapidity into a hallway. The door fortunately stuck. It was impossible for them to shut it, and her screams attracted the attention of a passer. It was the merest accident that interfered between her brutal outrage and her escape. The men have not yet been arrested, the girl is at home delirious and in a condition of extreme peril. If the men were arrested, there being no proof, nothing but the presumption of their intention, and there having been nothing accomplished beyond a simple assault, at the very outside, they may be sent to prison for three years, but the large probabilities are, first, that they never will be detected; second, that the girl will be unable to identify them, and third, that in the absence of corroborative proof, the judge would feel obliged to order a verdict of acquittal. But grant that they are arrested, and the girl's evidence unshaken, and the jury finds them guilty of an attempt at an assault, and they are given the maximum three years in State prison. It will be as nothing to them, because in the first place they will not be there three years. All they have to do is to behave themselves, and they will be there at the very outside but two years. It will be as nothing to them, and even if they were to stay there three years, how does that compensate the girl? That's the law, but where's the equity. The victim is not considered.

But I contend that there is no punishment in the edict of the law.

We need a different grade of penalty.

We need something that shall appeal to the nature of the criminal. A man beats his wife or his mistress, whales her until it would seem as though life itself must leave its frail tenement. He is arrested and given six months on the island. I insist that not only is the victim uncompensated, but the criminal is

In No Sense Punished.

An eye for an eye, a lash for a lash, would seem to be nearer equity than the present incomplete sequence. The whipping-post is regarded as a relic of barbarism, and when, some years ago, its use was discontinued in Delaware, I remember all the Northern journals made much of the fact—congratulated the State upon its approach to more complete civilization. Now, I believe that the use of the lash on beasts of burden is at times necessary. Brute force is often an essential. There is but one way of managing a bull dog. There is but one mode of dealing with wild beasts. Experts tell me that an attempt to control a company of elephants without the prod would be a supreme folly. The elephant is cunning. The elephant is cruel. The elephant is long-suffering. He waits for his opportunity, and then in a twinkling of an eye his docility disappears, and his marvellous strength, intelligently directed by an extraordinary degree of cunning, is utilized to uproot, to pull down, to sweep into destruction everything and everybody that has ever stood in his way, or afforded him the faintest excuse for so doing. Beast tamers tell me that nothing under heavens keeps the lion, the tiger, in his place, crouching with fear, except a firm faith they have in the superior physical strength of their master. The red-hot iron, the knotted lash, the lancet-shaped prod, starvation, red-hot coals of unquestioned fire, these are the elements with which to control four-legged brutes, and when man, made in the image of his Creator, puts his moral nature on all fours, approaching the very beasts in their brutishness, he invites, it seems to me, the lash, the red-hot iron and such physical torment as will convince him of the physical strength of his master, the community.

Do I advocate the lash?

For men who use the lash, I do.

Do I advocate physical torture?

For men who use physical torture, I do.

We hang men who kill, why not flog men who whip?

HOWARD.

PASSED THROUGH PIERRE.

All the Big Indians on Their Way to the Brule.

PIERRE, Dak., Sept. 22.—The Standing Rock and Cheyenne agency delegates to the Lower Brule council, passed through Pierre en route yesterday. Major McLaughlin, agent; John Grass, Rain-in-the-Face of Standing Rock and Dr. McChessney, agent; White Swan, Crow Eagle and Little No-Heart of the Cheyenne agency, were in the party. Major McLaughlin expressed confidence in the ultimate success of the commission, as did Dr. McChessney, but their views are not shared by the chiefs with them.

John Grass is still opposed to the treaty, his argument being that the Indians should receive as much as the government, $1.25 an acre.

He is very anxious to be sent to Washington to see the Great Father, and it is thought by both agents that he can be won over to the treaty by favoring him in this respect. The old chief, Gall, is not with the party on account of sickness, neither is Sitting Bull, who was chosen to go, but at the last moment refused for fear of violence being done him while off his reservation. White Buffalo of Cheyenne is opposed to the bill. A significant fact is that all the delegates are opposed to it. When White Buffalo was told that Bowed Head was the first to sign the treaty of Crow creek he significantly remarked, "He will die."

He Didn't Advertise.

[Peck's Sun.]

A nervous looking man went into a store the other day and sat down for half an hour or so, when a clerk asked him if she could do anything for him. He said no, he didn't want anything. She went away and he sat there for half an hour longer, when the proprietor went to him and asked him if he wanted to be shown anything. "No," said the nervous man, "I just want to sit around. My physician has recommended perfect quiet for me, and says above all things I should avoid being in crowds. Noticing that you did not advertise in the newspapers I thought that this would be as quiet a place as I could find, so I just dropped in for a few hours' isolation." The merchant picked up a bolt of paper cambric to brain him, but the man went out. He said all he wanted was a quiet life.

Regular Thing.

[Detroit Free Press.]

"I can never think well of Nashville people," remarked one of the group as we were canvassing the Southern cities.

"Very nice people, I think," replied another.

"But you don't know 'em. I went there to settle down and make the place my home. One day, when I had been there about two weeks, a fellow came rubbing around me and I told him to keep away or I'd hurt him. He went right off and had me put under bonds to keep the peace. Then a dozen men came to me and advised me to jump my bonds, and I got out and have never gone back."

"What was there mean about that?"

"Why, I found out afterward that it was a regular game to get rid of a man they didn't like. It was safer than shooting him, and not half the trouble as riding him on a rail."

CELESTIALS IN AMERICA.

Emigration Prohibited by the Chinese Government.

Indemnities Demanded for the Rock Springs and Other Outrages.

Correspondence Relative to the Treaty Furnished by Secretary Bayard.

WASHINGTON, Sept. 18.—The President today transmitted to Congress, in answer to a Senate resolution, a letter from the secretary of state, together with accompanying correspondence in relation to the Chinese treaty. Secretary Bayard, in his letter sending to the President the correspondence called for by the Senate, says:

"It is proper, in elucidation of the correspondence, to inform you that the subjects embraced in the treaty were also elaborately discussed in the personal interviews held by me with Chang Yen Hoon, the Chinese minister, from time to time, since his arrival here in April, 1886. By reference to my private memoranda of those interviews, I find they took place at this department on Jan. 7, Jan. 28, March 11, March 18 and April 13, 1887, on the 23d of which last mentioned month the minister sailed for Spain, whence he returned to the United States in the month of August, but did not renew his residence at the capital for some months thereafter."

The subject of the treaty, Mr. Bayard says, was renewed without delay and other interviews held. He continues:

"On May 21 last the minister sailed from New York for Peru, and my latest information is to the effect that he is now on his way from Lima to the United States. On July 16 last I was called upon by the Chinese charge, who informed me that a cablegram had been received from the Chinese foreign office inquiring whether any further amendments could be added by the Senate to the pending treaty."

In reply, the secretary says, he informed the charge that the treaty as amended by the Senate was concluded and only awaited an exchange of ratifications to become binding upon both parties by proclamation to that effect. Continuing Mr. Bayard says:

"In view of the phraseology of the closing line of the resolution referring to any other representative or agent of the United States in China or elsewhere, with reference to the said treaty, I have the honor to state that no correspondence whatever with any one, other than that transmitted, has been had by this department in reference to the said treaty."

A letter dated Jan. 12, 1887, from Tsungli-Yamen, the foreign office, to Minister Denby, in regard to the coming of Chinese to this country, contains the following paragraph:

"Recently, outrages of a serious nature, such as driving the Chinese from their fields of labor and places of abode or trade, burning and murdering them, have been repeatedly committed. The local authorities have not extended to them timely protection, nor have they exerted themselves with zeal in bringing the perpetrators to justice; consequently no justice has as yet been obtained in any of the cases, for which the sufferers feel bitterly grieved even in their very bones, and those who hear of it feel pained to their hearts. While your government in vain professes to guarantee protection to the Chinese laborers they in reality do not derive any substantial protection as demanded by their rights. China treats the Americans strictly in conformity with the treaty stipulations, but the United States treats the Chinese in such a manner as if the treaties were made for no purpose.

"Now, China of her own accord, proposes to establish a system of prohibition, that those laborers who have not been to the United States will be strictly prohibited from going thither, nor any Chinese laborer, who has returned to China from the United States, where he has no property or family, will be allowed to go back thither to run the risk of

Treading on the Ground of Danger.

With regard to the Chinese laborers now remaining in the United States and that class of Chinese entitled by treaty to come and go of their own free will, it is hoped that they will forever be treated according to treaty stipulations. Details of this plan will be submitted hereafter."

The original project submitted to Chang Yen Hoon by Secretary Bayard under date of Jan. 12, 1887, embodied a proposition "that for a period of 30 years, beginning with the date of the exchange of ratifications of this convention, the coming of or return to the United States of Chinese laborers shall be absolutely prohibited, and if six months before the expiration of the said period of 30 years neither government should formally have given notice to the other of an intention to treat such proposition as at an end, it shall remain in full force for another period of 30 years. But it is expressly understood that the provisions of this convention shall not affect the right at present enjoyed of Chinese subjects, being teachers, students, merchants or travellers, for curiosity or pleasure, but not laborers to come to the United States and reside therein."

Mr. Hoon in his reply to Secretary Bayard states that he also has several things which he intends to propose but cannot, under his instructions, do so until the outrage cases are settled. Referring to the outrages he says:

"You kindly gave me repeated assurances, in person, that indemnities would be awarded and the cases settled within a certain time, which I, in my despatches, more than once communicated to the foreign office; but nevertheless they still remain unsettled; consequently I find myself placed in a rather delicate position, which it seems hard for me to extricate myself from. It seems premature for us to enter into negotiations for concluding a treaty, as suggested by you, at the present moment."

The correspondence shows that on March 18, 1887, the Chinese minister left a document giving in detail and minutely, the plan proposed by the Chinese government in a letter to Minister Denby, dated January 12, 1887, to prohibit the emigration of its subjects to this country. A part of this document, however, is in reply to Mr. Bayard's project. It declares, first, that China proposes to

Punish Chinese Laborers

who have never been to the United States and who fraudulently attempt to secure entrance into the United States, and that as China does this of her own accord, and for the protection of her subjects, there is no necessity for fixing any limitation of time; second, the Chinese laborers with property or relatives in the United States must satisfactorily prove the same, and must henceforth, when leaving the United States for China, deposit with the consul general at San Francisco, a statement showing this to be the case or otherwise they will not be entitled to return; third, Chinese shall be permitted to go through the United States in transit to other countries; fourth, the exempt class of Chinese subjects, such as teachers, merchants, etc., if possessed of certificates, shall be permitted to land without detention under any pretext.

The document then requests that the President proclaim that, with a view of preventing its subjects from suffering ill-treatment, the Chinese government has, of its own accord, prohibited the coming of Chinese laborers into the United States; that this will reduce the number of Chinese in the United States, and that Chinese subjects in the United States shall enjoy entire liberty of conscience, and shall be exempt from all disability or persecution, and that any person who may commit hereafter acts of murder, arson and robbery similar to those in the past, against the United States, shall be severely punished, without the least leniency. It also asks that officers shall be appointed, to be specially charged with looking after the safety of the Chinese in the West, with authority to call on the troops to protect the Chinese.

In anticipation of any argument that may be advanced that the government has not authority to take action against those committing violence, the minister says that China's treaty stipulations are with the United States and not with the local governments, and that Americans in China have asked and have received similar protection in China. A treaty of extradition by which Chinese criminals will be delivered up is also suggested, and the United States is asked to reduce the duty upon rice imported from China.

April 11, 1887, Mr. Bayard transmitted the draft of a convention to the Chinese minister, and invited him to meet him at the department for the consideration of the subject. The subsequent correspondence discloses the succeeding steps of the negotiations, and embodies arguments pro and con upon both sides. The correspondence closes with a notification by Mr. Bayard to the minister of the ratification of the treaty by the Senate, enclosing the two additional amendments adopted by the Senate, and the minister's reply, in which he says:

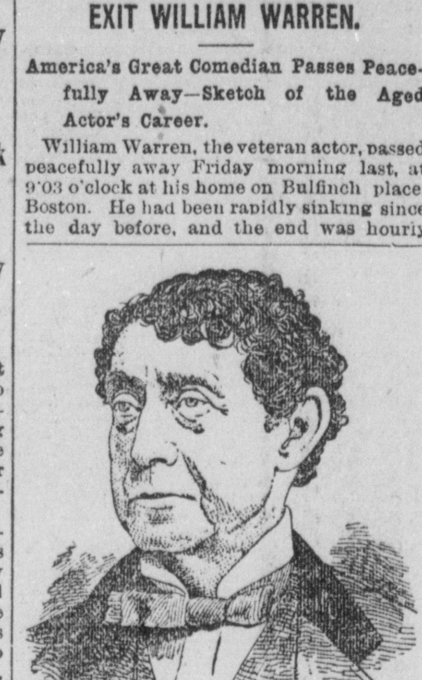
"I have carefully examined these amendments, and as they do not alter the terms of the original treaty it will give me pleasure to accept them in due form."

The minister further says that he has telegraphed the amendments to the government, and as soon as he shall be notified of the ratification of the treaty by his august sovereign he will, in exchanging ratifications, have the amendments written in a protocol to be appended to the treaty.

EXIT WILLIAM WARREN.

America's Great Comedian Passes Peacefully Away—Sketch of the Aged Actor's Career.

William Warren, the veteran actor, passed peacefully away Friday morning last, at 9.03 o'clock at his home on Bulfinch place, Boston. He had been rapidly sinking since the day before, and the end was hourly expected. He was in the 77th year of his age.



With only the possible exception of Joseph Jefferson, William Warren was the foremost comedian of the age in which he lived.

William Warren was born in the house now numbered 712 Sansom street, Philadelphia, on Nov. 17, 1812. His education as a boy was very thorough, and he early imbibed that taste for good reading and that love for the best books which made him such an accomplished scholar and litterateur. His father's purpose was that the boy should be trained to mercantile pursuits. But in the latter years of the elder Warren's life he was unfortunate in his business ventures, and when he passed away at Baltimore, Oct. 19, 1832, his family were left without a competency. Under such circumstances, Warren, then scarcely 20 years of age, determined to follow, as his father had done before him, his natural bent, and seek fame and fortune following the sire's art. A benefit was given to his mother at the Arch Street Theatre, Oct. 27 of that year, and on this occasion the young actor made his first bow on the stage. He enacted the part that his father had chosen for his debut 48 years before—young Norval in Howe's tragedy, "Douglas." His success was genuine, and from that moment the actor had no doubt as to the wisdom of his course in choosing his father's honored profession. His career for several years was exceedingly varied, and in his time he played all sorts of parts from juvenile to low comedy. With a company organized by Joseph Jefferson, the elder, our actor journeyed through the Western wilds of 50 years ago, acting in stores, log houses, wherever a stage could be improvised or audience room arranged.

In 1841 he made his first appearance in New York, in the Park Theatre, and was very successful. His first appearance in Boston after his return from Europe was in "The Rivals," taking the part of Sir Lucius O'Trigger. Mr. Warren first appeared at the Boston Museum in 1846, and with but slight changes he continued his connection with that theatre, where in 1882 he celebrated his "jubilee" with one of the greatest demonstrations ever bestowed upon an actor in Boston. For the last 30 years of his life Mr. Warren has been a Boston "institution." His record embraces 600 distinct character roles played in the Hub alone.

Personally, an eminently social man, with the gallantry of a gentleman of that old school to which he belonged, Mr. Warren remained a bachelor. His immediate family included four sisters: Hester, born in 1810, whose first husband was a musician, by the name of Willis, from whom she was separated, and who afterwards became the wife of Joseph Proctor. She died in Boston on the 7th of December, 1841, from a cold caught while performing in the "Naiad Queen" at the National Theatre under the management of William Pelby. Anna, born in 1815, who married Danford Marble, the famous Yankee comedian, in 1836, and died in Cincinnati on March 11, 1872. Emma, who had for her first husband a Mr. Price, and was subsequently married to D. Hanchet, who died in New York in May, 1879. Mary Ann, who married John B. Rice, an actor, who afterward became mayor of Chicago. Mrs. Rice is a widow and is still living. Henry, an elder brother, was for years engaged in management in various cities in New York State and other places, but is now dead. So, with its present bearer, the name father and son have made illustrious has been lost to our stage.

TEXAN ROAD ROBBERY.

Bandits Stop a Well-Guarded Train—Hold Up Baggage Men as Decoys for Officers' Bullets—Fleeing, the Desperadoes Are Chased with Bloodhounds.

ST. LOUIS, Sept. 23.—A special despatch from Sculenberg, Texas, says that a passenger train of the Southern Pacific road was stopped near Harwood last night by masked men, who compelled the engineer, at the point of a revolver, to uncouple from the passenger coaches and pull out of the way. Conductor E. E. Shoenketford was compelled to assist in uncoupling the engine. In the express car were United States Marshal John T. Rankin, with Deputy William Van Wiper and Detective Jay G. Kelly of the Southern Pacific service. Other officers were on the train, the company having been warned of the attack, and all east-bound trains being guarded by Marshal Rankin since Wednesday.

The robbers were soon on the mail car. "Jump in and rifle the mail bags!" commanded the leader of the gang. Two men then took Engineer Toomey to the open door, and as soon as his head peered into the open space, Bud West, taking him for one of the robbers, blazed away with one barrel of his shot gun. Toomey fell back with an ugly wound ploughed through his left cheek, about three inches long and one inch wide, and a number of buckshot in the left shoulder.

The bandits then tried to make Fireman Grover serve a like purpose, and when West sighted the fireman he discharged the other barrel of his gun, but fortunately missed Grover. The bandits then returned the fire and no less than 50 shots were exchanged when the baffled robbers fled, carrying two of their wounded with them. There were 10 in the gang. They will be pursued with bloodhounds.

KILLED IN ONE ROUND.

Fatal End of a Prize Fight in Dakota—George Fulljames of Ring Renown Knocked Out by an Unknown.

GRAND FORKS, Dak., Sept. 23.—Last night a prize fight was arranged between George Fulljames of Winnipeg and an unknown whom local sports had discovered. At 2 o'clock this morning a crowd went to Frank Church's barn, formed a ring and prepared for a fight, Marquis of Queensberry rules to govern.

The combatants shook hands, when instantly the unknown struck Fulljames a terrible blow on the side of the head and felled him to the floor. He recovered, and staggering to his feet started to continue the fight. Blows were exchanged and Fulljames received several hard cracks in the face, one over the heart laying him flat.

It is understood that the affair was most brutal. Fulljames lay in the barn until 7 o'clock this morning unattended. At that time a doctor was called and had him removed. It was too late to save his life. He gradually grew worse, and at 4 o'clock this afternoon he died.

Chief Hennessy heard of the fight at 6 o'clock this morning. He at once commenced an investigation, and arrested the unknown, who gave his name as Barrett, but declared his innocence. This afternoon, while the police were down town, some one broke the lock on the station house door and allowed several prisoners, including Barrett, to escape. Diligent search failed to find Barrett in the city. He was probably the man who killed Fulljames.

Tonight Dr. Rounsveit summoned a coroner's jury, and is holding an inquest with closed doors. He is having great difficulty in securing witnesses. Fulljames was well known among sports all over the country. He had fought several times here and was recognized as a tough pugilist to handle.

Consumption Surely Cured.

To the Editor: Please inform your readers that I have a positive remedy for the above-named disease. By its timely use thousands of hopeless cases have been permanently cured. I shall be glad to send two bottles of my remedy FREE to any of your readers who have consumption if they will send me their express and P. O. address. Respectfully, T. A. Slocum, M. C., 181 Pearl st., New York.

NEWS IN BRIEF.

There are said to be a million persons now studying Volapuk.

All freight trains are again runing on the Chicago division of the Illinois Central railroad.

A Julien electric car is making regular trips on the Fourth avenue street car line in New York city.

There will be no further effort at this session of Congress to push the French spoliation bill forward.

The immense clothes pin factory of Ralph Glasgo at Garoga, Fulton county, N. Y., was burned last week.

Efforts are being made to remove the Hunt paintings from the walls of the Capitol at Albany, N. Y.

The report that the Democrats in Congress were preparing to pass a bill to repeal the tobacco tax is denied.

The next annual meeting of the Society of the Army of the Cumberland will be held at Chattanooga on Sept. 18, 19 and 20, 1889.

The brigantine Corinne is a total loss on Kelp Shoal, on Flat Mud Island, Nova Scotia. Her cargo was landed in a damaged condition.

Switchmen of the Wisconsin Central railroad at Ashland, Wis., went on strike last week for an advance in wages from $2.25 to $2.50 per day.

Brodie, the bridge jumper, proposes to leap from the new Poughkeepsie bridge into the Hudson river. The distance to the water is 212 feet.

A movement is on foot, with every prospect of success, to have the New York Produce Exchange close at 2.15 o'clock instead of 3.30, as at present.

Employes of the Wabash railroad at St. Louis have refused to care for "Q" locomotives that come in over the Wabash road, and another strike is imminent.

The House Democrats, in caucus, have decided that there shall be no adjournment until the Senate shall have opportunity to act upon the tariff and retaliation bills.

The Society of the Army of the Cumberland held its nineteenth annual reunion at Chicago Wednesday. General Rosecrans presided over the 150 members present.

A Mr. Shiffer of Erastina, S. I., has four children, aged from 2 to 11 years, all of whom were bitten by a terrier in July last. The youngest is now dying of hydrophobia.

The various Italian societies of New York city paraded Thursday in honor of Garibaldi and the unification of Italy. Nearly 3000 men and 500 schoolboys were in line.

While Rev. Hugh O. Pentecost and Henry George were addressing a meeting in Belleville avenue rink, Newark, N. J., Thursday night, the music gallery fell. Eleven men and boys were injured.

Louis B. Hooker, commander of G. A. R. post at South Hadley Falls, Mass., fell from heart disease while buying a ticket in the depot at Holyoke, Sept. 18, and died while being conveyed to his home.

The removal of Superintendent Jackson of the railway mail service, it is said, has caused much uneasiness among the few Republican clerks remaining in the service, who fear similar treatment any day.

Large quantities of crude opium are imported into British Columbia by paying a small duty. It is then manufactured and sent to the Canadian border, and from there smuggled into the United States.

A New York policeman, who is said to have been altogether too free in the use of his club, got locked up in a cell the other evening for trying to club two of Inspector Byrnes' detectives, whom he did not know.

Charles A. Pillsbury & Co., the big flour millers of Minneapolis, have just divided $40,000 among their employes, in accordance with a promise made three years ago. For two years there were no profits to divide.

Winifred Eagan, in all probability the oldest person in New York State, died at the residence of her son-in-law, Michael Madden, in Rondout, Wednesday. She was verging on to 106 years. She never used spectacles.

The opening of the Augusta (Ga.) National exposition has been posponed from Oct. 10 to Nov. 8, and it is to close Dec. 15. The principal reasons given for the change are the recent floods and the yellow-fever scare in the South.

Statistician Shepperson of the New York Cotton Exchange officially states the cotton crop of the United States for 1887-8 to have been the largest on record, being 7,046,833 bales, or 96,000 bales more than the largest crop, that of 1882-3.

Charles B. Whiting, the Worcester, Mass., banker who failed last week, is under arrest, charged with embezzlement of $3000 given him by Dr. John O. Marble for investment some time ago in stocks which were not forthcoming.

James E. Bedell, who swindled Shipman, Barlow, Larocque & Choate's clients out of $260,000 by means of bogus mortgages, claims to have lost $126,277.48 between January, 1881, and Sept. 17, 1888, in a Broadway (New York) policy shop.

The boiler of Hamilton's saw mill on the Mississippi river, at Blair, Neb., exploded Sept. 20, instantly killing Henry Morrell, the engineer, and Henry Alexander, the fireman. Five others were severely injured. The boiler had been in use at the mill only two weeks.

There will be 30 new money-order offices established in New England on Oct. 1, the following being in Massachusetts: Grafton, Housatonic, Leicester, Lexington, North Dana, Norwood, Onset, Stockbridge, West Barnstable, West Dennis, West Quincy, West Stockbridge.

The $8,000,000 suit of the Hocking Valley Railroad Company against Stevenson Burke and his associate ex-directors of the company has been decided in favor of the defendants. Judge Burke says that he will now bring suit against the company for heavy damages.

The Cunarder Etruria has eclipsed the best record for an ocean voyage. She was reported at Fire island at 8.35 a. m. Saturday, and it is reckoned that she has made the incoming trip in six days 1 hour 55 minutes, a gain of 30 minutes over her own, the best previous record, made last June.

Mr. Perrault and his son, farmers of Ste. Anne, Mr. Boisvert, a miller in Rosseau's mills, with Mr. Morrin, the station agent at Ste. Anne de la Perade, and Mr. Goodin of the same place, all in the Province of Quebec, were drowned Sept. 18 while crossing in a boat from St. Jean d'Eschkaillons to Ste. Anne.

The Oneida Indians, it is said, will soon begin a suit against the United States for $1,000,000 or more. In January, 1838, a treaty was made giving to the Six Nations about 1,824,000 acres of land in Kansas. In 1845, owing to the border troubles in Kansas, much of their land was seized, hence the suit.

In New York Wednesday, Judge Barrett, after hearing all the evidence on the motion for an injunction in the suit of Kiernan's News Company, denied the motion. The evidence showed that on 1304 sporting news items sent out by the latter company, its ticker beat the Kiernan ticker from one minute to over an hour per item.

It appearing that certain concessions are made to all vessels, except American, arriving at Costa Rica, it has been ordered that the cargoes of Costa Rican vessels entering the United States, therefore, will be subjected to the discriminating duties levied by section 2, chapter 501, Revised Statutes, as embodied in the act of March 3, 1883.

A fire broke out in the toy store of W. H. Desperas, in Montreal, Wednesday, and spread to the premises adjoining of A. J. Plamoudin and A. Timcott, clothiers. The loss will be about $15,000. Mr. Desperas is insured for $10,000, Timcott for $10 000 and Mr. Plamoudin for $6500. Mrs. Desperas, an old widow and a man were burned to death.

The total salmon pack in Alaska is 7000 cases. The winter is settling in at Silver Bow Basin and mining operations have been suspended. The news from Berner bay is gratifying. A free gold deposit, 15 feet in width, has recently been developed. Word has been received from Onalaska that it is unlikely any seizures of sealing schooners will be made this year.

An old man was watching a balloon ascension at the Centreville, Mich., fair, Sept. 19, when his feet became entangled in the ropes of the air ship and he was borne aloft head downward. The aeronaut, who was performing on a trapeze above the old man, succeeded at last in drawing him up on the bar, and seated together they made a safe descent, after rising to an altitude of 1000 feet.

Justice Field of the United States Supreme Court has denied the petition of David S. Terry, formerly justice of the Supreme Court of California, who was recently committed to jail for six months by Justice Field for contempt in assaulting the marshal during the progress of the Sharon case in the United States Circuit Court, for a revocation of his sentence.

Wednesday being lawyers' day at the centennial, Columbus, O., a meeting of members of the bar was held in the auditorium with Judge Thurman presiding. Letters of regret were read from Chief Justice Fuller and from General Benjamin Harrison. Judge Thurman made an address composd largely of reminiscences of prominent members of the bar in an earlier period of Ohio's history.

As the Chicago-bound Alton express train was passing Thirty-fourth street at 7.30 o'clock Thursday night, a number of unknown hoodlums threw a number of stones through the car windows. The splintered glass flew in all directions, and one woman was so badly cut in the face that she may lose her eyesight. A number of other passengers were also slightly cut. A hunt was made for the guilty parties, but without success.

A story, which however is contradicted by railroad officials, comes from Buffalo, N. Y., to the effect that a Lake Shore pay car, while recently side-tracked in that city, was robbed of $40,000. Cracksmen, it is said, bored a hole in the floor of the car, and administered ether to the clerks who were asleep in the car. They then forced an entrance, blew open the safe and, securing the cash, made their escape without leaving a clew.

The congress of American physicians and surgeons has been in convention at Washington during the past week. Dr. J. S. Billings was elected president. About 200 members were present. Each of the 11 sections of specialists constituting the congress held two sessions each day, and at each session several papers on appropriate subjects were read and discussed.

Silas Carleton died of paralysis in North Wilmington, Man., on the 15th inst., at the age of 87. His ancestry was noble not only in blood but in works. Lord Carleton was a member of the privy council of Edward III. of England, and during that reign was chancellor of the exchequer. Edward Carleton of Beverly, who came to Massachusetts bay in 1638, was also an honored ancestor of the deceased.

J. C. Murphy, a watchman in the county clerk's office at Chicago, who also holds a commission as justice of the peace, is said to be driving a lucrative business in uniting in marriage couples who apply at the office for licenses. He is reputed to marry about 3000 couples every year. Runaway couples, minors and others who wish their marriage to be consummated in a quiet way, find Mr. Murphy's services very acceptable.

A terrible prairie fire burned over the entire southern portion of Campbell county, Dak., Thursday, and the wind being in the southeast all day, brought the flames into the vicinity of La Grace, the county seat. Nearly every resident was out all day fighting the flames, and but for the extreme efforts the damage would have been immense. So far about 200 tons of hay and several stables are reported consumed. An unknown Norwegian was burned to death.

Jennie M. Swetland, an employe of the county register's office, Kalamazoo, Mich., was arrested recently for forging the discharge of a mortgage. An examination shows that her operations have been quite extensive. Percy Sherman, her uncle, has eight mortgages and transfers of some from other people to her, and none are genuine. Her swindles are said to foot up $10,000, besides a large indebtedness to many merchants.

The President has received official information of the refusal of the Chinese government to ratify the amended treaty. Secretary Bayard said Friday night, when asked about the rejection by China of the treaty with that government, that the information was received at the State Department during the day in a despatch from Minister Denby, in which he simply stated that the Chinese government had refused to ratify the amended treaty.

The merchants all over Georgia are greatly agitated over the failure of the farmers to bring in their cotton. This failure is due to the fact that the Southern farmers have absolutely declined to use jute bagging at all, and are holding their cotton in their gin houses waiting to find some way to get ahead of the cotton bagging trust. Up to this time a year ago 7143 bales of cotton had been received in Atlanta. This year up to the present time only 300 have been received there. What is true of Atlanta is true of that section generally.

A story of horrible crime comes from the shores of Lake Temiscamangue, in Canada. A Mrs. Boivin offered her husband a dose of strychnine for a dose of epsom salts. The husband was suspicious and refused to take the mixture. To satisfy his scruples, the woman took a spoonful herself, and then the husband took the full dose. The woman miscalculated the strength of the poison, however, and when a man named Greiner came in, shortly after, he found her muscles twitching from the effects of the poison, while the husband was in convulsions. When assistance arrived both were dead.

A telegram announces the death, Thursday night in Buenos Ayres, of Samuel B. Hale, the pioneer of the United States trade in South America. He was the senior member of the firm of Samuel B. Hale & Co., which was engaged in the banking business in Buenos Ayres. Mr. Hale was born in Groton, Mass., 84 years ago, and went to Buenos Ayres when he was 24 years of age. He had accumulated a fortune of $15,000,000 in trading and banking, and was the owner of large ranches in the Argentine Republic. He leaves one daughter, the wife of John F. Pearson of Boston, who is now the senior partner of the firm.

The Chicago police have unearthed a gang of youthful burglars. William Morgan, the captain, is only 8 years old. His lieutenant is William Sullivan, a ten-year-old lad. Henry Stackmeyer, aged 13, the eldest, was the general utility man. Numerous burglaries, which were reported to the police, and were laid to old and expert cracksmen, were confessed to by the doughty little captain. They had been holding a regular carnival of crime. The particulars of a dozen large burglaries were detailed, showing that the lads had stolen almost everything, from a box of candy to a horse.

Henry F. Harding, alias R. F. Seymour, committed two daring robberies in New York on Thursday. Shortly after 12 o'clock he entered the Fifth National Bank. The paying teller had a large sum of money on his desk. He turned his back for a moment, when Harding leaped on the railing surrounding the desk and grabbed three packages, each containing $1000. A short while afterward Harding entered a down-town bank—the Commercial National, on Wall street—and quietly took two packages of money from the cashier's desk while his back was turned. Together they contained $8700. Three officers finally captured him. All the money was recovered but $2000. Harding says he came from Chicago only three weeks ago.

For several days there has been trouble brewing at Aspen between the Midland and Denver & Rio Grande roads about the right of way out of camp and into the Utah line. On Tuesday last the quarrel caused the shedding of blood, and further trouble is expected. The Rio Grande train was drawn out of the street in accordance with the orders of the City Council, but it was replaced later; the Midland, being ready to complete its track, sent a force of men to clear the way. President Scott of the Midland was struck in the breast and knocked down. The sheriff and posse took possession of the ground, and are holding both tracks and the train of cars against both parties.

News received from the South Seas show that there was savage fighting on the Marquesas group before the natives allowed the French to hoist their flag and take possession of the group. Two hundred French marines and several thousand natives were killed. The natives retired into the mountains, where it was difficult to dislodge them. Much indignation is expressed in Tahiti over the seizure of Easter island by Chili, which proposes to establish there a penal colony. This is the island famous for its grand stone statues standing on huge pedestals. The seizure was made by Captain Toro of the Chilian cruiser Agamos.

The investigation of the Iowa State railroad commissioners into the complaints against the Chicago, Rock Island & Pacific, the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul and the Burlington, Cedar Rapids & Northern roads because of extortionate charges and alleged injurious discrimination, closed last evening, so far as the taking of testimony is concerned. Some time must elapse before the decision can be rendered, as the commissioners have a great mass of evidence to consider, and should they decide the complaints well founded, more time will be required to study the remedies to be applied. If the complaints are sustained suits will be brought at once. The investigation has been interesting.

Pins, Twelve Dollars a Paper.

From an article entitled "Hard Times in the Confederacy," in the September Century, we quote the following: "In August, 1864, a private citizen's coat and vest, made of five yards of coarse homespun cloth, cost $250 exclusive of the price paid for the making. The trimmings consisted of old cravats; and for the cutting and putting together, a country tailor charged $50. It is safe to say that the private citizen looked a veritable guy in his new suit, in spite of its heavy drain upon his pocket-book.

"In January, 1865, the material for a lady's dress which before the war would have cost $10 could not be bought for less than $500. The masculine mind is unequal to the task of guessing how great a sum might have been had for bonnets 'brought through the lines;' for in spite of patient self-sacrifice and unfaltering devotion at the bedsides of the wounded in the hospital, or in ministering to the needs of relatives and dependants at home, the Southern women of those days are credited with as keen an interest in the fashions as women everywhere in civilized lands are apt to be in times of peace. It was natural that they should be so interested, even though that interest could in the main not reach beyond theory. Without it they often would have had a charm the less and a pang the more. Any feminine garment in the shape of cloak or bonnet or dress which chanced to come from the North was readily awarded its meed of praise, and reproduced by sharp-eyed observers, so far as the scarcity of materials would admit.

"But fashion's rules were necessarily much relaxed in the Southern Confederacy so far as practice went when even such articles as pins brought through the blockade sold for $12 a paper, and needles for $10, with not enough of either."

DURING THIS CAMPAIGN

Every reader of newspapers will need THE GLOBE'S "Dictionary of Politics; or, Every Man a Politician." He will meet a Thousand and one points and references necessary to be explained to secure full understanding of the present political situation. It will tell you most everything you wish to know about the American government, politicians, political parties, and political events, and will be used every day. It is as elegantly printed as any $1.50 book, and has 550 page. Read the last column, fourth page.

GROVER CLEVELAND.

Continued from the First Page.

party had been out of power for nearly a quarter of a century. He did as well as he could for his party, considering the fact that he was hampered on all sides with the civil-service law and a Republican Senate. He offended many because he appointed some mugwumps to office; but this he could not well avoid, since they had contributed very largely toward his election. If re-elected I have no doubt but that he will fully satisfy the wants of his party.

"As a politician he has been very successful, but that he lacks that political sagacity which should have characterized his actions at this particularly critical juncture in the history of his party is evidenced to the country in a presidential campaign when there was no imperative necessity for it. Tariff revision and the regulation of the customs revenue service is a purely economic and business proposition, and should have no place in politics. No man's democracy or republicanism should be measured by his views upon economic subjects. Had President Cleveland been a shrewd and diplomatic politician he never would have undertaken the conversion of an economic and business proposition into a political question and mixed it with the party broils of the day. We may have had greater statesmen than President Cleveland, but after all, we never had a more safe, honest, fearless and patriotic President."

Representative William M. Springer,

chairman of the committee on Territories, is regarded as one of the ablest parliamentarians on the floor, and has probably occupied the speaker's chair for as many hours during the present session as all other members together. He says:

"I regard Mr. Cleveland as one of the most remarkable men our country has produced. There has never been a President who has given so much time to the details of his office. He has vetoed more private bills than any of his predecessors, and has at the same time furnished information to both branches of Congress on matters of public concern and in messages which would rank with the ablest state papers ever communicated to Congress. He possesses two elements of character which have challenged the admiration in all times and all governments, namely, integrity, and the courage of his convictions. Believing that a revision of the tariff was demanded by the best interests of the country, he had the courage to send a message to the country at the beginning of this session pointing out the evils of the great surplus, and showing the necessity for immediate reduction of taxation. It was believed by many that this courageous avowal would result in his defeat for renomination, and in the defeat of the Democratic party in the ensuing election; but the President took no concern as to his future, personally, or even as to that of his party. He consulted the right of the question, and being earnestly impressed with the fact the best interests of the country required that this line of policy should be pursued and he pointed it out. The result has been that he has laid down the platform of his party, secured his own unanimous renomination, and has placed his party before the country for the first time in many years upon a distinctive platform of principles, and for the first time since the war has brought about an intellectual campaign—one which has occupied the discussion of economic questions. It is unnecessary to speak of what the result will be. That would be mere prophecy. Whatever may be the result, it will certainly be beneficial to the best interests of the country by awakening an earnest thought on a great question of national policy. The result in Maine has not discouraged in the slightest the friends of reform. A corresponding gain in other States would ensure the selection and election of a Democratic Congress. His integrity is unquestioned by his bitterest opponents, and his administration is without blemish or suspicion."

Senator Cockrell (Dem.) of Missouri said: President Cleveland has proved himself to be one of the very best presidents our country has ever had. He is honest, sincere, laborious, painstaking, self-reliant and courageous. He investigates closely and weighs carefully the subjects to be considered and acted upon by him, and having determined what he believes to be right and just acts accordingly. He has striven most earnestly and faithfully to give our country an honest, economical and constitutional administration and to do equal and exact justice to all citizens and has succeeded to the satisfaction of the great masses of our people. He had upon his inauguration, responsibilities, labors and duties resting upon him graver, weightier and more difficult and more numerous than ever rested upon any of his predecessors. He has discharged them faithfully and will be indorsed by re-election.

"From my own personal knowledge of him, it is due I should say that in general Mr. Cleveland has the courage of his convictions, and does not hesitate to express to the public his opinion upon any public question in which the public may be interested. I think his courage one of the highest elements in his character."

BALLARD SMITH.

FOUR DOUBTFUL STATES.

Collins Thinks the Outlook in All is Favorable.

WASHINGTON, Sept. 23.—General Collins is here and will remain a few days. There is no man in public life who has more friends than Boston's distinguished representative, and since his arrival he has been kept busy shaking hands. With THE GLOBE correspondent tonight he found time to talk about the political situation, and the general finds it very encouraging.

"In the four doubtful States," he said, "the outlook is very favorable. Indiana, I think, is all right for us without any question. The reports from New Jersey are perfectly satisfactory, and show that the Jerseymen can take care of themselves, and in New York the situation is vastly improved over what it was at this time four years ago.

"I have had some opportunity to form an opinion. On the 4th of last July I spoke at Tammany Hall, and the reception given to Cleveland's name was most enthusiastic. On that same day four years before the name of Cleveland would have been received with an occasional hiss. Then Tammany was sullen—now it is united and enthusiastic. I spoke at the Thurman meeting, and again last Thursday at a meeting held under the auspices of the County Democracy. Every meeting was thronged and the people were as anxious to hear figures and the great issue discussed as during the war time they were to hear war talk. The local organizations are zealously working for the success of the ticket, and the general impression is that we shall be successful.

"There is harmony all round and Hill's nomination will certainly help the ticket. He is determined to be elected and is as equally determined that his election shall not be brought about by any trade on the presidential ticket. His own self-interest, to say nothing of his chivalry, and Hill is a chivalric fellow, must make it evident to him that Cleveland's success is essential to his own, and I feel certain that he will do whatever he can to accomplish that end.

"Cleveland today, in my opinion, is stronger than he was four years ago. Many people did not vote for him then because he was said to be the enemy of labor. Now they know they were wrong and are supporting him this year. He has the support of the conservative business men, who are satisfied with his course, and who of all people are most opposed to a change from the tried to the untried. The silly cry raised that the President had truckled to England, is, I should think, pretty well disposed of by this time by the firm stand he has taken to preserve our interests. The reports throughout New York State show that in localities where Mr. Cleveland was weak before, notably in Erie and Monroe counties, he is now all right and will be heartily supported."

"What about Connecticut, general?"

"Well, Connecticut is a shifty little State, and while I hope we shall carry it, we can get along very well without it. Besides, our chances for carrying Rhode Island are just as good as they are in Connecticut. I was at Providence last week with Governor Greene of New Jersey and Henry Watterson, and I learn that some of the largest manufacturers in the State, men who have millions of dollars invested in their business, are in favor of the Mills bill and will vote the Democratic ticket this fall, and, mind you, these are men who heretofore have been strong Republicans. When the new constitutional provision goes into effect next spring Rhode Island will be Democratic without doubt, and it is more than likely that it will be Democratic this year."

"What about the House?"

"I think we shall make gains in several places and have the House by a larger majority than we have in the present Congress."

Consumption Cured.

An old physician, retired from practice, having had placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma and all Throat and Lung Affections, also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all Nervous Complaints, after having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, has felt it his duty to make it known to his suffering fellows. Actuated by this motive and a desire to relieve human suffering, I will send, free of charge, to all who desire it, this recipe in German, French or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail by addressing, with stamp, naming this paper, W. A. Noyes, 149 Power's block, Rochester, N. Y.

TO AN EAGLE'S NEST.

A Kansas Baby Carried From Her Home.

Father and Neighbors Pursue the Bird with Clubs and Shot Guns.

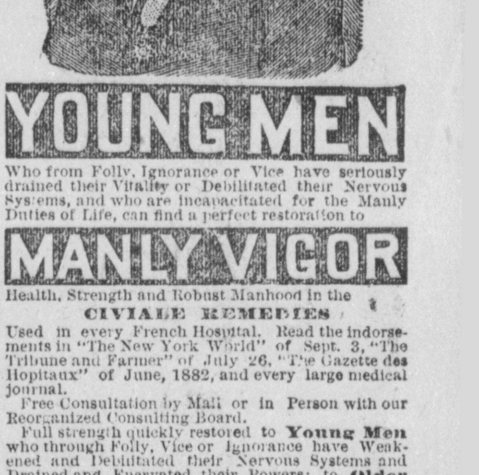
Poor Baby is Cruelly Mutilated and Dies Before Help Arrives.

WICHITA, Kan., Sept. 24.—The baby of Farmer William Beattie, who lives on the banks of the Cimmaron river, north of the Territory line, was carried off by an eagle on Saturday. Beattie went to work in the morning, leaving in his dugout his two children, one 5 years old and a baby aged 2 months.

About noon Beattie returned home and ascertained that the girl had taken the baby into the yard and left her with the chickens while she went into the house. In a few minutes she heard a cry, and, on looking out, saw the baby "flying away," as she expressed it. The father knew at once that an eagle had visited his home, and summoned his neighbors to the wooded banks of the river, for which the eagle had made.

In about an hour the sound of a shot summoned the searchers together. One of the men had found the eagle, and was engaged in a deadly conflict with it. He had emptied his gun at the big bird and broken a wing, and was using his gun as a club when reinforcements arrived. The eagle fluttered into the bush, leaving the infant dead, the body being horribly lacerated and partly gone.

THE worst case of chronic Nasal Catarrh positively and permanently cured by Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy.



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